BRITANNIA and EVE

AUGUST
1938

1/-

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This weekly competition will give profitable amusement to all readers of "The Sketch," and it will in addition, be an opportunity to test your ability in the art of "snapping". A cash prize of £10 is offered by "The Sketch" for the "BEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH" selected for publication every week until further notice. For every other competitive photograph which the editor considers worthy of publication, a sum of not less than £1 will be paid for the reproduction right. FULL DETAILS AND CONDITIONS APPEAR EVERY WEEK IN "THE SKETCH".

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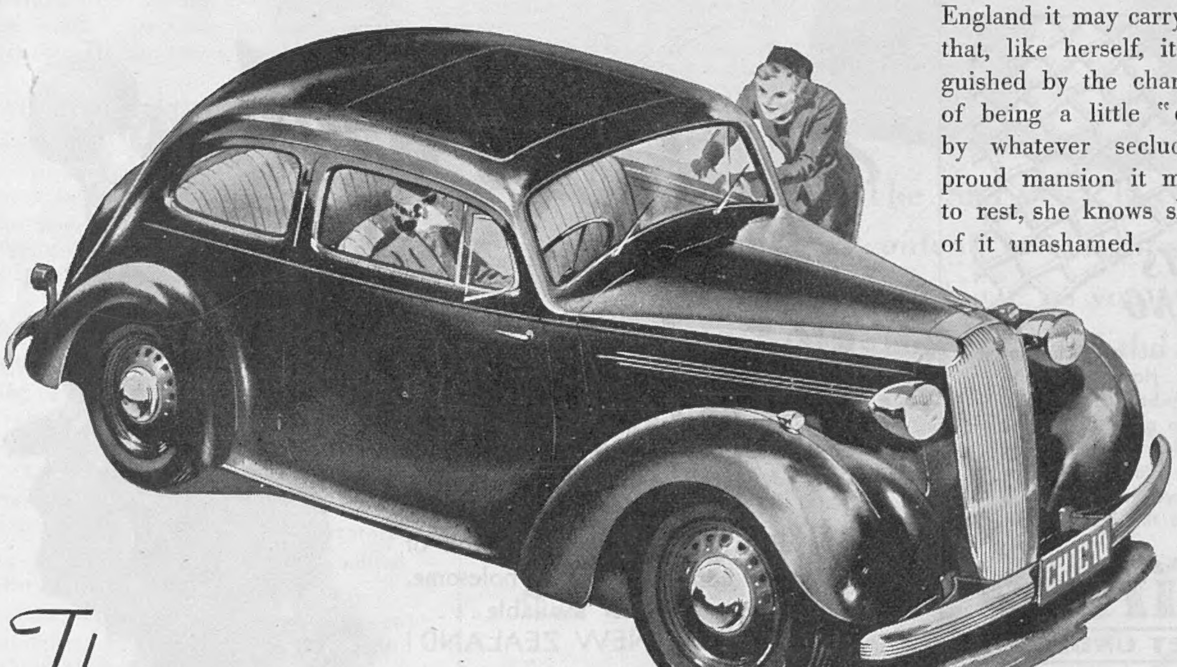

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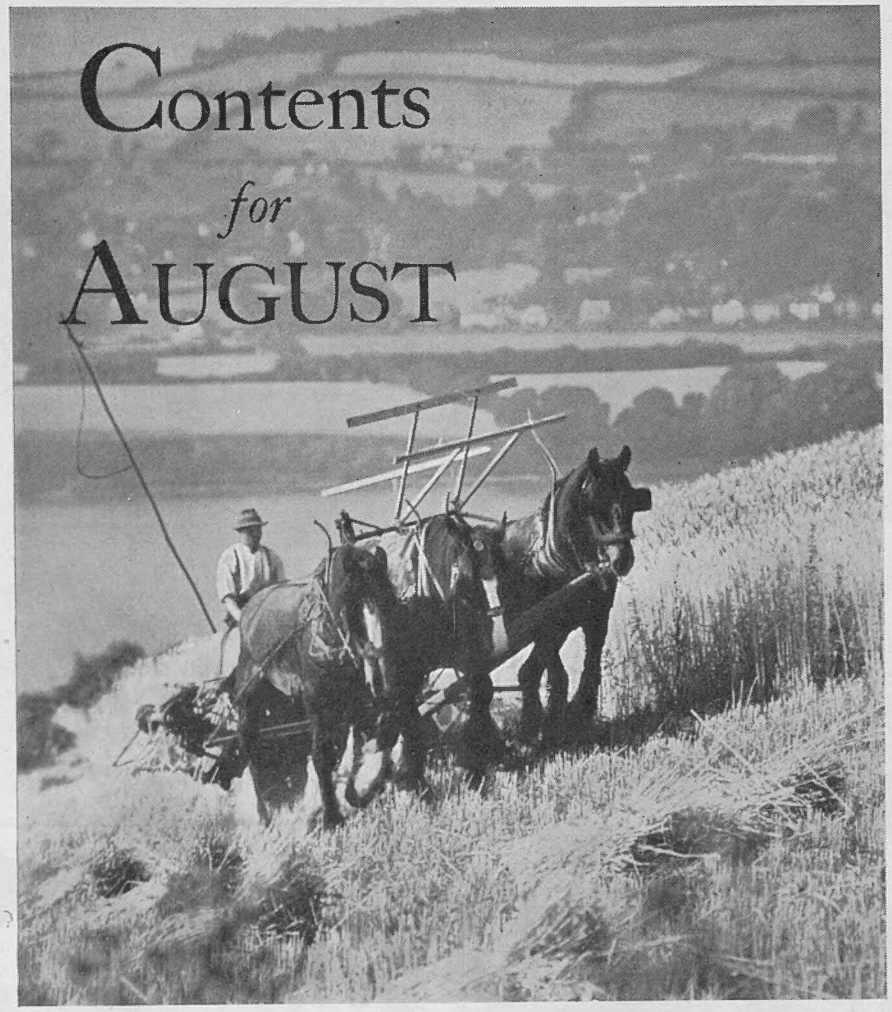
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 17, No. 2. AUGUST, 1938

Contents for AUGUST



Cover Design

by *Carl Shreve*

Articles

Women Behind the International Scene: by *I. F. Johnson* 8, 9 and 82

The Woods are Worth It: by *Negley Farson* 10, 11 and 82

These Escaped — To Live: by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 12, 13 and 94

Weather — With a Vengeance: by *Hessell Tiltman* 16, 17 and 98

The More Paris Changes: by *George Slocombe* Illustrated by *C. Van Abbé* 22, 23 and 86

Behind the Scenes with a Big Orchestra: by *C. Whitaker-Wilson* 28, 29 and 93

Smokers Only: by *Harry J. Greenwall* 31 and 94

Old Tales Re-told:
Elizabethan Feud: The Persecution of Lady Katherine Grey Written and Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 32–37 and 86

With The Dawn Patrol: by *H. H. Johnston* Illustrated by *Moser* 52, 53 and 122

Home Section

London in August: by *Olive Randall* 38 and 122

Work with Beauty 39

Health and Beauty: by *Chrysis* Hot Weather Wisdom 40 and 116

Good Looks on Holiday 41

Stories

A Guest in the House: by *Lesley Storm* Illustrated by *Jack Faulks* 14, 15 and 111

Desert Passion: by *Achmed Abdullah* Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 18-21 and 90

Hermits on the Third Floor: by *James Francis Dwyer* and *William Haynes* Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* 24-27 and 117

The Bath: by *Liam O'Flaherty* Illustrated by *Hailstone* 42-45 and 98

Sacrifice: by *William C. White* Illustrated by *Cuneo* 48-51 and 104

Home Section

How To Get Your Man: 46, 47

House Party: by *Winifred Loraine* 54, 55

Personally Speaking: by *Jean Burnup* 56

Blinds Are Back 57

Fashions by *Jean Burnup* 58 to 63

The Bathroom 64

I'll Tell You All I Know: by *Mary Young* 65

The Cheapest Way to Furnish: by *Winifred Lewis* 66, 67

Brown Cardigan, Yellow Sweater 68

She is Going to Have a Baby: by *Louisa Kay* Sketch by *Grant MacDonald* 69

Better Cooking: by *A. H. Adair* Eating Out of Doors 70, 71 and 103

Kitchen Page 72

Confidently Recommended 75 and 124

General

A Little Play for August 7

Books: by *Alan Seymour* 30 and 88

Motoring Section: Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan* 77, 79, 81 and 121

Caravanning and the Broad Highway 80

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 112. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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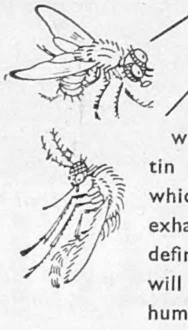

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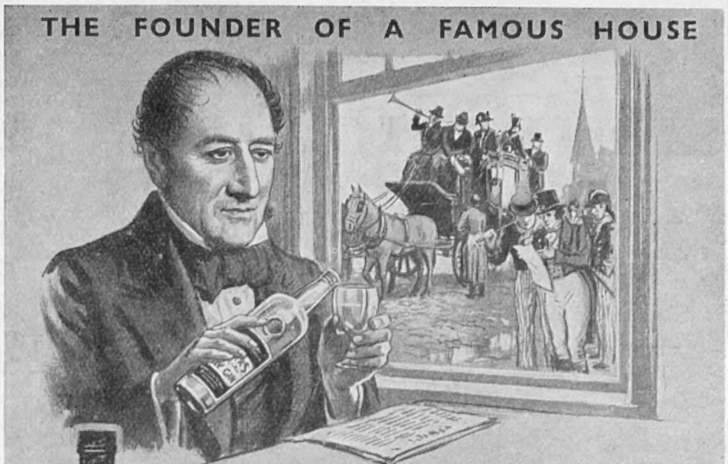

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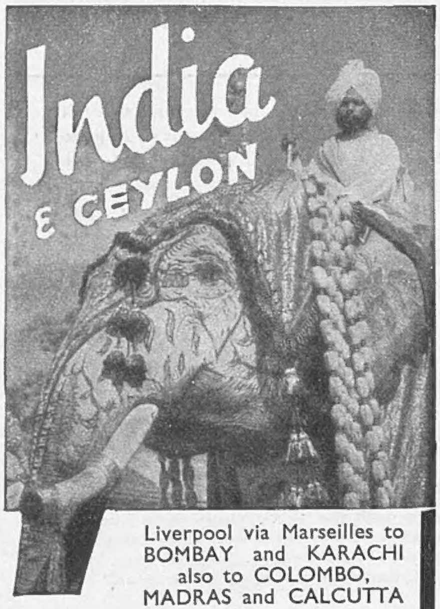

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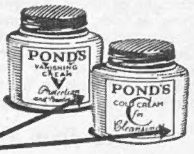

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A·LITTLE·PLAY for AUGUST

NAPOLEON
EMPEREUR

NAPOLEON LEAVES FOR ST. HELENA

SCENE ONE The deck of H.M.S. *Northumberland*, off Berry Head, in Torbay. It is early in the warm afternoon of August 7, 1815. The officers, in full-dress uniform, are pacing the quarter-deck with some animation. An air of expectancy pervades the scene.

First officer: "Four thousand gold Napoleons, did you say?"

Second officer: "Yes. I think the admiral expected to find more. We searched his baggage on the *Bellerophon* thoroughly. The Frenchies were most upset, all except the emperor."

"The general, you mean."

"General?"

"Didn't you know? Napoleon is to be only a general, until we put him ashore at St. Helena. The admiral has allowed him to keep his sword; but all the other Frenchies have to give theirs up."

"How many are going to St. Helena with him?"

"How many? Let me see. One, two, three, four generals; two women, five children. And one, two, three . . . twelve servants."

A voice: "Is that the *Bellerophon's* picket boat, Mr. Kent?"

Another voice: "Yes, sir, I think it is, sir. I'll hail her."

A voice: "Pipe hands to their stations, Mr. Porteous."

First officer: "What have they done with all the money? The four thousand Napoleons is the money I'm talking about?"

Second officer: "I went ashore with it. It's to help pay for one Napoleon. And for what he's going to drink. One of the frigates is to stop over to pick up enough wine to last him if he lives to be the good old age of a hundred."

The boat from H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, which ship had brought Napoleon from Rochefort, is now approaching H.M.S. *Northumberland's* gangway.

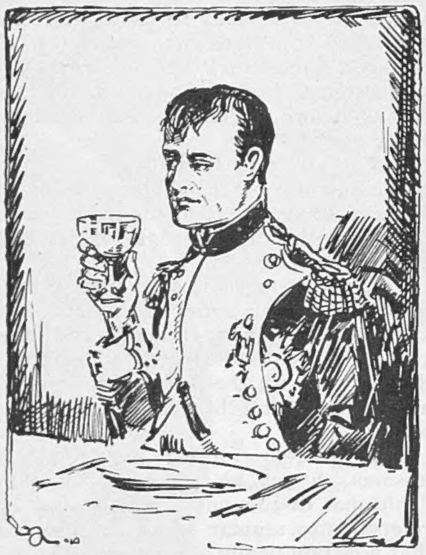
In the stern sheets there stands a pot-bellied little man in a green uniform, with the gold and scarlet facings of a colonel of the Chasseurs à Cheval of the Guard. His waistcoat is white.

This is Napoleon.

He salutes the quarter-deck, and with a stiff bow to Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, says in French: "Here I am, general, at your orders."

SCENE TWO A dark corridor below decks. In the centre a narrow door leads into a coffin-like apartment. An officer of H.M.S. *Northumberland* is standing politely by, while a woman rants and screams.

"Mon dieu, quand je pense que j'en suis arrivée là ! It's dirty, I refuse ! Tout ce qu'il me fait faire, mon mari ! Oh ! Oh ! I refuse ! C'est effrayant ! Don't you think I'm right?"



"You speak excellent English, Countess Bertrand," says the officer tactfully.

"Why in the name of the devil not? I was born in Dillon, and proud of it. Mais enfin, ça n'aide pas les choses de mon cas. Ah, ah . . . votre Majesté."

But Napoleon passes her by, without even a nod.

SCENE THREE (August 9) The admiral's mess of the *Northumberland*. At the head of the table is Captain Ross, R.N. Half way down on the left side sits Napoleon, with Admiral Cockburn on his right and Countess Bertrand. Six French and four British make up the party.

There is a slight roll as the ship meets the Channel swell.

Napoleon is eating eagerly the food prepared by the French cook. He has already finished one bottle of claret. Now he is dipping his fingers into a rich ragout; his knife and fork lie untouched.

"Yes, my general," he says to the table at large, "I really meant to invade England in 1805. My peace terms, as I should have dictated them in London, would have been generous. Quite generous.

"One of my failures, alas; yes, even *I* have known failure; even I."

His head sinks down as he pours himself out another tumbler of claret. "Moscow! There I had to fight the elements, as indeed you do, here at sea. Three, four at the most was the number of days I would have spent in Moscow: then on to St. Petersburg. But destiny willed otherwise. My brave army was trapped. . . ."

After a pause, Admiral Cockburn asks as to the hour and nature of the emperor's breakfast.

"If the weather is still fine, I will breakfast at ten-thirty. A little soup, some meat, a haricot, with porter and claret."

In the passage outside one officer says to another: "He is a natural fellow! He likes his food and drink."

"That I can vouch for!" agrees another. "For this voyage our mess of thirteen has laid in forty-five dozen claret, twenty dozen port, twenty-two dozen madeira, thirteen dozen champagne and seven dozen sherry."

SCENE FOUR A street in Paris. Leaning up against a lamp-post two vagrants. Both are dirty and unshaven. "So then, mon vieux, over the hill—to the left of the guns—come the Austrians. Ah, say I, we can cut them off if we are quick. At that moment up rides the emperor on his white charger. 'Corporal Davoust!' he calls. 'Yes, my Emperor!' I say. Then, with a sweeping command like this, he cries, 'To General Reille . . .'"

Enter two gendarmes. They mistake the old soldier's descriptive gestures for a brawl.

"Allons, allons," they say, shoving the grand army aside: "Circulez, circulez."

SCENE FIVE It is late dusk on August 10. Ahead, the horizon is scarlet with the last glow of sunset. Far away to the starboard the sky grows sullen with storm clouds. A single light pierces the darkness of the coast.

Napoleon has been pacing up and down with Admiral Cockburn.

"If it were not for you English," he says slowly.

Then pauses.

"If it were not for you English . . . I might have been Emperor of the World. But everywhere there is water, you float an English ship."

He shakes his head and gazes at the last point of light on the English coast, until darkness falls.

CURTAIN

Shepperson.

WOMEN *Behind* the *International* Scene

By I. F. Johnson

(Late Assistant High Commissioner, League of Nations)

LOOKING back over fifteen years' experience as a high official of the League of Nations, reflecting on the great hopes aroused by the lofty ideals of that institution, and surveying now the tumbled Spanish castles its wreckage presents, it is inspiriting to recall to mind the devoted, unobtrusive work of its women officials—of whom the British are easily the most distinguished.

I have no hesitation in saying that had the high officials of the League—and still more so the active, influential delegates of the countries, members of the League—been inspired by those women's devotion to its fine principles, the League would now be a vigorous force for peace. For make no mistake—women have it in their power to fashion destinies.

It may well be asked what justifies this confidence in women's will for peace. Why have they not taken a more positive part in the Peace movement in Geneva?

The answer is simple. With one solitary exception, women have not been taken into the administrative and executive councils of the League. They have been given posts—important posts it is true—but simply to carry out instructions, not to inspire or to direct.

And they have carried out those functions faithfully and well.

To gain some idea of the nature of the services of these women officials, it is necessary to give a brief survey of the way in which the Secretariat of the League works.

The League has a permanent secretariat of about six hundred officials selected from the various member countries of the League.

Theoretically, those officials are appointed on merit. In practice, the majority of them are the nominees—if not the agents—of their Governments. There are a few officials—especially those who were appointed in the early days of the League, when idealism ran warm in its veins, who were appointed on merit and without favouritism. Among them were the women whose activities are discussed below.

Once more, in theory, posts on the League Secretariat are open to men and women alike. They vary from that of the Secretary-General carrying a salary and allowances worth £7,000 per annum to those of Under Secretary-General valued at £5,000; Directors of Section at £2,500; Chiefs of Section at £2,000; Members of Section at £1,300; secretaries at £700 and shorthand typists at £500 per annum.

These are, admittedly, attractive salaries, but it must be remembered that the cost of living in Geneva, especially for the foreigner, is much higher than in England, and that salaries were deliberately based on a high standard to place the officials beyond corruption.

The bare suggestion of corrupt practices in connexion with an institution with such high ideals as the League may well come as a shock to those who have not closely followed its operations. In my book I indicated that, unfortunately, it resorted to the methods of the oriental bazaar before it had been in existence many months.

But in the very beginning the League advocated and practised open diplomacy. All discussions, even on the most critical and delicate international topics, took place in open session.

Those open sessions soon proved most embarrassing to many diplomats, who found it difficult to reconcile the frank attitude they were forced to display at the League with the secret bargains they had struck behind the closed doors of their chancelleries.

They therefore urged that the open sessions should be preceded by short "informal discussions," which soon developed into regular secret sessions. So that now practically all important League business is transacted in secret session, leaving to the public sessions the mere window dressing of taking note of the decisions already arrived at.

At all sessions, secret as well as public, the presence of a large staff is essential. Speeches may be made in English or French and must be interpreted at once into the other language. This implies the attendance of special interpreters.

A verbatim record has to be kept of all speeches, which necessitates both English and French stenographers.

A document officer must be there to satisfy the calls for documents of present and past sessions.

Then the sections whose questions are being discussed must be prepared to give information if any technical point arises.

Finally, the League Information Section must have its representatives on the spot to decide how much—or how little—may be communicated to the world's journalists, kicking their heels impatiently in the corridors of the League or in the *Salle des Pas Perdus*.

MISS WARD, who is Secretary of the League Information Section, has made herself the one indispensable official to the representatives of the World's Press congregated at Geneva

DAME RACHEL CROWDY occupied the highest post in the League held by any woman; was chief of the section of the Secretariat dealing with social questions and the opium traffic

By accident or design, many of these confidential posts have fallen to women officials of the League, and the majority to Englishwomen.

The one outstanding exception is that of the remarkable Italian, Mme. Agresti, the polyglot interpreter.

Mme. Agresti is such a brilliant linguist that she can interpret almost equally well in English, French and German, as in her native tongue.

It is more especially in the League's secret sessions that such ability is of importance. On those occasions, when questions of acute international delicacy are under discussion—when there seems to be complete incompatibility between two parties to a dispute and Latin blood becomes heated—the slightest error in translation, nay, even an inflection of the voice, may well precipitate a crisis.

It is at those times that Mme. Agresti appears at her best. Rising slowly and deliberately, showing a complete indifference to the tense atmosphere around her or to the rank of the orator, she coolly picks up the sparse notes she has made on two or three scraps of paper and, in a detached voice, gives a precise analysis of the essential parts of the speech just delivered.

Mme. Agresti has an encyclopædic memory worthy of a Datas.

I witnessed a striking demonstration of this the first time I met her

MME. AGRESTI, The Polyglot Interpreter. Has an encyclopædic memory worthy of a Datas

MISS ALEXANDER, who is in charge of the League's Corps of Stenographers

DR. GERTRUDE DIXON, the official charged with the care of documents at the League's secret sessions

I was acting as Secretary to a League Committee, and Albert Thomas, the famous French politician who was Minister for Munitions during the war, was delivering one of his most heated speeches in defence of some violent British attacks against the International Labour Office, of which he was the Director.

ALBERT THOMAS was one of the most astounding of all the hundreds of international political orators I have met. When immersed in his subject, he would think nothing of declaiming, for protracted periods, without any notes whatever, on the most complicated, intricate and technical subjects, at a rate of two hundred words a minute. He would draw freely on ancient, mediæval and contemporary history, politics and literature to emphasise his points. He would work himself up into such paroxysms of oratory that perspiration would pour from his head, face and neck on to the blotting-pad before him.

This concentration, however, did not prevent him from keeping his attention on every member of a large audience. Indeed, such importance did he attach to the magnetic contact with his public, that I have known him to stop abruptly in a telling peroration to regain the attention of even a doorkeeper which had wavered for an instant.

Imagine then, the effect of Mme. Agresti's apparent detachment on this particular occasion. After making a few perfunctory notes during the first five minutes of his speech, she lay down her pencil as if the speed at which Albert Thomas was speaking overtaxed her ability.

On remarking Mme. Agresti's ostensible resignation, Thomas was dumbfounded. It seemed that all the telling points he was working up, for the purpose of overcoming the opposition of the British delegate, were irretrievably lost. For him it was an appalling anticlimax.

With great restraint and with an effort at composure, he turned to Mme. Agresti and, in a cutting voice, he reminded her that he had a long speech to deliver, and that, to enable her to cope with it, he was willing for her to interpret it by instalments.

Mme. Agresti's reply was startling: "As you wish, Monsieur le Directeur," she replied. "I am perfectly prepared to interpret your speech either by instalments or in its entirety when you have finished."

Thomas looked at her incredulously. But impressed by this cool, confident rejoinder, he picked up the threads of his speech, soon regained his former impetus, and continued in the same strain for nearly half an hour.

At the end, Mme. Agresti, evidently on her mettle, without a further additional note, gave not only her usual analysis of the essentials of the speech, but almost a verbatim record.

Of a totally different type is Dr. Gertrude Dixon, the official charged with the care of documents at the League's secret sessions. Tall, dark, distinguished and extremely handsome, she preserves the sphinx-like appearance of a Spanish grandee during the most hectic interludes of the League meetings.

Winning her Doctorate of Science when still a girl, Dr. Dixon occupied, during the war, the important post of Secretary to the Wheat Executive. For that service she was made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire in 1918, and was promoted to Commander of the Order in 1920.

On the creation of the League, Dr. Dixon was attracted by its bid for peace, and was one of the earliest officials appointed to its international secretariat by its first Secretary-General, Sir Eric Drummond, now the Earl of Perth and British Ambassador in Rome.

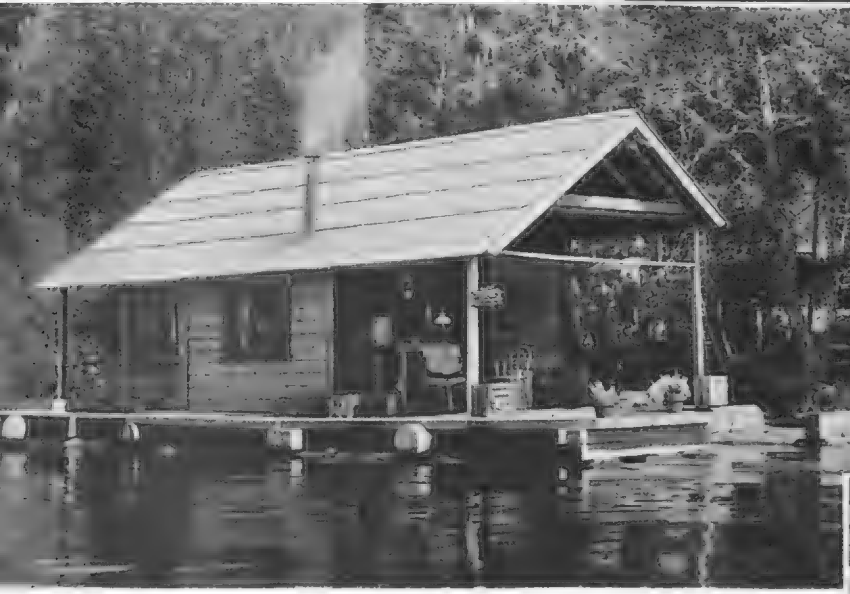
Dr. Dixon's rôle at the "hush-hush" sessions of the League is an unobtrusive and ostensibly unimportant one. To all appearances she has merely to hand out the documents of the meeting to the government delegates and officials who ask for them. In reality, her task is one that demands a profound knowledge of League affairs, as well as imagination, discrimination, discretion and tact.

(*Continued on page 82*)

The Woods Are Worth

HE was the first settler on a lake in British Columbia. In the days of his prime he had built a log-cabin and hacked out several clearings deep back in the jungle. After forty years his cabin was larger, because he had married and two sons had been born to him ; but as he weakened, and before the sons had time to grow up and protect them, the jungle had taken back most of his fields again. When I knew him his family was back in the clearing, down on the shores of the lake, just about where he had started from.

When we had had enough of one bay we could get the house-boat towed round to another. One of the beautiful spots at which we lived for a time.



Our floating home, which we rented for £1 a month and lived in for two years. The big verandah in front was our dining- and sitting-room.

An interior view of our two-roomed house-boat.

When I asked him what had kept him at it all those years, why he had slaved at his more or less profitless land so determinedly, he looked up the lake towards where a row of rocky mountains was turning a soft powder-of-rose in the sunset and finally declared :

" Because I 've always been my own boss."

He never had been, of course. From the first day he had dared to put an axe in it—that jungle had owned him. He had to get up at daybreak every day to hold his place against it. If his two sons hadn't come along when they did, he would, in all probability, have had to leave the lake. An old man with no muscles can't hack a living from that climate.

I am always reminded of that man when I get one of the letters, of which I have received nearly a hundred these past three years, asking my advice about how to start life in the woods. A two-year adventure of my own has been the cause of that. Yes, we lived on an island lake in British Columbia for two years, subsisting largely on a shot-gun, fishing-rods and an overworked typewriter—and I wouldn't swap them for any other two years of my life. Not by a long shot !

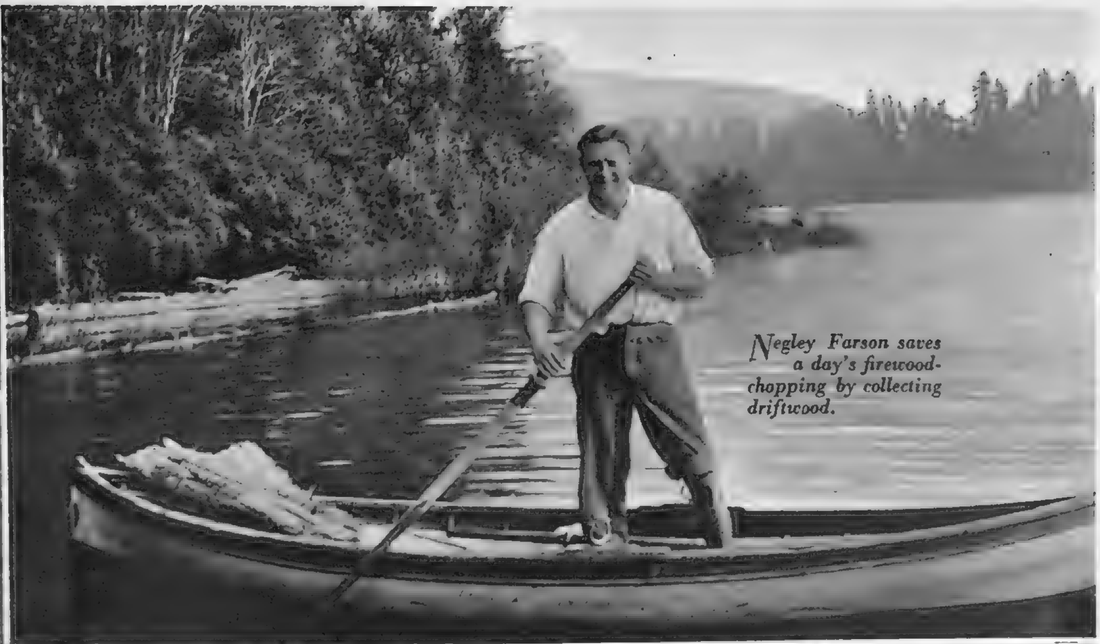
We went out there because I was dead lame from an old wound and could neither walk nor work, and the wound pension, which was all I had in the world, would not have kept us alive anywhere else in the world—at least not half so comfortably.

But I can't tell you the relief I felt one day when I rowed down to the store—trolling a salmon spoon, and with a loaded shot-gun on the floorboards in case any ducks got up—and found in my mail a little brown envelope with the name " Adventure " on it. It was different from the long envelopes containing a returned manuscript and a rejection slip. I had collected dozens of those and was just about ready to chuck up the short-story game. But this envelope contained a cheque for $150.

This meant just all the difference to us between a winter of desperation and one of glorious contentment. Because, with $150, of course we could see through any winter. The bill of that Scot, the Pessimist, at the store for a whole year was never more than $85. And I felt just as able to take care of myself as that Scot. Even more, because now I could sit at my typewriter and write the things of my soul, while he, stout fellow, had to go up every so often and lose his identity by working a week or so in a logging-camp.

Eve, luckily, is a born potterer. One of those women who will work all day in perfect happiness making a bed of lettuces on the end of a house-boat or painting the water-tank green, or turning the bedspreads into curtains, or *vice versa.* She is, in fact, a home-maker. A good thing to have with you in the woods.

It



Negley Farson saves a day's firewood-chopping by collecting driftwood.

Negley Farson, *who with his wife lived two years in the woods of* British Columbia, *gives, in this article, some of the pros and cons of that life.*

SO, in case you ever feel this desire to live in the woods troubling you, here, in expanded form, is the answer I am going to make to one of the last letters I have received. It comes from apparently a very intelligent man with a fair job in the Midlands. The first part is private, but he will not object if I print the last paragraph. It reads :

" Capital — about £500. Ability — engineer, salesman, journalist, press-photographer, now with the [he mentions the name of a big printing works]. Age—33 ; healthy and married. Can shoot and fish. . . ."

There 's a poser for you. The £500 capital, to begin with, is a most dangerous quantity. He will use at least £100 of it getting across the Atlantic and Canada—if not double that. But even so, £300 is a lot of money to start with in the woods—*provided you have some other source of earning money.* Otherwise it is madness.

That is the first lesson of the woods. Capital, unless it is enough to provide an income sufficient to live on, is a false prop. It will only let you down in the long run ; and the longer it keeps you from seeing the truth—*that your talents are not those which will permit you to live in the woods*—the more harm that original lump sum of money will do you. You will have lost time making a living in your proper sphere, and, worse than that, you will very likely have fallen in love with life in the woods and feel regretful for ever at having to give it up.

(Continued on page 82)

The shores of the lake abounded with quiet anchorages and ideal sites for camping. The author is seen sitting outside the tent.

Thomas Mann, German democrat, and a Nobel prize-winner. Now lives at Zurich.

Dr. Bruening, former Chancellor of the Reich. Winner of the Iron Cross.

Alexander Korda, the famous Austrian film magnate. Seeking British nationality.

Max Reinhardt has settled in Hollywood. Salzburg, his original home.

General Salvador de Madariaga, Spain's ex-Foreign Minister.

These Escaped

ONE aspect of Hitler's descent upon Austria might have assumed firmer outline than has been the case. Its swift suddenness, born of that genius for the precise moment, to which Europe is having to accommodate itself; its stride in the night taking all by surprise, not least the Germans themselves, led to the swallowing of cultural and intellectual Austria at a gulp. None could get away; or hardly one. Most of the "best minds" may be said to have been taken in their beds.

Nor does one doubt but that such was intended. The Third Reich had had its fill of refugee "best minds" strewn across half the universe, casting shadows on the Swastika by their very presence adrift, if not in more tangible manner. Austrians should not add to the list of prominent Germanics abroad, in sheltered position whence to assail the tribal god.

So we see the culture and the intellect that was Austria, in prison or concentration camp. Professor Neumann, greatest of aurists, Professor Freud, of dreamland but also of possible lasting name, are two that come at once to mind of a company numerous, varied and gifted; artists of many kinds, philosophers, sociologists, writers, doctors, even musicians, and, of course, anyone in public life suspected of "liberalism." An ex-Minister named Zernatto escaped the purge, yet who was he? The most gifted Austrian to get away, so far as I can see, was Franz Wersel, best-selling novelist and dramatist. Arnold Hollriegl, a second leading author, had the terrible luck to reach the Czech frontier, only to be bodily lifted by the Czech guard into the next train back to Vienna.

THE unclean sweep is a sad loss to the world, since all who were caught napping will be suppressed, if not in the actual corporal sense, in everything appertaining to their former creative ability.

How happy must be a Bergner that she was not week-ending in her native Vienna that March day. The incomers would probably never have let her out again. What—allow this Jewish, most discussed actress of the day, to continue to boost her race in foreign lands? Added to which, had not the Bergner reigned supreme on the Kurfürstendamm through the perverse Hebraic 'twenties? Had she not kept all-Aryan Brünhildes out of job after job? One thinks of the Bergner, now, as one of those refugees of fortune who escaped—to live, and to live by their own talents. It is a rarefied company, as we shall see.

With the wider, pathetic tale of refugees, in general, we are familiar. How these in their scores of thousands are extremely lucky to be just tolerated, how the majority eke out an uprooted existence, never knowing what blow the morrow may bring. A percentage—I have heard authority place it at between thirty and forty per cent.—manage to make good, or fairly so, in the countries that have allowed them sanctuary. At the inmost core are to be found a few score Neon-lit names; celebrities upon whom fortune continues to smile by the law of demand and supply.

PARENTHETICALLY one supposes the real "refugee of fortune" to be located in another quarter, in the "monied, getaway birds," as I have heard them called, people who, fearing the future, took steps to feather their nests, abroad, so that, should their world fold on them in the homeland, they might export themselves in the wake of their capital.

Such ones have been very lucky. States seldom bother aliens of independent means, who can jog along comfortably enough in a tough period. Just so many uninteresting *rentiers*, and pretty bored, some of them look at times, in their new surroundings. Latterly I came across a typical little colony in the midget Principality of Liechtenstein, jammed between Switzerland and what was the Austrian Vorarlberg. Whereby hangs this tale. Should Hitler one day snap up this princely morsel, which is wholly Tyrolian but has Customs, currency and postal ties with Switzerland, it will not be so much on racial grounds as because Liechtenstein is a rallying point for refugees from his régime, and a "hotbed of internationalism." Consider its three main

Luise Rainer, world-famous film-star, is an Austrian Jewess. Lives in America.

Arnold Zweig, author of the war novel, "Sergeant Grischa." Is resident at Zurich.

Lucie Mannheim, the Jewish actress from Berlin. Made a name in "Nina."

Gaetano Salvemini, a liberty-loving Italian, now a Professor at Chicago University.

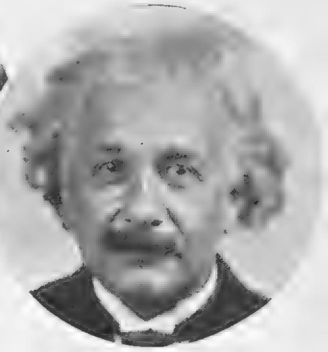
Dr. Frieda Wunderlich, German Jewess. An expert on Labour problems.

Dr. Paul Czinner. Film producer and husband of Elisabeth Bergner

Vicki Baum, ex-Berlin journalist, and author of that memorable book "Grand Hotel"

Emil Ludwig, author. His biography of "Napoleon" brought him fame

Erich Maria Remarque, the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front"



Albert Einstein, perhaps the greatest of all German refugees

—to LIVE

Vivid Stories of the Refugees of Fortune who have sought safety in foreign countries and live by their own talents. It is a rarefied company

By Ferdinand Tuohy

sources of revenue: 1. Granting re-nationality to stateless ones. 2. Foreign refugee colony. 3. Hospitality to tax-dodging international holding companies. Why should Hitler tolerate the continuance of a comic little spot, of the blood Aryan, whose goings-on facilitate matters for that hated international finance which has so borne upon the Reich? Yet if ever Liechtenstein comes to be sunk without trace, the chief reason will have been Berlin's determination to burn out the next of German-Jewish "refugees of fortune" that had settled there.

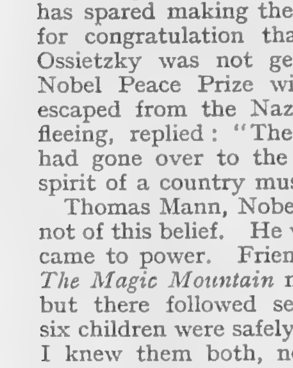
If we glance around at some of the talent that circumstance has spared making the world the richer, it must be a subject for congratulation that the heroic stoicism of a Carl von Ossietzky was not general. The great German writer and Nobel Peace Prize winner who died this year might have escaped from the Nazis, but when given the opportunity of fleeing, replied: "The whole reactionary press would say I had gone over to the enemy. Who wishes to fight the evil spirit of a country must share that country's fate"

Thomas Mann, Nobel forerunner of Ossietzky, evidently was not of this belief. He was lecturing in Scandinavia when Hitler came to power. Friends frantically telephoned the creator of *The Magic Mountain* not to return to Germany. He did not, but there followed several weeks of anguish before all his six children were safely out (Frau Mann was with her husband). I knew them both, near Toulon, where they spent the first summer. Dr. Mann is one hundred per cent "Aryan," indeed, is of patrician Hanseatic stock. But he was black-listed as a deep lover of freedom and firm democrat. To-day, Mann travels on a Czechoslovak passport, and when he is not lecturing in the United States, is usually at his villa above Zürich. Slender and middle-sized, he does not look his sixty-two years, and his wife sums him up well in the two words "*besheiden*" and "*Familiensinn.*" He is unassuming and his family feeling is strong. When on hand, his daughter Erika is No. 2 solace of exile.

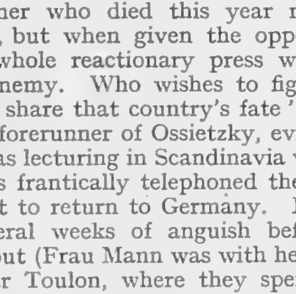
Mann has only one object left from his Germany-that-was. His desk, and when he mentions it, his voice grows tender. He sits down to it at nine each morning and is of those who think that inspiration can be commanded (Goethe said that). Goethe is increasingly Mann's rock as the years draw out. Mann believes Germany will change by 1942. "Culturally and spiritually as well as politically, and then I may be able to go back. Hitler is an education. When men recognise the wonder and dignity of man I'm sure that then mankind will be free. Maybe I shall see the rise of a new humanism. Unlike its predecessors, it will be masculine, strong. It won't be rhetorical, or bombastic, but it will be sober and firm. And based upon an understanding and love of mankind. People will realise that freedom and human dignity are worth fighting for."

Mann is a great theatre-goer, loving to be of people and studying them: audience and stage. He is never without a portable phonograph. A further form of relaxation is motoring in an open car, not driving but leisurely taking in mountain and valley. He misses his Bavarian uplands where he lived, but gets the nearest thing round adjacent Zürich. In this lovely capital of German Switzerland is established a considerable refugee colony of intellectuals who are growing less certain of the future since the first engulfing success of Hitler's doctrine of assimilation of all German blood abutting on the Reich. There are no less than two and three-quarter million German-Swiss and Zürich is their metropolis. Rachmaninoff is a second local "king" when not

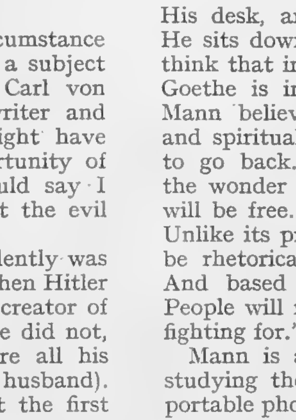
(*Continued on page* 94)



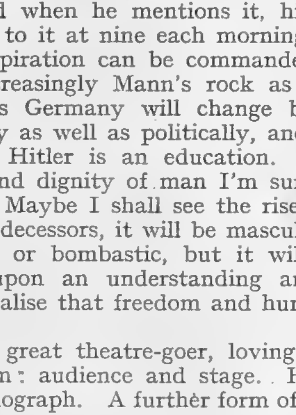
Conrad Veidt. German film-star. Another who is seeking British nationality



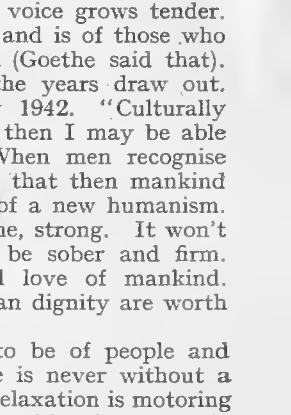
Dr. Lion Feuchtwanger, the German novelist and author of "Jew Suss"



Professor Ipatieff, the renowned Russian scientist who refuses to go home



Dr. Wirth, ex-Chancellor of Germany, who is now exiled in Paris



Prince Hubertus Lowenstein, lives mostly in the United States

A Guest *in the* House

She booked her Son for high Finance, but Fate intervened with an inky Nightmare

By Lesley Storm

LADY SEABROOK was dead against writing as a means of livelihood for her son Christopher. "There's no money in it, Kit. It seems to me you haven't a ghost of a chance unless you've ridden on the buffers—or whatever you call them—of trains and slept on slag heaps, or served a prison sentence. As you've done none of those, and I pray you never will, I can't see that you have anything new to say."

"That tough stuff is only a flash in the pan," Kit would say. "A mental catharsis. One book and he's finished."

Lady Seabrook was unmoved. She was a practical person. Widow of an impoverished admiral she had a passion for security and Gainsborough hats, her old Essex farmhouse which naturally had a bed in which Queen Elizabeth had slept, and the material success of her son, Kit.

Kit was twenty-two and had been down from Oxford for six months. In that time he had had three short stories published in meagre, æsthetic, highbrow monthlies, which paid next to nothing but conferred the honour of their acceptance like a laurel wreath. In six months Kit had earned ten pounds.

"Work that out, Kit," said Lady Seabrook. "Twenty pounds a year, just over seven shillings a week. Why it doesn't keep you in cigarettes."

"And what," said Kit, "do you think Dickens earned in his first six months—or Thomas Hardy—or H. G. Wells?"

"I don't know, I expect they all starved till they were in their forties. Writing isn't a full-time job for a man. An interesting hobby, I grant you, but not a livelihood."

"A hobby!" Kit snorted. "A hobby! What a word!"

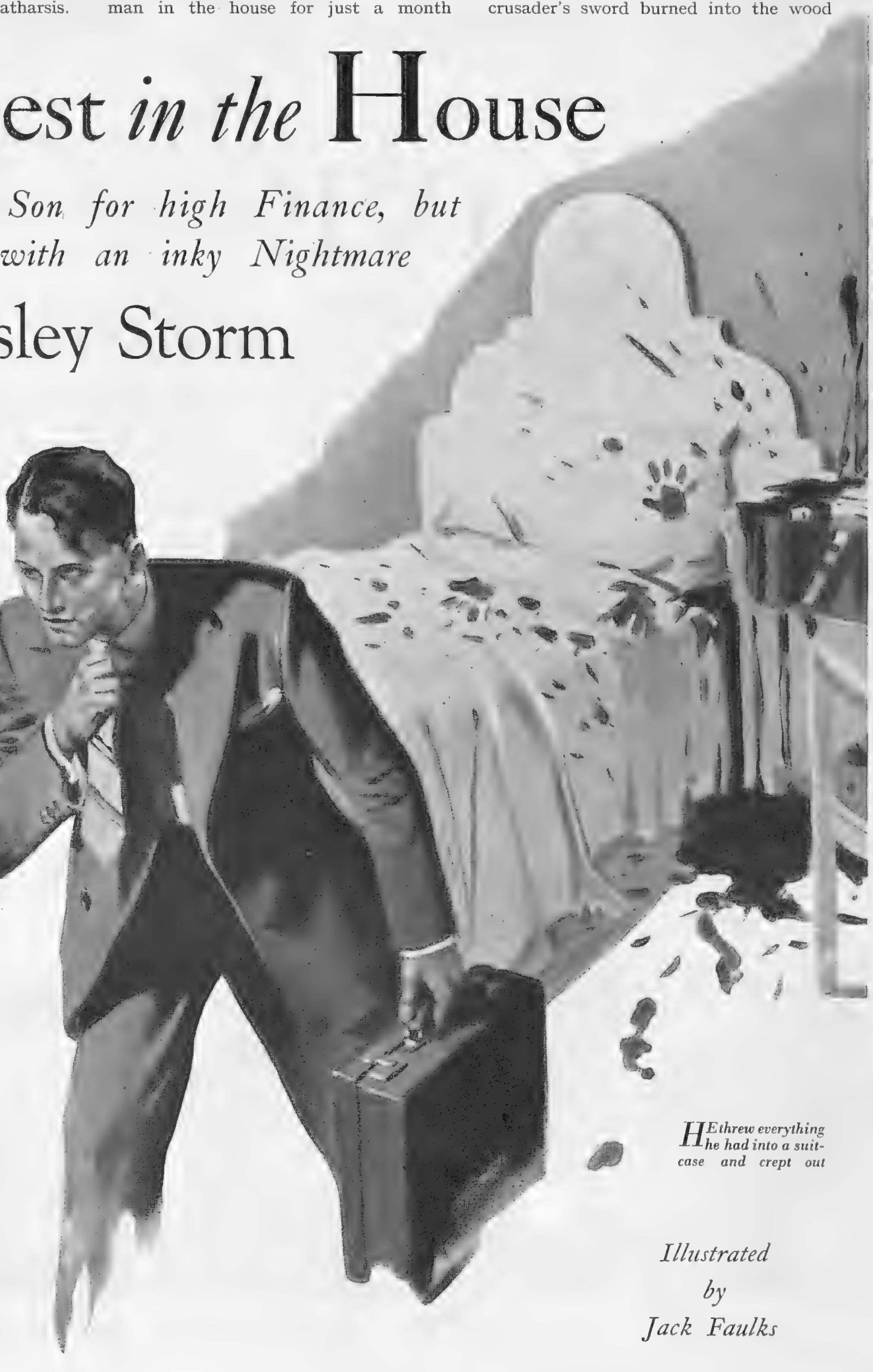
"You see, Kit, I'm not the sort of woman to nurse a genius even if he is my own son. I dislike the genius type, I don't like the look in their eyes one little bit and their clothes always look slightly high to me."

"I don't want to be nursed, darling, and I've no illusions about genius. All I want is my own room, which after all isn't costing you anything, and the crumbs that fall from your table."

"Don't grovel, Kit. Crumbs from my table!"

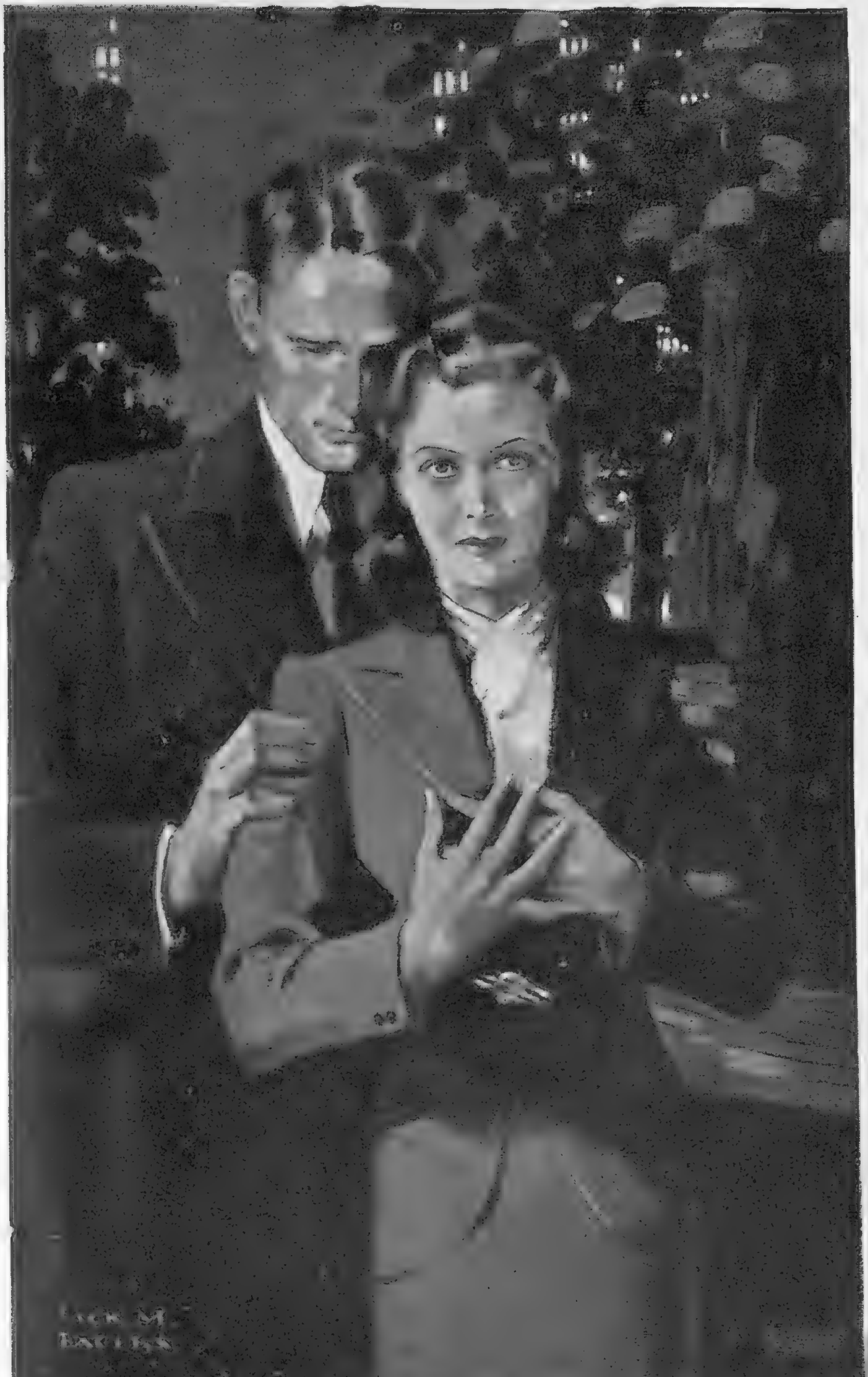
"Crumbs from your table and the dregs of your beer. Did you know you always left nearly half a bottle and if I weren't here Hawes would drink it—which would be waste if you like!"

Lady Seabrook endured the literary man in the house for just a month longer, then she wrote to Virginia Schilder in New York. Virginia's second husband was Stephen Schilder, the banker, but her first had been a Seabrook, cousin to the admiral. Blood, milady told herself as she sat at her desk, was thicker than water; especially to Americans. And after all, Stephen and Virginia had visited her in Essex in the summer, and they had been very friendly, except for their wanting to buy Elizabeth's bed end and cart off the fireplace, or at least the supporting beam with the mark of the crusader's sword burned into the wood



HE threw everything he had into a suitcase and crept out

Illustrated
by
Jack Faulks



WHEN they met it was to forget both plays and banks and talk about the enthralling course of true love

where it had been hung to keep it bright.

She hoped now that there was no bad feeling about her preferring to keep them. There had been just a shade of coldness perhaps, but Virginia was too well-bred to nurse a grievance and in the banker's hectic life it would be a passing incident. Anyhow she wasn't asking a favour. All she was asking was that Stephen Schilder should take Kit into his bank and show him how to make as much money as the Schilders. Kit would be an asset. He was a handsome young man with a first-rate brain and the academic background of Eton and Oxford. They should be jolly pleased that he was willing to come into their bank.

At least she presumed he would be willing. She hadn't yet discussed it with him. Knowing Kit, she didn't even mention it until one morning a fortnight later a letter arrived from Virginia Schilder saying Stephen would be delighted to do what he could for Kit, and that he had better catch the next boat over and come and stay with them in New York. In two months' time they would be going back to Florida so the sooner Kit could make it the better. They could see him settled in.

SHE broke the news to him casually at breakfast. "I had a letter from the Schilders," she said. "You know the Schilders?"

Kit didn't look up from his paper. "I know who you mean."

"They spent a week-end here last summer when you were away."

"I remember."

"Virginia Schilder is a charming woman!" Lady Seabrook sighed. Kit looked up slowly. "Mother, dear, you told me after that visit that she was an old so-and-so, with the mentality of a procuress. You said she was as much of a ruin as the Parthenon without having as good a start. Furthermore, you hinted at sinister doings to rope Stephen Schilder into marriage and suggested that if the body of her former husband were dug up one would, as likely as not, find arsenic in it."

"Did I say that?" she asked placidly. "I must have been a little peeved about something."

"Wonder what you'd say if you were really roused."

Lady Seabrook helped herself to a third cup of coffee and lit a cigarette. "Apart from all that," she said with a large benevolence. "Virginia is a delightful person . . . she wants you to visit them in New York."

Kit grunted.

"She wants you to visit them soon."

"Charming of her. But I haven't the fare to Southampton, not to mention New York."

Lady Seabrook leaned eagerly across the table. "Oh, there will be no difficulty about your fare. I can easily let you have that."

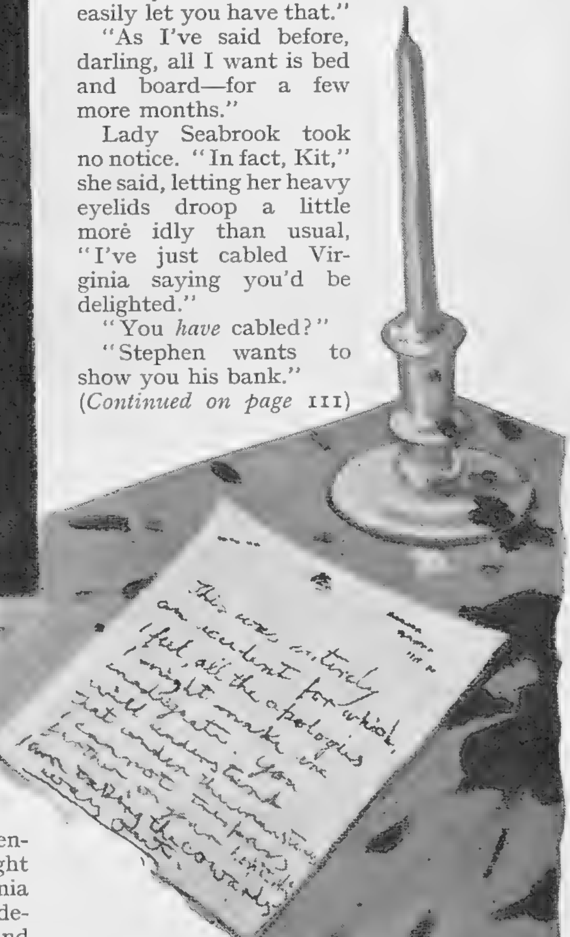
"As I've said before, darling, all I want is bed and board—for a few more months."

Lady Seabrook took no notice. "In fact, Kit," she said, letting her heavy eyelids droop a little more idly than usual, "I've just cabled Virginia saying you'd be delighted."

"You *have* cabled?"

"Stephen wants to show you his bank."

(*Continued on page* 111)

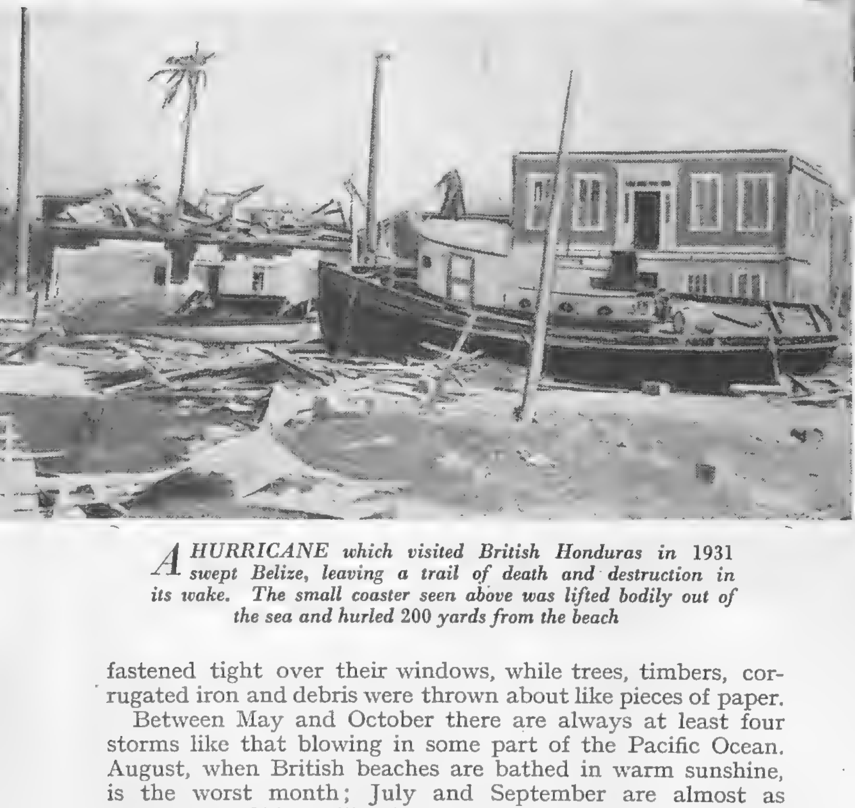


WEATHER—*with a* VENGEANCE

WHATEVER surprises—pleasant or unpleasant—the Clerk of the Weather may have in store for Great Britain during the holiday season, it is safe to say that holidaymakers will not be called upon to endure the sort of weather he reserves for the "glamorous East"—where typhoons, dust-storms, tropical deluges, torrid heat and paralysing cold are all included in the annual programme—with a few earthquakes a week thrown in!

If you'd like to sample the worst weather in the world, take a trip to the East.

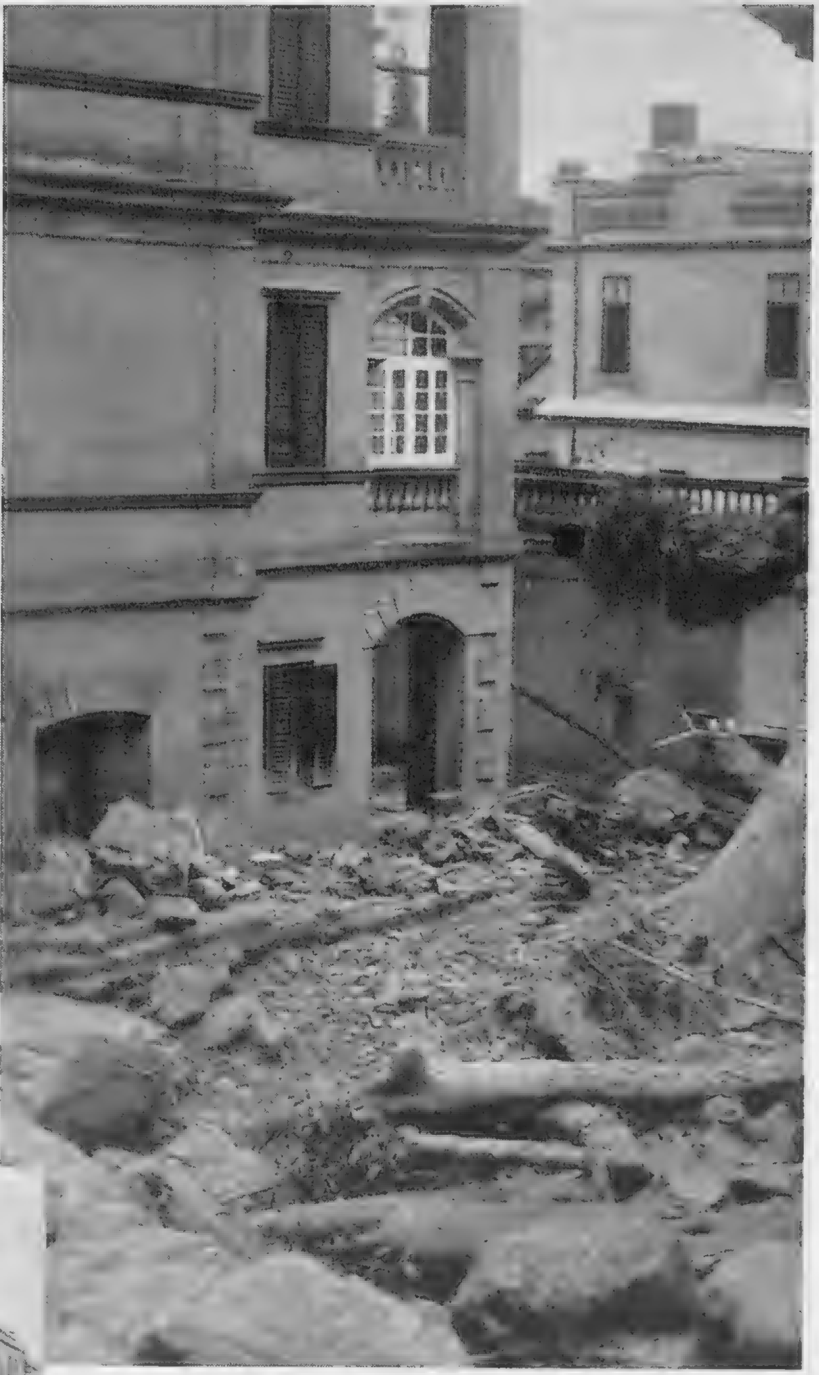
Thirty-four inches of rain fell within twenty-four hours at one Indian hill-station during last year's rainy season. Within a month, a typhoon in the Philippine Islands had made a bold bid to beat this record by dumping 110½ inches of rain (equal to two years average rainfall in southern England) on the mountain city of Baguio in *one week!* That little downpour was accompanied by a wind blowing at 130 miles an hour, which uprooted houses and trees in thousands, and caused those living within the track of the storm to crouch indoors, with steel storm-shutters fastened tight over their windows, while trees, timbers, corrugated iron and debris were thrown about like pieces of paper.



A HURRICANE which visited British Honduras in 1931 swept Belize, leaving a trail of death and destruction in its wake. The small coaster seen above was lifted bodily out of the sea and hurled 200 yards from the beach

Between May and October there are always at least four storms like that blowing in some part of the Pacific Ocean. August, when British beaches are bathed in warm sunshine, is the worst month; July and September are almost as dangerous. Ships sailing in the typhoon zones receive special weather reports by wireless three times daily. Typhoons move slowly and it is a captain's job to dodge them. If he doesn't, it is just too bad. I have seen ships that were caught in the outer edge of a typical Far Eastern typhoon struggle into Hong Kong harbour with lifeboats, masts and even funnels blown clean away, and the very skin torn by the wind demon from the faces of the officers on the bridge.

A typhoon on land is an eerie experience. I was in one at Manila not long ago and shall not soon forget the wind, shrieking like ten thousand demons as it struck us, blotting out every other sound. Nor the deathlike calm—no breeze stirring—as the centre of the storm passed over the city that waited, helpless, for the second hurricane which had to be endured before the "all clear" signal was given and people might open their shutters to see how much of their world had survived. For typhoons always blow in circles—if the first half of the storm misses you the second half, which comes after the silent calm in the centre, may bring your house down about your ears.



THE after-effects of a typhoon which Hong Kong experienced in 1926. The picture shows a whole tree uprooted and other heavy debris deposited in the town

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY mile-an-hour wind on land is terrible. If such a wind ever visited Britain it would blow away bridges, roofs, telephone wires, electricity pylons and cause devastation. Even in harbour no ship is safe when a typhoon strikes. Less than twelve months ago three great ocean liners caught by a typhoon in the harbour of Hong Kong were blown about like corks and finally piled on the rocks.

But most terrible of all is a typhoon at sea. One of the few men who have ever been through one and lived to tell the tale described to me recently his experience as hell broke loose around him.

"The daylight disappeared as the thing approached. Mountains of water piled up on every side; the waves were so high that although the wind was blowing at 120 miles an hour on the crests, in the trough it was dead calm and so hot that breathing was an effort. Everything movable went overboard within a few minutes of the typhoon striking us. Time and again our decks completely disappeared under a

The glamorous East *"enjoys" the worst weather in the world during* July *and* August—*and the rest of the year isn't much better*

By Hessell Tiltman

wild crescendo of rushing waters, so that only masts, bridge and funnels were to be seen. Impossible to stand; impossible to venture into the open. If any man had escaped the oncoming waters the wind would have tossed the heaviest man overboard like a feather. We could only remain helplessly under cover and hope the hatches—and the engines—would hold out.

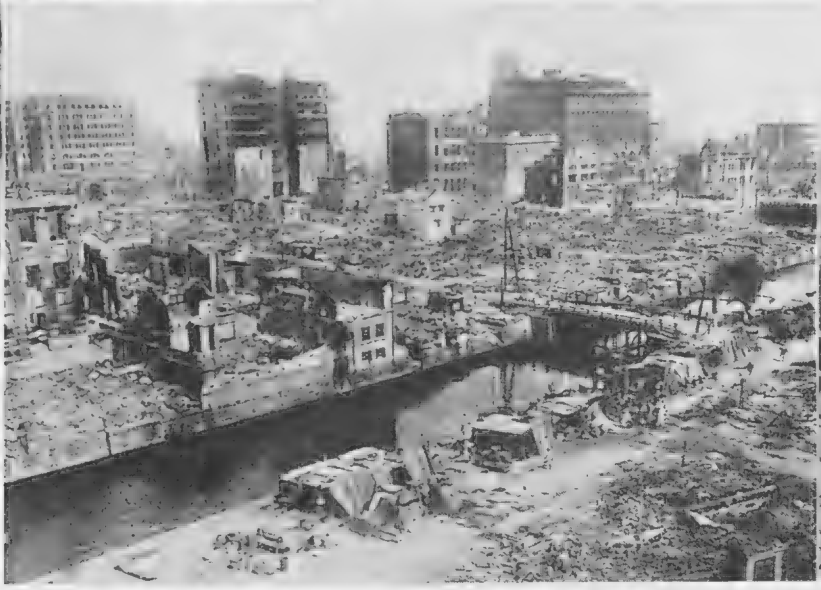
"Every minute seemed an eternity. Again and again we all but capsized. Later we learnt that the captain, lashed to the bridge, had given up hope when he sighted a gash in the clouds through which shone a fitful light. Slowly the seas moderated as the storm moved away from our track, and we came back to the world we had not expected to see again. When we took stock of the damage, it was to find that one of our funnels had gone, and with it all the lifeboats. Heavy portholes had been smashed. The water was two foot deep in the saloon. Iron deck-rails were smashed and twisted like string. The whole ship looked as if a giant had crushed it in his hand, and then tossed it aside. But we were luckier than most. We reached port, to learn there that three other ships near us at the time had disappeared without trace."

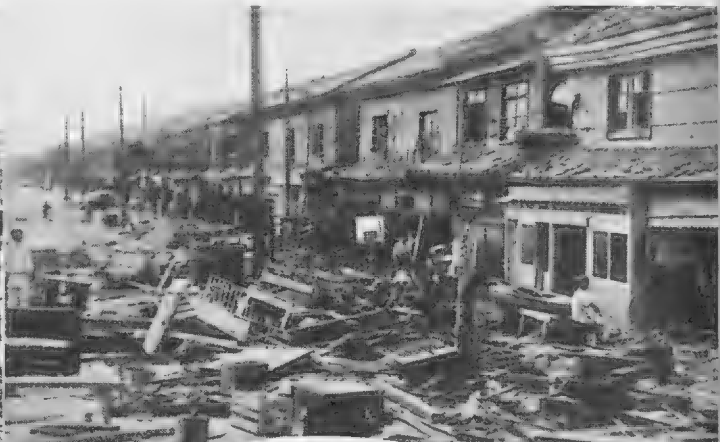
The typhoon is one sort of weather Great Britain can well do without. The Orient specialises in a few other brands of climate unknown in fortunate England. Dust-storms, for instance. I experienced a good one at Tientsin, in North China, last spring. A high wind gathered up a few square miles of Chinese soil and flung it at the city—turning day into night and making it impossible to keep a window open (at 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade!) or to venture into the open without a gas mask or at least a handkerchief covering the face. And that storm was nothing compared with one into which I ran travelling by train in Manchuria, when a howling curtain of solid blackness reduced visibility to nil and the driver of my train ran straight through one station without seeing it.

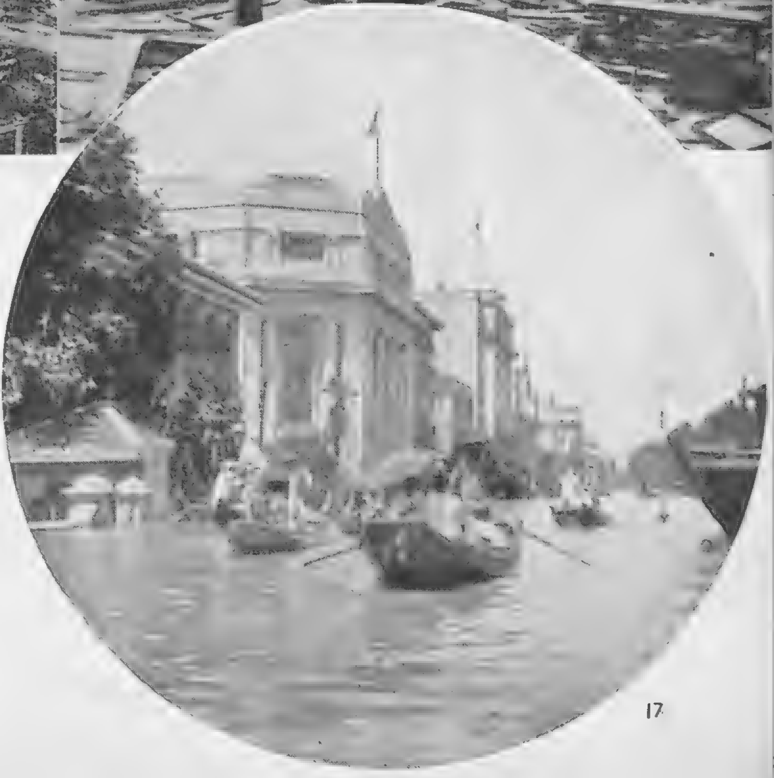
Tientsin, commercial metropolis of North China (where there is a British Concession and a garrison of Lancashire Fusiliers), holds two weather records which most people will agree it can keep. It is the most northerly city in the world in which malaria is endemic in summer. And every six months the thermometer there nosedives from a "high" of around 105 degrees Fahrenheit in July to 15 below zero in January. Small wonder those Tientsin British are tough!

Central China—the region around Nanking where war is now in progress—can, however, claim the summer sunshine record for the Far East. When Blackpool and Brighton (if lucky) are enjoying a gentle 80 in August, Hankow is sweltering in 110 degrees. For the record winter "low" one must travel to Eastern Russia, where January temperatures of 60 below zero are common. I haven't sampled weather quite as cool as that, but I've boiled at Hankow in July and shivered in the mountains of Northern Manchuria at 30 below zero, and of the two extremes I found the cold more to my liking. One can keep the circulation going in extreme cold with the aid of padded clothing and whisky. Whereas

(*Continued on page* 98)







TOKYO after the tremendous earthquake in 1923. Thirty-three thousand people were burnt alive in the area shown in this picture. Right: *A devastated street in Osaka, Japan, after a typhoon had finished with it in 1934. Thousands were killed and many more thousands were rendered homeless.* Circle: *Up to their necks in water. In front of the International Banking Corporation on the Hankow Bund when the Yangtze River was in flood in 1931*

Desert Passion

Lowell *sought real life, not chilly anaemic make-believe life as* Marie Peyton *preached it—and lived it*

By Achmed Abdullah

ABOUT a month earlier, shortly after Lowell Riverton's arrival here at Tugurt, the gateway to the Sahara, Mehmet, the Algerian, had attached himself to the other as servant and interpreter. Now he pulled at his master's sleeve, inquired:

"Want to meet her, elegant Mister?"

"No!" impatiently. "I've told you so a dozen times this last week."

"All right. . . ."

Mehmet shrugged his shoulders, while the woman went on her way through the latticed bazaar that filtered the sunrays, in shifting patterns of rose and lilac and elfin-green, on copper vessels and clay pots, on rugs and silks and silver-sheathed weapons. Leisurely she strolled on, her loose, striped robe, as she passed the American, brushing his coat—and he gave a start, looked at her and, her face veil being thin, could see, dimly and provocatively, a forehead that was smooth and snowy-white, a short, high-bridged nose, intensely red lips and two black eyes, almond shaped, heavily lidded.

As on the preceding afternoon, she stopped at the end of the bazaar where a hook-nosed Armenian presided over a jewellery booth. She pointed out to him a moonstone bracelet.

"*Kadesh*—how much?" she asked.

"Ninety francs."

"*Ma indish, Nasranee*—I have not the price, Christian."

"So you said yesterday and the day before and the day before that." The Armenian spat vastly. Addressing the crowd, he demanded what right beggars had to waste an honest merchant's time by haggling. "Ah—by the Dear Crucified One!—can the naked tear their clothes? Is it reasonable for a widow — or a harlot — to boast of her virginity?"

A roar of laughter and the woman sighed. Over her shoulder, she glanced at the American. Then she went on with a cling-clong of her silver anklets, leaving behind a sweet trail of musk and wild thyme—and Lowell, staring after her, felt his heart pulsing, stirring, yearning.

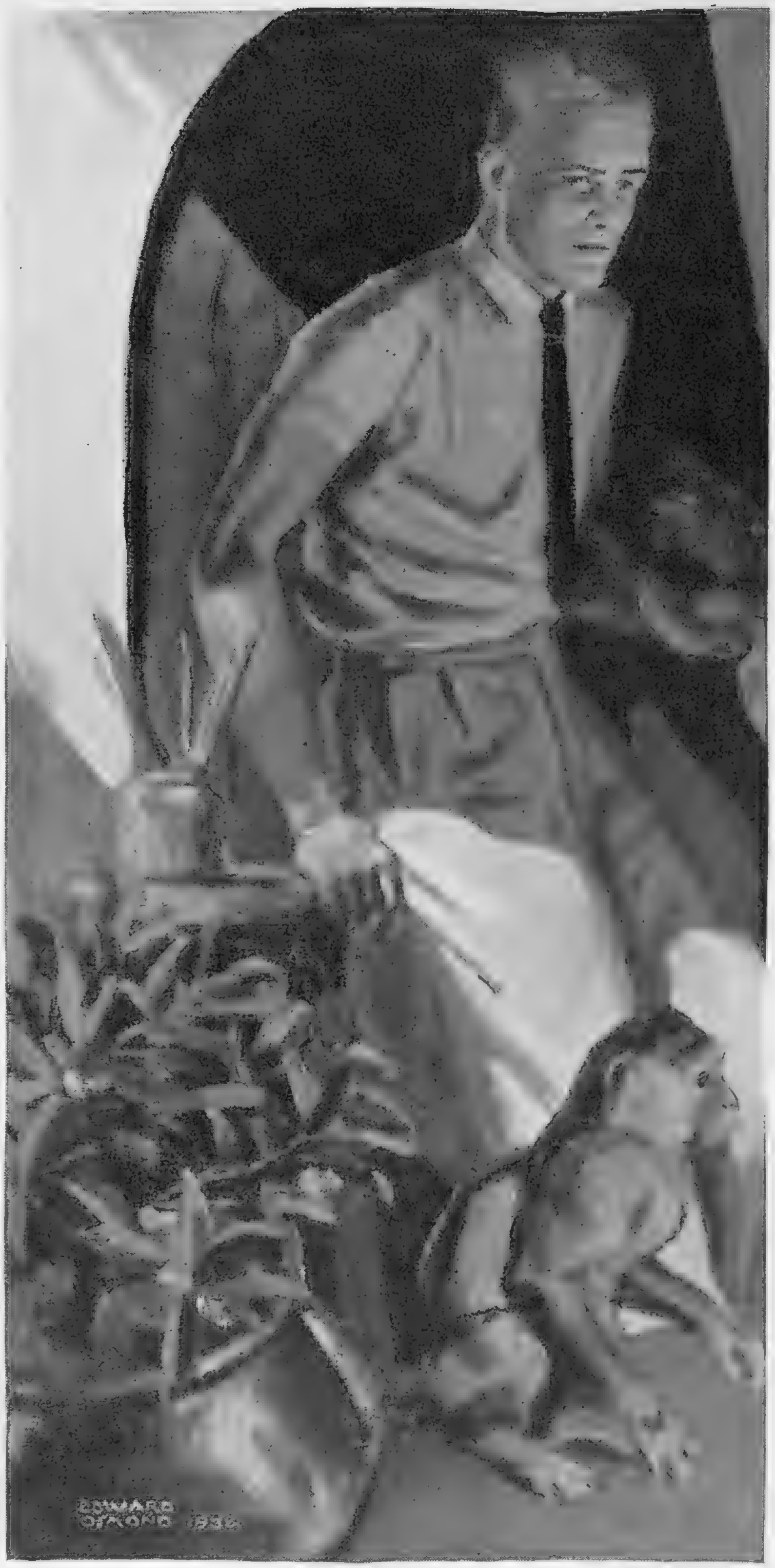
Yearning?

No, no! How could it be? Why—he did not know her. Besides, she was alien to him. So terribly alien in race and faith and civilisation; in all that mattered.

Yes. An alien soul—outside the focus of his own normal ken. . . .

And, the next second, almost violently, he considered that it was the very fact of her being so completely alien which attracted him; considered that one of the reasons why he had come here had been to escape from the stark, limiting circumstances of life as he had lived it back home in Boston—had lived it thus thanks to another woman who had not been alien at all—and whom he had loved.

At least, he had told her that he loved her; had told himself.



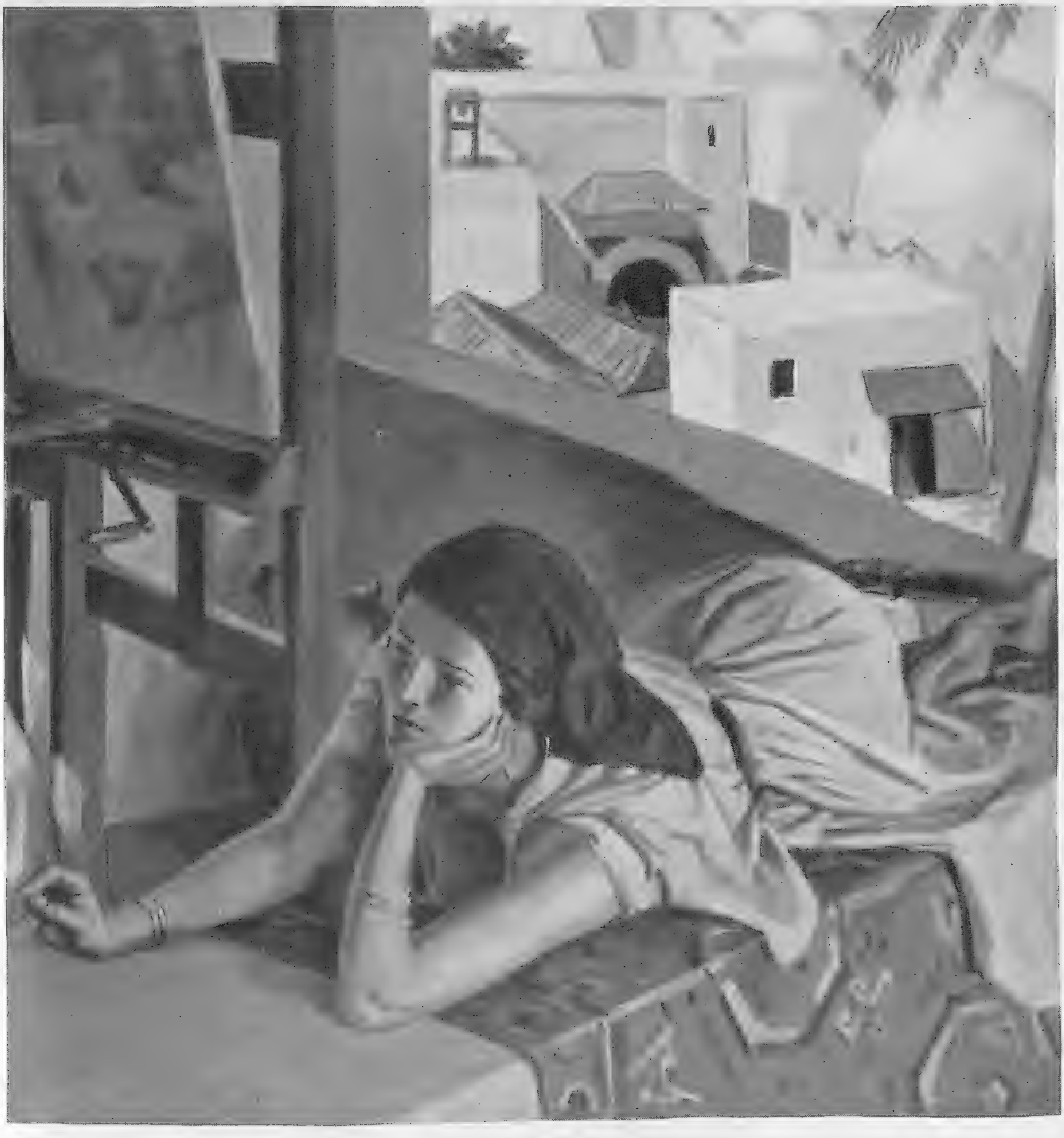
SHE was so different, in everything, alien creature who seemed a challenge

HE thought of her now. Marie Peyton. So lovely. Coldly, white-and-golden lovely. Cold, too, her soul and mind. Boston-cold—and Boston-witty. Investing the most trivial comments with a suggestion of hard irony. Judging everything by her own crystal-pure standards. Physically brave. Yet spiritually a coward. Afraid of every last, genuine, daring emotion and thrill.

"Swell female-eh. . . ?" Mehmet interrupted his thoughts.

"Oh—will you shut up!"

The other paid no attention to the irate command. He spoke of the girl. Her name—it appeared—was Nuktat el-Misk, which meant "The Musk Grain." Seventeen she was, a daughter of the Ouled-Nayl tribe whose black flet tents stippled the desert far to the South, beyond the Djelfaa oasis. And if the elegant Mister felt like giving her the bracelet, Mehmet—was he not famed for his shrewdness?—would drive a sharp bargain.



from the women back home. An
to all he had formerly believed in

"Eighty francs. Maybe seventy. . . ."

He talked on, while the American tried not to listen; tried to banish the girl's image from his brain; did not succeed.

What—he wondered—was she like? What were her dreams, the thoughts, behind those hooded eyes? Different—he was willing to wager, and smiled bitterly—from those of Marie Peyton. And why, to-day as yesterday and the day before, had she glanced at him? Was it just because she wanted the bracelet? Was it merely a mercenary interlude such as might happen in Boston?

Couldn't be anything else. He was sure of it. And, somehow, the knowledge hurt.

He dried his face with his handkerchief. The heat was enormous. What he needed was a tall, iced drink. So he went to the small house he had rented in the heart of the Arab quarter, Mehmet following at his heels like a mangy, black-and-tan cur.

"Not going out to-night," he announced. "I'll have a sandwich and a bottle of white wine around six."

"I listen and obey, elegant Mister."

Mehmet salaamed and withdrew, while Lowell walked up to the flat roof, mixed a highball, sat down near the parapet.

His thoughts returned to the desert girl. Again he felt his heart stirring. It made him angry with himself. Too, guilty, a little ashamed—he being what he was: a painter, an artist of note; but a New Englander of Puritan stock whose moral convictions were strict, were liable—since, on the other hand, he was a man of healthy appetites—to produce at times violent reactions.

Somehow, throughout his thirty-two years spent mostly in Boston and at his Maine country place, he had escaped these reactions, except for a few shoddy intermezzos that had left no mark—and except for the intermezzo with Marie Peyton that had left a very deep mark indeed.

Married—and, everybody knew, unhappily married—to Cabot Peyton, he had met her during the preceding summer. It was the artist in him who had immediately become enthralled by her amazing, white-and-golden loveliness. The man had followed where the artist had led, until—he had seen her often—the sight of her had swept him into a sort of inner, emotional debauch.

One evening, after the fourth glass of champagne, he had told her so with throbbing, winged words; and she had smiled thinly.

"Do you read much cheap fiction?" she had replied.

"Eh?" astonished.

"The way you talk—your ideas of life and conduct."

"Anything wrong with—with love?"

"I happen to be married."

"But," more brutally than he had intended, "unhappily married!"

"Which, I suppose, gives you the right to . . .?"

"No, no!" he had interrupted. "You misunderstand. I mean—there's such a thing as divorce."

"I," in level accents, "do not approve of divorce."

When he had said: "Ridiculous!" she had proceeded to give him her own notions of life and conduct, of duty and the burden of duty, with an amazing, coldly ironic lack of sentimental bias. He had argued, implored; had found himself faced by a stone wall—on that evening as on many an evening. For—there being her latent vanity and, perhaps, her latent cruelty—she had not forbidden him the house. On the contrary, she had encouraged his visits, yet had always fought him off—until, one night, he had lost his temper, had shouted:

"You are mean, hard—oh—inhuman!"

"Because I am—decent?"

"Precisely! Decency—gives! It gives, gives, *gives*—d'you see? It doesn't suck—and destroy—and—oh . . ."

He had not finished his sentence. He had flung out of the house, rather childishly slamming the door; had left Boston two days later.

NOW he was here, in North Africa. He had come here to forget Marie Peyton. Also—there being in him this practical Yankee streak—in search of new subjects for his brush and easel. Because he had grown tired of painting the blurred, melancholy New England scene; had longed for sharper contours and a more gaudy palette—shameless crimson clashing with green, and arrogant orange screaming at purple and pale blue.

Colour. That's what he had craved. The drama of colour burning and vibrating beneath the sun and the moon.

The drama of life.

Real life. Not chilly, anæmic, make-believe life as Marie Peyton preached it—and lived it.

And it was here, at his feet, in the narrow, cobbled alleys. Tugurt here, riotous, full-flavoured, untamed; gloriously free; pounding in a man's blood with something of the insistence of jazz.

Strong passions here. Hate and love, antagonism and desire, stripped for battle.

Gaunt dogs snarled. Donkey-boys swapped high-pitched, salty abuse. Lemonade-sellers clanked their metal cups. Fruit vendors shrilled their wares. Came the slurring sound of shuffle-footed, loping camels. Came the excited shouts of silken young Arab dandies bent over their backgammon boards in front of some native café. Came the strumming of a one-stringed guitar. Came the rhythmic tramp-tramp-tramp of a platoon of the Foreign Legion.

Came—cling-clong—the tinkle of a woman's silver anklets . . . and Lowell jumped up.

He looked from the parapet. No sign of her in that motley, moiling crowd. Still, here — cling-clong-cling — it was again. Nearer. More distinct. Too, a sweet, disturbing scent—of musk and wild thyme.

Oh well — he decided — imagination. Nothing else.

He poured himself another drink; then heard a voice:

"Supper, Mister!"

Mehmet had come out on the roof, carrying a card table. He spread it with silver and crockery; and Lowell demanded:

"Why this festive array of plates and glasses?"

"Company."

"Company?"

"The lady."

"What lady?"

"The Musk Grain." The man pointed at the curtain that cloaked the bedroom. "She is in there."

"Say," in angry amazement, "what're you giving me?"

"She has come to thank you for the bracelet."

"But I—I didn't . . ."

"I did. Seventy-three francs I paid for it. I," apologetically, "had not the time to bargain properly. Ah—good night, elegant Mister!"

A MOMENT later, Lowell was alone. He stared at the curtain that moved in the evening breeze. From behind it drifted a scent of musk and wild thyme, a tinkling of silver anklets. He swallowed hard. A flame of desire set his heart to drumming against his ribs. He tried to combat it—with common sense; and, the next second, this same common sense told him that, here, life was offering him—well—something; that there were not many years between slender, strong manhood and obese middle age—when a man's liver thickened, his kidney weakened, his veins became brittle tubes of lime.

And then, illogically, he thought of Marie Peyton; and he gave a little laugh—a laugh, almost, of revenge—and he raised the curtain and entered.

A small figure was curled up on the couch. She rose, approached him, very slowly, though without the slightest hesitation. The rays of the dying sun, dancing through the window, glinted down her black tresses, gleamed with diamond points in the sombre orbit of her eyes.

"I am here, *Sidi*."

Her French was halting, guttural. His own was not much better as, bitterly, once more trying to fight down his overwhelming desire, he replied:

"Really—you needn't have bothered."

"Bothered, *Sidi*?"

"To come—and thank me for the bracelet."

"Nor did I come because of it. See—" she slipped the trinket from her arm and tossed it on a taboret—"I give it back to you." She smiled. "I have money. I could have bought it myself."

"Then why did you?"

"The jewel was but a—how do you say?—a trick, a pretext. I came," she paused, went on in a headlong whisper, "because of you, *Sidi*!"

"Because of . . ." he stammered, rather ludicrously, "me?"

"Yes, yes! Because of what is in my heart! And because you have such nice, nice, dark hair! I like dark hair!"

"And I also," he laughed, "like black hair!"

He took her in his arms. He kissed her.

To-morrow—he told himself—he would leave Tugurt. He would travel to Algiers; thence home to Boston by the first ship.

To-morrow! Not to-night!

He kissed her again.

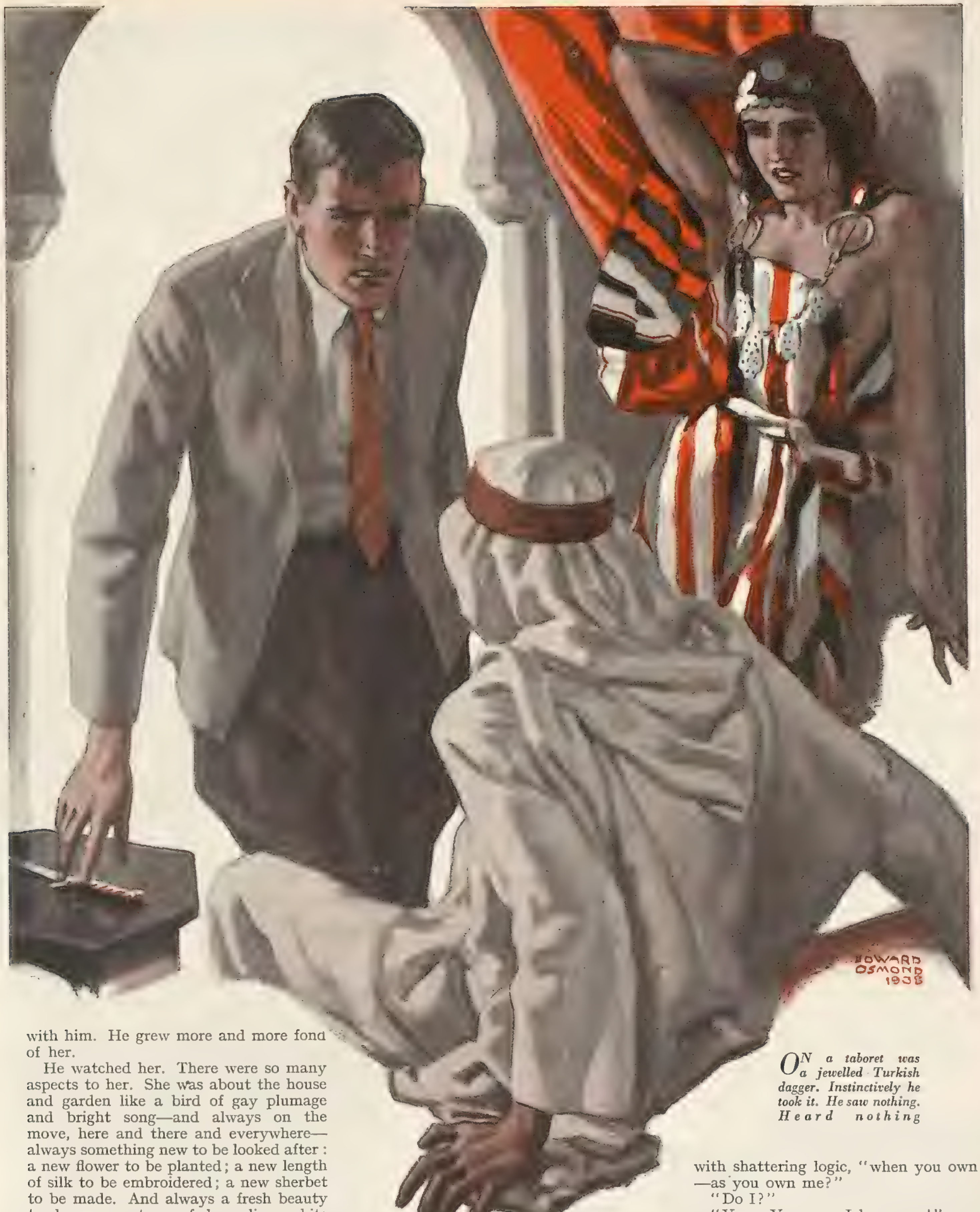
THERE was, during the next few days, a good deal of gossip in Tugurt's European colony. The French laughed and jested. The Italians were frankly envious. The Germans put on superior airs. The English and Americans were scandalised.

But Lowell did not know; would not have cared.

He was with the Musk Grain and she

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

He saddled his little Arab stallion and rode out beyond the town's limits



ON a taboret was a jewelled Turkish dagger. Instinctively he took it. He saw nothing. Heard nothing

with him. He grew more and more fond of her.

He watched her. There were so many aspects to her. She was about the house and garden like a bird of gay plumage and bright song—and always on the move, here and there and everywhere—always something new to be looked after: a new flower to be planted; a new length of silk to be embroidered; a new sherbet to be made. And always a fresh beauty to her—a gesture of her slim, white hands, a tilt of her small head, a sudden gracious or dramatic pose. So different—not that he thought of her much—from Marie Peyton's statuesque, static beauty.

He would try to catch these poses, with charcoal and paint. Would shout at her, quite angrily:

"Stand still—for God's sake!—till I get that line."

Good paintings they were which, some day, he would sell for a high price. He told her so, and she shook her head. Why—she explained—it did not cost much to live in Tugurt. Besides, she knew how to bargain . . . "much, much better—by Allah and by Allah!—than this pig of a Mehmet. . . ."

Nor did the paintings themselves mean anything to her.

"Why paint a thing," she demanded with shattering logic, "when you own it—as you own me?"

"Do I?"

"Yes. You see—I love you!"

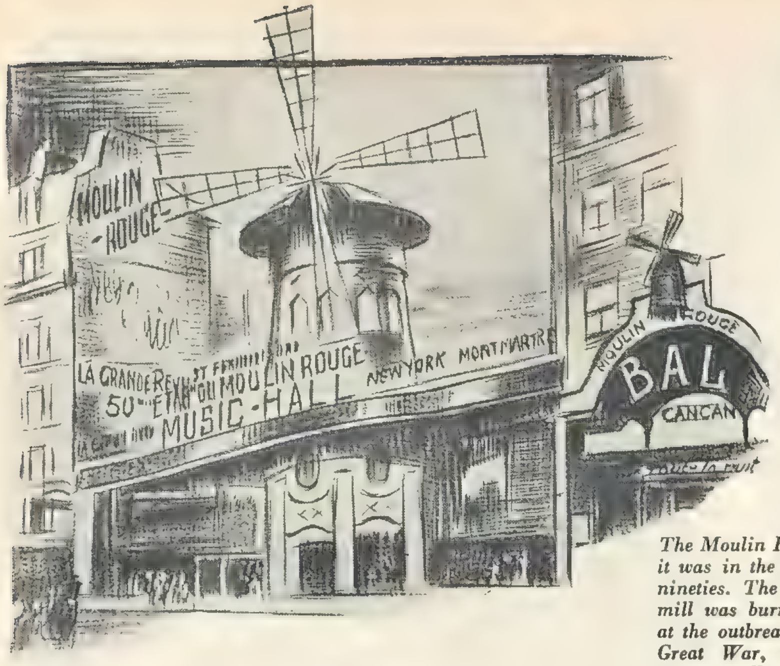
She said so often, and he never answered, in so many words:

"I love you, too!"

Rather he said—to himself, not to her:

"This is a mere, temporary madness of the senses which will pass—if I keep my heart free. I *must* keep my heart free."

And he did—at least, in the beginning and during the hours of day. But not in the dusk and the dark, when his arms were about her, when she was no longer the child who (*Continued on page* 90)



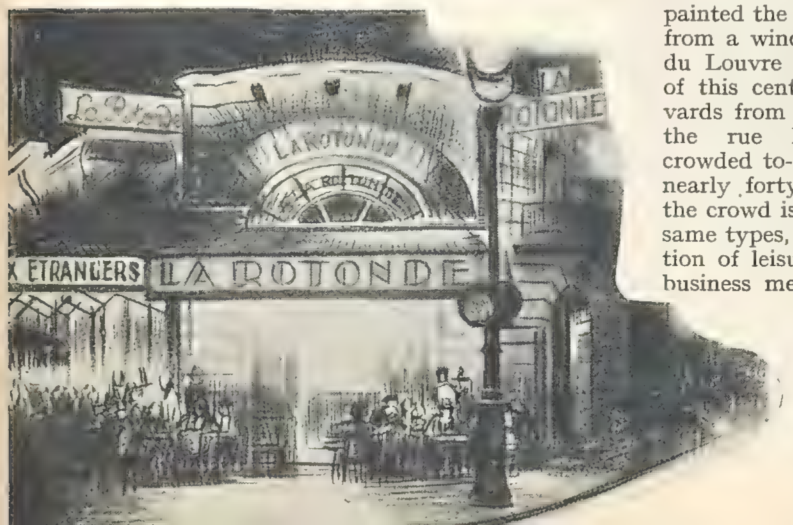
The Moulin Rouge as it was in the eighteen nineties. The original mill was burnt down at the outbreak of the Great War, but the present mill resembles it in many ways

THE MORE PARIS CHANGES

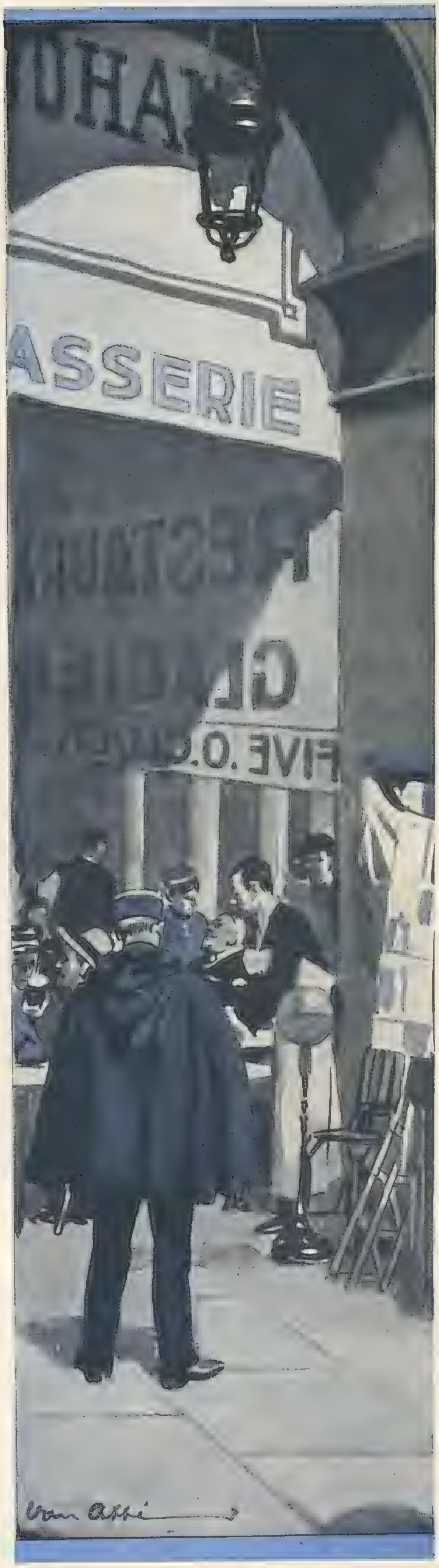
CITIES are fickle as well as feminine in their moods and inconstancy. One may swear an eternal passion to them in one's youth. One may dream that one has discovered in them the source and inspiration of an undying fidelity, changeless and immortal. The city of one's choice seems predestined. It arouses enthusiasm, faith and the revelation of the continuous history of mankind. One spends within its walls the dreaming phase of life, the creative ardour of youth. Then comes the first disillusionment, with the bitter wisdom of experience. Then the discovery that the city was an illusory paradise, a city of phantoms. self-created, a figment of the imagination and the follies of one's earliest years. But this discovery, if belated and salutary, is rarely made consciously. It is never admitted. One reproaches the chosen and beloved city with change, with the loss or destruction of familiar features, with the desolation of genial landmarks and the neglect and decay of the long-inhabited and much-loved scene.

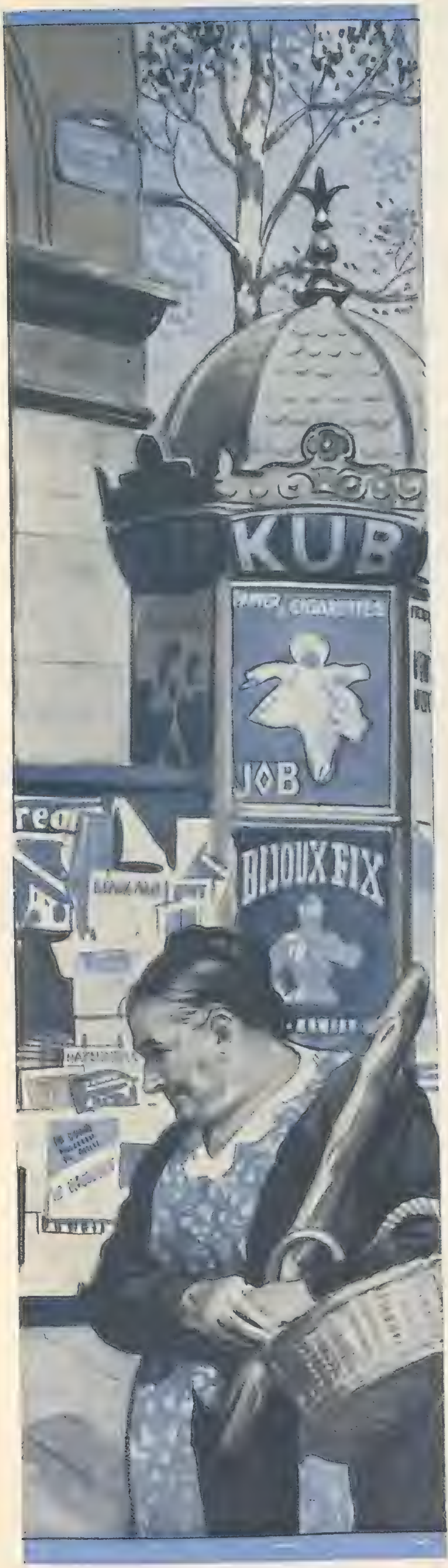
Thus to all their former generation of lovers and admirers seem the great cities which have attracted and focused the activities, the labours and the pleasures of men—Rome, Vienna, London, Paris, New York. And thus in particular, to its admirers of all races and countries, seems Paris. To those of us who knew Paris before the World War, or even at the end of the war, the Paris of 1938 has become a vastly different place. It is not so much, as it is with other great cities, that Paris has grown larger. It is not that any characteristic landmark has disappeared. The Opera, Notre-Dame, the Louvre, the Place de la Concorde, even the Eiffel Tower, are still where they were. The change is more subtle than that.

Paris has changed less outwardly than most great cities. A photograph of the French capital to-day shows little, and that unimportant, that may not be discerned in a Paris photograph of 1900. And the aspect of the avenue de l'Opera, except that horse-drawn *fiacres* have been replaced by cars and taxis, and that high silk hats have disappeared from the Parisian scene save on days of state funerals or of royal visits, is very much as it was when old Camille Pissarro painted the animated quarter from a window in the Hotel du Louvre at the beginning of this century. The boulevards from the Madeleine to the rue Montmartre are crowded to-day as they were nearly forty years ago, and the crowd is composed of the same types, the same proportion of leisured strollers and business men in a hurry, of



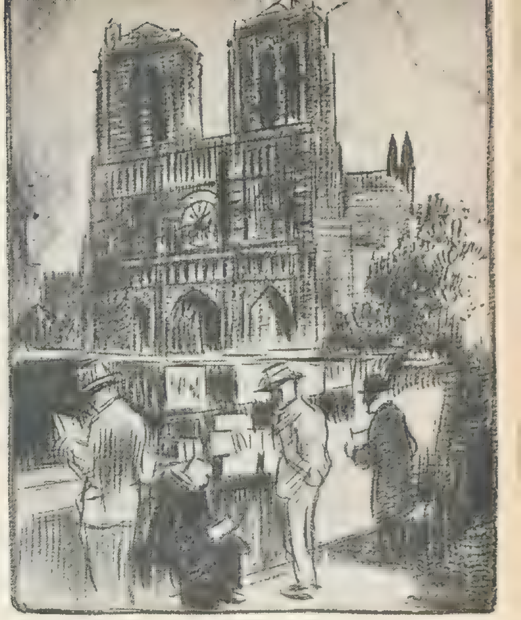
The modern Café de la Rotonde in Montparnasse, with its crowded terraces, and babel of languages, were unknown and unpredictable





The lure of this fascinating city still has an inexpressible charm, though its appearance has changed outwardly, "La Vie" remains the same

By George Slocombe



The famous bookstalls on the quays of the Seine, with the cathedral of Notre-Dame in the background

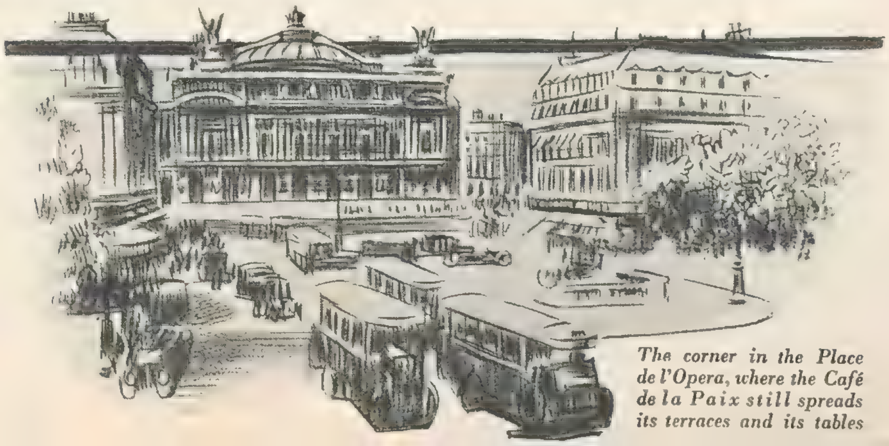
gaping tourists, obsequious guides, gay and impertinent midinettes arm in arm, of pedlars selling toys and of boys selling newspapers whose characteristically Parisian titles do not seem to vary with the passage of years. The Café de la Paix still spreads its terrace and its tables at the famous corner of the Place de l'Opera and watches the most cosmopolitan crowd of men and women in all the world stream by. And the illuminated balconies of the grey Opera House, with its copper roof green with verdigris, look down at night over the heart of a city even more brilliantly lighted than in the comparatively remote days when its gas lamps gained for Paris the title of *la Ville-Lumière*.

NEVERTHELESS, the foreigner's Paris has changed. The traditional city of the tourist was a city of cabarets and *cafés-chantants*, of dance-halls and night clubs, and in particular the dance-halls of Montmartre. Montmartre and its night life, its *chansonniers* and *cocottes* and exotically named little cabarets where strange drinks were served and the host of the place greeted his clients on their entry in often ribald rhyme, provided to visitors, whether from foreign countries or from the French provinces, what used to be considered the authentically Parisian thrill. But either tourists are more sophisticated or they are not thrilled in that particular way any more. The Montmartre cabarets of the eighteen-nineties and early nineteen-hundreds are still in existence, with their false Gothic and their false *macabre*, their wine-scarred tables and rhyme-covered walls and lurid prints, but the race of rhymesters and caricaturists which made them celebrated, even to sophisticated Parisians, is dead, and the modern Frenchman like the modern tourist is slightly bored with the attempt to keep alive an ancient tradition which has long since lost its novelty and its naughtiness.

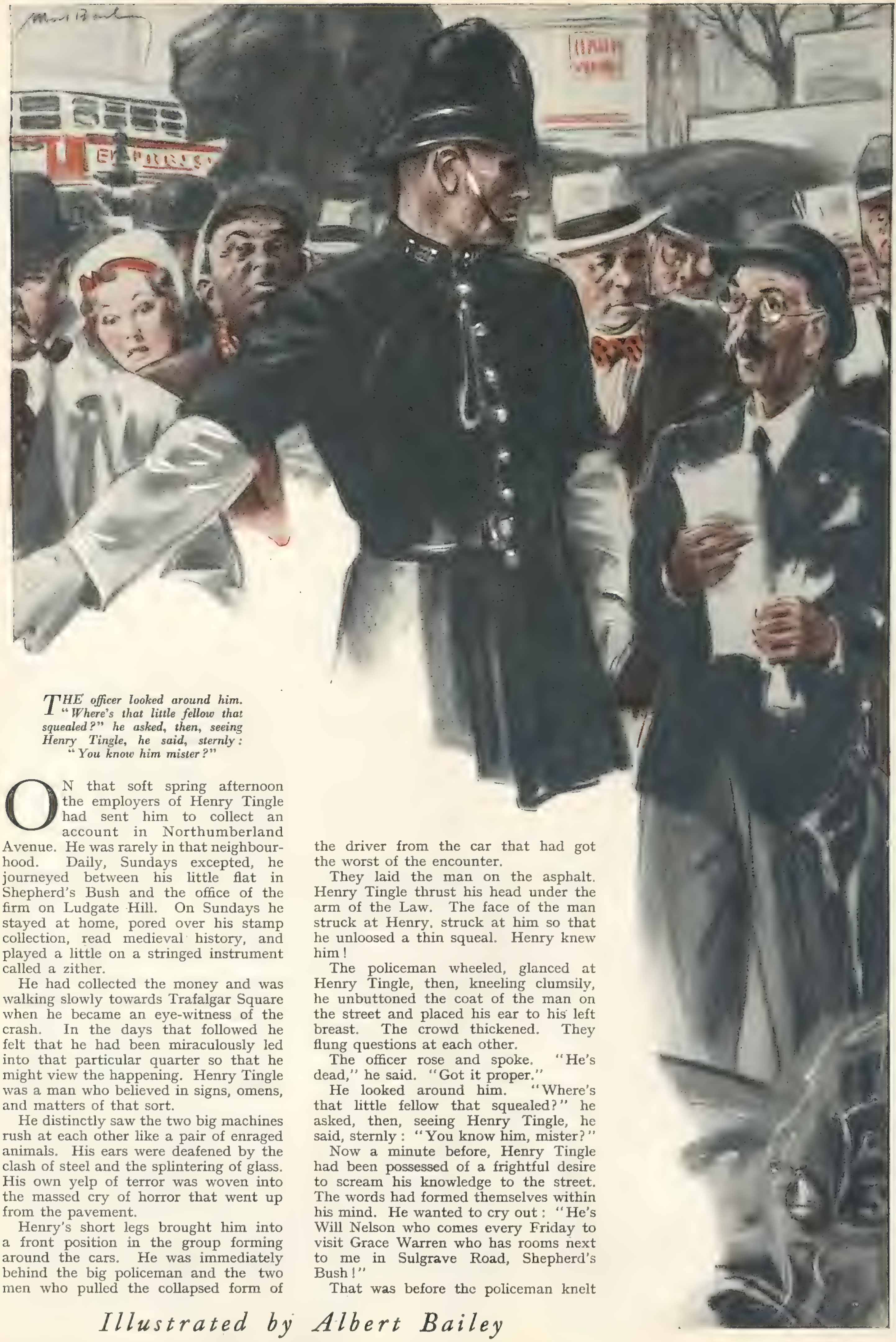
Hence, the Montmartre of the Ciel et l'Enfer, of the Rat Mort and the Abbaye de Thélème and the Chat Noir lingers on merely as an unburied corpse. And the Montmartre of a decade later, the Montmartre of the early jazz age, the garish quarter of the rue Pigalle and the rue Fontaine, of the Capitole and the Grand Duc and Zelli's and the Perriquet and a dozen other gay and once celebrated nocturnal dance cabarets, is equally moribund. Only two landmarks of the Montmartre of our youth survive in this more blasé generation : the Moulin Rouge and the Bal Tabarin. The Moulin Rouge is not the place that Toulouse Lautrec knew. The original mill was burnt down in the year of the outbreak of the World War. But it sufficiently resembles its predecessor, and it has preserved a good deal of the character of the old Moulin Rouge. The can can dancers and the frequenters of the present dance-hall might have posed for the drawings which have made both Toulouse Lautrec and the Moulin Rouge celebrated in two continents.

As for the Bal Tabarin, after experiencing a period of dullness and decline during the post-war years when tourists preferred the syncopated music and faster tempo of the newer jazz cabarets to the faded provinciality and eighteen-ninetyish atmosphere of the older

(*Continued on page* 86)



The corner in the Place de l'Opera, where the Café de la Paix still spreads its terraces and its tables



THE officer looked around him. "Where's that little fellow that squealed?" he asked, then, seeing Henry Tingle, he said, sternly: "You know him mister?"

ON that soft spring afternoon the employers of Henry Tingle had sent him to collect an account in Northumberland Avenue. He was rarely in that neighbourhood. Daily, Sundays excepted, he journeyed between his little flat in Shepherd's Bush and the office of the firm on Ludgate Hill. On Sundays he stayed at home, pored over his stamp collection, read medieval history, and played a little on a stringed instrument called a zither.

He had collected the money and was walking slowly towards Trafalgar Square when he became an eye-witness of the crash. In the days that followed he felt that he had been miraculously led into that particular quarter so that he might view the happening. Henry Tingle was a man who believed in signs, omens, and matters of that sort.

He distinctly saw the two big machines rush at each other like a pair of enraged animals. His ears were deafened by the clash of steel and the splintering of glass. His own yelp of terror was woven into the massed cry of horror that went up from the pavement.

Henry's short legs brought him into a front position in the group forming around the cars. He was immediately behind the big policeman and the two men who pulled the collapsed form of the driver from the car that had got the worst of the encounter.

They laid the man on the asphalt. Henry Tingle thrust his head under the arm of the Law. The face of the man struck at Henry, struck at him so that he unloosed a thin squeal. Henry knew him!

The policeman wheeled, glanced at Henry Tingle, then, kneeling clumsily, he unbuttoned the coat of the man on the street and placed his ear to his left breast. The crowd thickened. They flung questions at each other.

The officer rose and spoke. "He's dead," he said. "Got it proper."

He looked around him. "Where's that little fellow that squealed?" he asked, then, seeing Henry Tingle, he said, sternly: "You know him, mister?"

Now a minute before, Henry Tingle had been possessed of a frightful desire to scream his knowledge to the street. The words had formed themselves within his mind. He wanted to cry out: "He's Will Nelson who comes every Friday to visit Grace Warren who has rooms next to me in Sulgrave Road, Shepherd's Bush!"

That was before the policeman knelt

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

Hermits *on the* T*hird* Floor

A R*omance* of M*iddle* A*ge*

By James Francis Dwyer *and* William Haynes

down. Now that desire had passed. When the Law fixed him with a cold eye he shook his head.

"What did you squeal for if you don't know him?" growled the policeman.

"I—I was shocked," stammered Henry.

Someone laughed, the annoyed policeman thrust a big hand against Henry Tingle's breast and muttered something about rabbits. Three men shrugged themselves in front of Henry. He was glad to fall back into the third row of the crowd. He had a feeling that he would be sick. Will Nelson was dead. Lying there quite motionless in the centre of the milling crowd.

Then, above the wild jabbering of the crowd, Henry heard the voice of a uniformed porter who had thrust his way up to the body. The porter was speaking to the policeman. "I know him!" he cried, and his assertion was a challenge to all the listening ears. "He's Mr. William Ackroyd! He's a partner in a big tea business in Mincing Lane! He used to live in our hotel, but now he's moved to a new apartment house in Clarges Street." He paused for a moment to get his breath, then he swung towards the crowd and added: "Most generous man in all Lunnon. Hand in his pocket from mornin' to night."

An ambulance scattered the crowd. Henry Tingle was thrust back towards the pavement but he fought the human wave. He took another look at the face of the dead. He had made no mistake. He was certain that the dead man was Will Nelson.

He clawed a passage for himself right up to the ambulance. They were lifting the lifeless man into it. His head rolled towards Henry Tingle. He seemed to be grinning as he always grinned when he saw Tingle. There was no doubt at all. It was the man whom Henry knew as Will Nelson.

Stunned, Henry reached the pavement. Now someone else had recognised the dead as William Ackroyd. A third man knew the car. He gave Ackroyd's address in Clarges Street. There was no doubt that the dead man was known to many as William Ackroyd. But to Henry he was Will Nelson.

"Gave Grace a wrong name," muttered Henry. "The fat cunning devil! Will Nelson and William Ackroyd, one and the same man."

HENRY TINGLE was so upset that he went into the Square and sat himself down. The happenings had given him what he termed "a turn." He was not very strong. He stood one inch over five feet; he was forty-four years of age, unmarried, and he suffered quite a lot from hay fever.

On a seat in the Square he went over the three months that had passed since Grace Warren moved into the small flatlet next to Henry Tingle's on the third floor of the house in Sulgrave Road. It was on a wintry day. Henry Tingle had come home to find the landing cluttered with the girl's belongings. He frowned as he picked his way towards his own door, then the girl suddenly appeared and addressed him. In soft musical words she apologised for the state of the landing.

Henry Tingle was speechless. The girl was wearing a blue wrapper that lacked sleeves; her white arms were flawless in their moulding; her face, so Henry thought, resembled that of the fair Nicolete, the sweetheart of Aucassin, a picture of whom hung in his tiny sitting room.

Later, considering her, he told himself that he had never seen such beauty. Cooking his lonely supper those white arms danced between him and the frying pan. In the middle of the meal he stood up and examined the picture of Nicolete. Yes, there was a resemblance. A great resemblance. The blue-green eyes were the same. "Windows of the soul," he repeated, returning to the table. "Windows of the soul."

The white arms weaved across the ledgers during the following day. He pondered over the young woman. It seemed miraculous that so much beauty should come to live alongside him. Nothing but a wall separated his bedroom and hers. He could hear her moving about in her own quarters. He heard her singing softly.

Guardedly he questioned the bad-tempered caretaker. "Yes, she lives by herself," answered the man. "No, she doesn't work. P'raps she has money; p'raps someone gives her money. I don't know. London is a funny town."

Henry met her on the landing two days after she had moved in. Nervously he put a question. Did she like the flatlet? Smilingly she admitted that it was very pleasant. Did he live alone? She laughed softly when Henry nodded. "We are two hermits up on the third floor," she murmured.

Henry Tingle had a mad desire to tell her that she resembled Nicolete. He choked the impulse. Instead he told her of his stamp collection. "One of the best in London," he said proudly. "Someday you must look at them."

Her blue-green eyes grew large as she listened to the little man speaking of his treasures. She admitted that she knew nothing about stamps except those of the current issues, but she would like to see the collection. Henry Tingle, back in

*G*RACE *WARREN was sensitive and looked at Henry with troubled eyes, who thought she was even lovelier in the clutch of fear* his own sitting-room, performed a little dance of joy. "Two hermits," she had said. "Two hermits on the third floor." The sweet loneliness of London.

It was on a Monday that Miss Warren moved in. Henry had spoken to her twice during the ensuing three days, then, on the Friday afternoon he got a shock. Henry, hurrying up the stairs, hoping to pass a word with the girl, overtook a large beefy man with a broad red face who was also climbing heavenward.

The beefy one spoke. He was searching for Miss Warren's flat. Did Henry know on what floor it was situated?

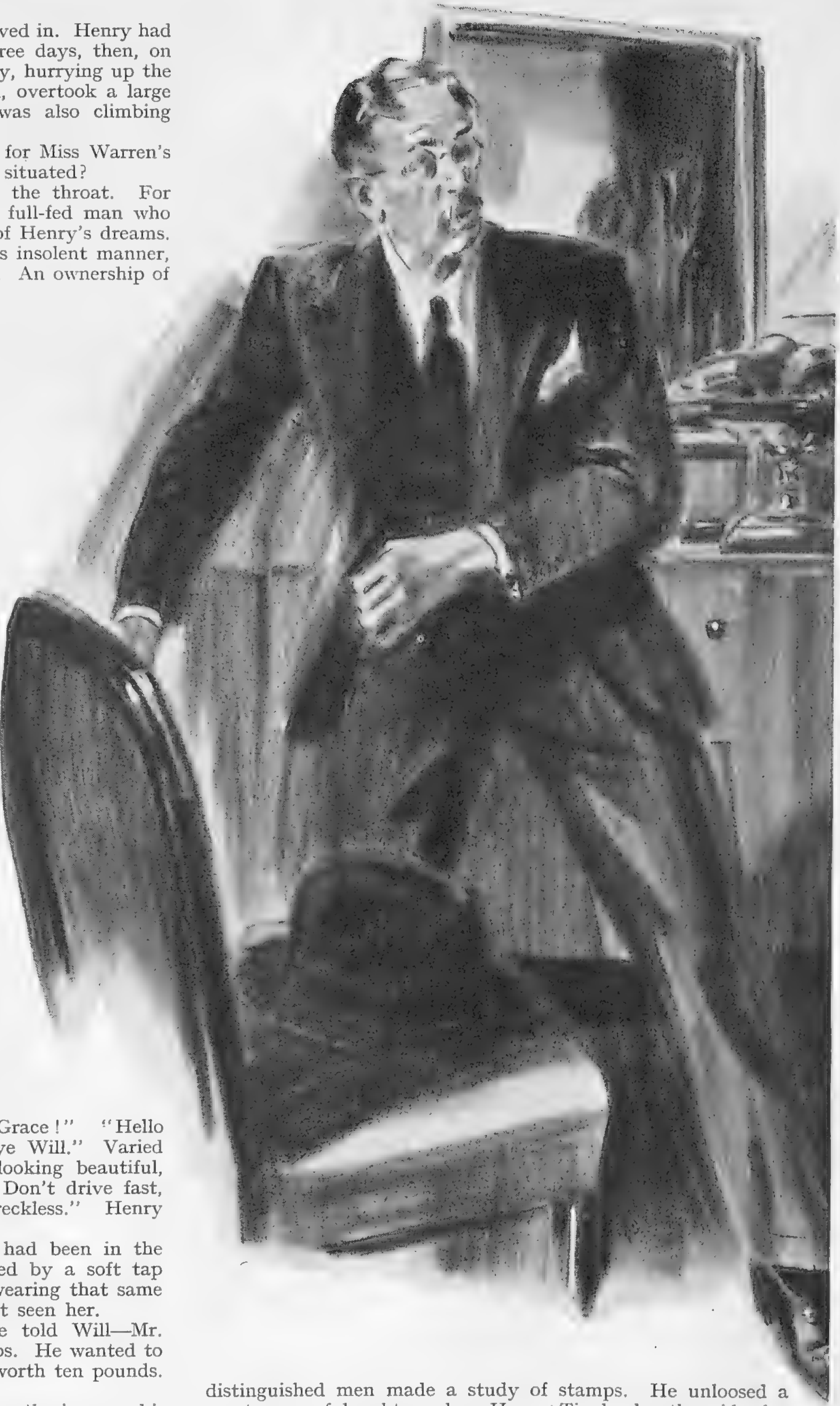
Henry suffered a strange constriction of the throat. For a long moment he couldn't breathe. This full-fed man who was seeking her was a smasher of dreams, of Henry's dreams. There could be no mistake. His clothes, his insolent manner, his question proclaimed a sort of ownership. An ownership of flesh.

Without speaking Henry Tingle led the stranger to the door of Miss Warren's flat. His own bony knuckles banged the panel. He wished to see the meeting. A spiteful curiosity shackled his feet. He was made up of eyes and ears. Jealous eyes and ears.

Grace Warren opened the door, gave a little cry of joy and grasped the hands of her big visitor. She didn't see Henry Tingle. She pulled the big man within the flatlet and closed the door. Both, taken up with the meeting, forgot to thank the little man for his courtesy in directing the visitor.

Henry Tingle stumbled into his own flatlet. He was so upset that he flung two nice slices of ham and a little carton of Russian salad into the garbage tin. He tried to find comfort in his stamp albums, but failed. Through the wall came the burring voice of the big man. Hate compelled Henry to put his ear to the papered partition. He could not hear the exact words but now and then came a soft peal of laughter. His beautiful neighbour was finding amusement in the visit.

Quite frankly she mentioned her visitor to Henry on the following day. He was Mr. Will Nelson. He was a friend, a very good friend. He made it a practice to call and see her every Friday. "Just to see if I want anything," she said sweetly. "He's so good."



MR. WILL NELSON was punctuality itself. Every Friday evening at seven to the minute he reached the landing of the third floor. He left at the discreet hour of ten. Henry Tingle checked his arrival and departure week after week. Listening behind his own front door Henry drank in the words of greeting and farewell. "Hello, Grace!" "Hello Will! . . ." "Good-bye Grace." "Good-bye Will." Varied at times by a phrase such as: "You're looking beautiful, Grace"; or a soft whispered caution of: "Don't drive fast, Will. Streets are slippery and you're so reckless." Henry Tingle writhed as he listened.

One Friday evening, when Miss Warren had been in the house some seven weeks, Henry was startled by a soft tap at his door. The girl was on the landing, wearing that same blue sleeveless wrapper in which he had first seen her.

"Oh, Mr. Tingle!" she cried. "I have told Will—Mr. Nelson—about your great collection of stamps. He wanted to see that little red fellow that you said was worth ten pounds. Could you—could you bring in the album?"

Could he? Henry fell over himself in gathering up his albums. Even the presence of Will Nelson wouldn't altogether kill the joy of being close to her. The joy of absorbing her sweet beauty, of inhaling the faint dry perfume that came from her.

Will Nelson rose from the depths of an arm chair. Henry was amazed to find that he was coatless and that he had removed his collar and tie. The flatlet was admittedly warm, but, still, the man was visiting a lady.

Mr. Nelson shook Henry's hand till the thin fingers of the book-keeper protested against the violent pressure. "Stamps, eh?" he bellowed. "Never knew anyone who c'lected stamps! Horses, old furniture, women, yes, but never knew a feller who c'lected stamps!"

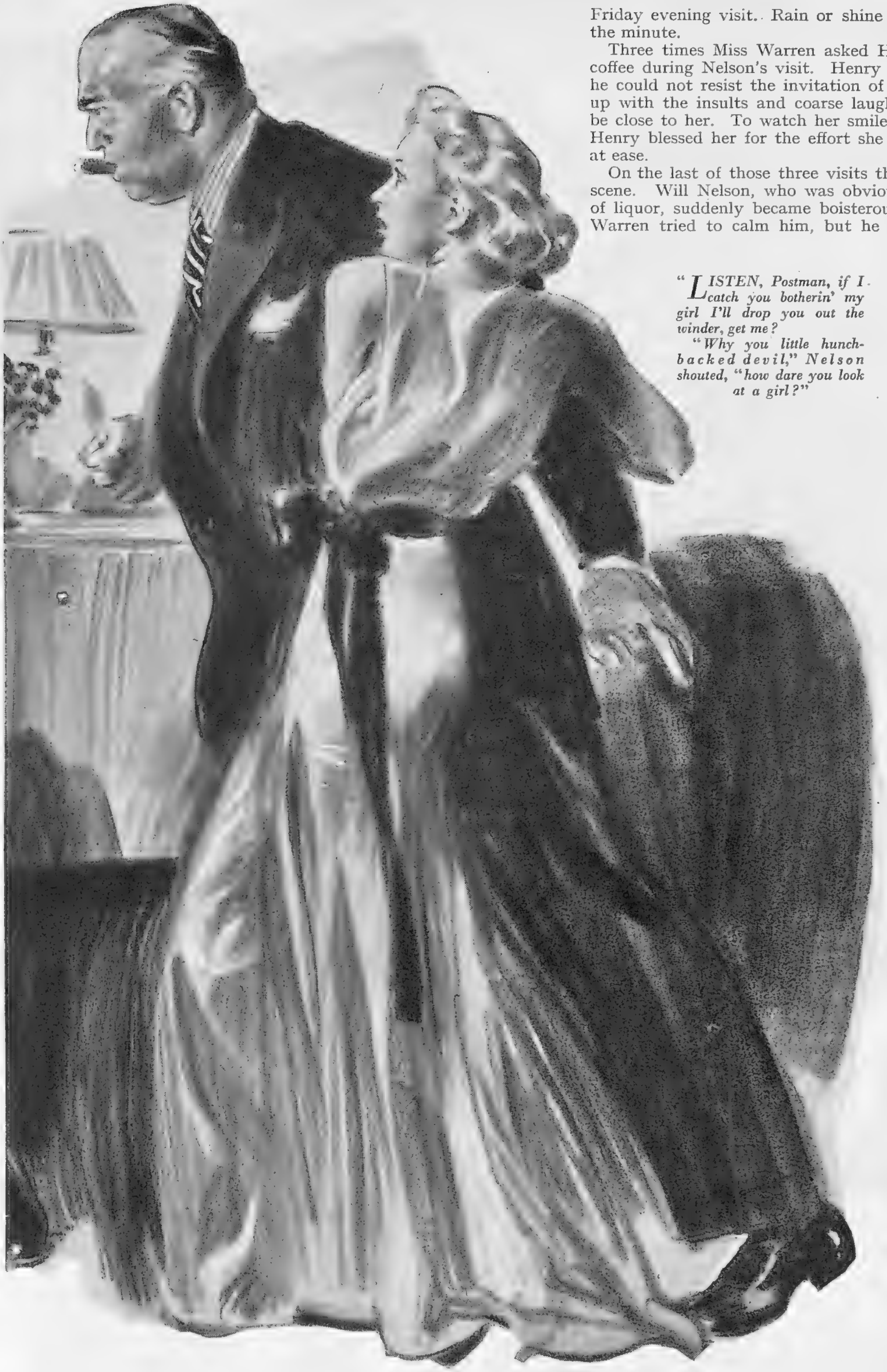
Henry Tingle hated him. The great bellowing bull. He knew nothing of philately. He was ignorant of the fact that distinguished men made a study of stamps. He unloosed a great roar of laughter when Henry Tingle, by the aid of a small pair of tweezers, held up the precious red Guatemalan for his inspection.

"Well, well!" roared Mr. Nelson. "I'd never have thought it! Would you, Grace? You say, Mr. Tingle, that this little bit of paper is worth ten pounds? You'd get it at a bank or pawnshop if you brought it in, eh?"

"No, no," said Henry, trying to smother his own annoyance, "you would receive it from another collector who wished to have it for his collection."

"I get you!" cried Nelson. "You'd get a tenner from another nut—beg pardon, from another collector who wanted this little red chap for his picture book."

His remarks and his loud laughter made Henry Tingle physically ill. He was trembling with nervous anger when he carried his albums back to his flat. His rage astonished himself.



"LISTEN, Postman, if I catch you botherin' my girl I'll drop you out the winder, get me?

"Why you little hunchbacked devil," Nelson shouted, "how dare you look at a girl?"

Thirty minutes later he heard, from behind his own hall door, Will Nelson taking leave of Miss Warren. "Bye, bye, Girley. See you Friday. Had a lot of fun with the little postman."

Henry, drunk with fury, heard the quick "Hush" of the girl, then the booming laugh of Nelson as he went down the stairs. "*Little Postman!*" He was alluding to Henry! The wretched ignoramus!

The weeks went by. Will Nelson never failed to make his Friday evening visit. Rain or shine he arrived at seven to the minute.

Three times Miss Warren asked Henry Tingle in to have coffee during Nelson's visit. Henry hated the big man, but he could not resist the invitation of the girl. He could put up with the insults and coarse laughter of the man just to be close to her. To watch her smile, to inhale her perfume. Henry blessed her for the effort she made to make him feel at ease.

On the last of those three visits there was an unfortunate scene. Will Nelson, who was obviously under the influence of liquor, suddenly became boisterous and insulting. Grace Warren tried to calm him, but he pushed her aside. For no reason at all he showered abuse on Henry Tingle.

"Listen, Postman," he cried. "Grace tells me you're always tryin' to talk to her. No, no, Grace, don't try to stop me! I'm tellin' the little swine off. Listen, Postman, if I catch you botherin' my girl I'll drop you out the winder, get me?"

Miss Warren was in tears as she tried to halt her visitor. Henry Tingle stood up to leave, but Nelson took a farewell shot at him. "Why, you little hunchbacked devil," he shouted, "how dare you look at a girl?"

Henry Tingle heard no more. He ran into his own apartment. *Hunchbacked!* He knew that he was no Adonis, but he wasn't hunchbacked. The drunken wretch! Standing before his mirror he cursed Will Nelson slowly and thoroughly.

Grace Warren apologised on the following morning. She held Henry's hand while she murmured soft words. Will was like that sometimes, she said. When he had drink he became insulting. Henry, lying bravely, told the girl he had already forgotten the incident.

And now Will Nelson, who was evidently known to the world as Mr. William Ackroyd, was dead. At that very moment the silent workers of some undertaking firm were arranging his body. Never more would he visit the little flat in Shepherd's Bush. Never more would he utter the annoying word "Postman" . . .

Henry Tingle leapt suddenly to his feet. In reviewing his relations with Will Nelson and the girl he had forgotten the day of the week. It was Friday! *Friday!* In all probability Will Nelson had been driving from his Mincing Lane office to Shepherd's Bush when he crashed.

IT was seven-thirty when Henry Tingle climbed the stairs to the third floor. He was all agog. He had a plan, a strange wild plan, but he had to find out first if it was practicable.

(*Continued on page* 117)

Behind *the* Scenes

SIR ADRIAN BOULT conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in the Queen's Hall

TERENCE MACDONAGH, principal oboe of the Symphony Orchestra

THERE is something very thrilling about the atmosphere of a concert platform before the rehearsal for a big symphony concert. A hundred musicians enter by four different ways, chattering and bumping down the steep rises at the back of the platform, moving stands and scraping chairs, assembling instruments that normally sleep in pieces in their cases, taking out others whole—none of it done too quietly even if without intention to create a commotion for its own sake.

Gradually the noise assumes a more definite character. If Longfellow had ever felt inclined to describe it, he might have epitomized the thoughts of everyone of these musicians in a line that could have gone into *Hiawatha*:

Give to use the Perfect A, oh Oboe

The Principal Oboe, having in his possession the Perfect A, is pleased to dispense it from his instrument. It comes out nice and thin and reedy; moreover, it proves what a shocking thing it is that there are so many other and less perfect A's in this sad world.

That, however, is soon adjusted. Sixty stringed instruments quickly come to a clear understanding in the matter, their owners paying no heed to scales emanating from flutes, clarinets, and bassoons, lonely blasts from trumpets and trombones, occasional observations from French horns, or even satirical aphorisms from the bass tuba. These instruments have their own A's and are consequently apt to consider themselves slightly superior to instruments needing to be tuned every time they are used. Apart from which, wind instruments must be warmed and the only method is to breathe down them for a while.

However, the A's the Thing and everybody in the string department takes a bite out of it for his own private use and the good of the common cause. The tympanist regards it relatively only, and busies himself with tuning his two pets a fifth apart, according to the requirements of the first work to be rehearsed. Only the harpist is above this sort of thing, but that is because she was here half an hour ago to tune the entire compass of her instrument in peace, extracting her bit of A either from the piano or else from the tuning fork she always carries.

Nobody looks particularly thoughtful—but nobody accepts responsibility, except for his own part. The leader may be feeling his position a little but he, like the rest, is a solo player and, once upon a time, passed a stiff test including the playing of at least part of a concerto and the reading at sight of a difficult work in manuscript. The only real concern of anyone is that he shall play his part without incurring the conductor's righteous wrath, but if the latter's baton-language is translatable into ordinary terms of musical thought there is not much likelihood of misunderstanding.

It is the conductor who looks thoughtful—or, at least, who *is* thoughtful whether he actually looks it or not. He has spent many weeks of study on this new symphony he is producing for some famous composer. He realises that an orchestral score, though a work of art, is not the same as a canvas which can be judged merely by people looking at it. He has looked at the score—often enough—but beyond anything he has done or can do in that respect is set the actual performance, by which alone the symphony is accepted or rejected and, incidentally, his conducting also. He may even have gone so far as to memorize the score, but he will cause his leader less anxiety if he has it before him at the concert.

MORE than likely there have been mistakes to correct in that score. Few composers write down exactly what they mean in every detail, but they may be forgiven on account of the slow and laborious process of scoring a work lasting fifty minutes in performance. It takes most men a twelvemonth to do it. The least error in judgment and a bad effect may be produced. What sounds good on a piano rarely sounds as well when played by an orchestra. On the other hand, it may sound better—but there is no knowing. At all events, I know of nothing more straining to the mind than hours of producing sounds in the mind and

By
C. Whitaker-Wilson

A CLOSE-UP of the trumpets and the trombones

THE harpist is usually an early arrival to tune the entire compass of her instrument in peace. Miss Sidonie Goossens and Miss Jeanne Chevreau

BERNARD SHORE who plays the viola in the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra

with a Big Orchestra

committing them to paper. A symphony is written in a man's lifeblood, often enough.

So that if a composer has written F sharp when he really meant F natural he is to be sympathised with. Even if he has really written sharps where he meant sharps he may have been misrepresented by the copyist in the band parts. He may have left anything out or put anything in. If you do not believe that, ask Sir Henry Wood. He will tell you he has spent a third of his life on band parts.

Once they are correct they are handed to the librarian whose business it is to see they are put out on the right stands. If a librarian is sufficiently a musician to copy band parts from a full score, marking their clefs and other technicalities so that the players can safely use them, he is worth his weight in gold to the conductor. If he can be trusted to transpose an aria from one key to another he is worth treble his weight in platinum. Such librarians are to be found, but they do not grow on the hedges.

PERSONALITY is the first asset of a conductor. If he does not possess it he had better take to conducting a trolleybus. Apart from his actual musicianship he must be all fire and vitality. The greatest I ever came across—perhaps the greatest ever, although I have known most in the last thirty years—was Arthur Nikisch. He was less a man than a miracle. He had a personality on which you might have struck matches and the loveliest speaking voice God ever gave to man. His eyes would have held the Commons while he debated the naval estimates, and his smile would have tamed a Bengal tiger.

I remember him rehearsing Tchaikovski's Fifth Symphony in 1905. In the slow movement he literally dragged the horn melody out of the great artist whose job it was to play it. In the last bar of that gorgeous tune Nikisch stopped, thanked the player charmingly, and asked him to be so good as to play it again. He did—more beautifully than before, I thought—but it was drawn on the end of Nikisch's baton and it was *his* mind, not the player's, that inflected it.

Nikisch's control of an orchestra was such that the players were sometimes hardly conscious of the notes they played. I remember feeling my heart in my mouth at a rehearsal as I saw one of the violinists slip off his chair and fall to the ground, merely through intensity of musical emotion. Nikisch stopped. Far from there being laughter there was dead silence. Nikisch turned to the fiddler with perfect courtesy.

"I am so sorry," he said. "I hope you are not hurt nor yet your instrument. I am afraid it was *my* fault."

The violinist assured him all was well. "Then let us go back to Letter D," said Nikisch, and the incident ended.

It was not always necessary for him to indicate where he wanted to go back to, or even why he had stopped. At least, I surmise as much, drawing my conclusions from an incident I witnessed at a rehearsal under his direction. He stopped in the middle of a passage, looked intently at the score and, without a word, held out his arms to begin again. There was just a second's hesitation, and everyone turned back to the same spot. I was sitting in the body of the hall, behind Nikisch, with a score on my knee. I also turned back to that spot *and knew why*. The improvement in the rendering of the faulty passage was obvious to everyone. Now, *how* did the orchestra know what was wrong and where to turn back to? Not a word had been spoken. It amounted to hypnotism, but I always think Nikisch did hypnotise his orchestras.

Both Toscanini and Beecham habitually conduct from memory. Not that there is any special merit in the feat: it is probable that their minds, being of the photographic type, reproduce the score so vividly that the actual copy is a nuisance. The concentration required for memory-conducting is, none the less, higher than that when a score is used—or, at least it takes a different form. Moreover, these men—whether they actually use a score or not—have nothing to fear from the

(*Continued on page* 93)

WIND instruments must be warmed, and the only method is to breathe down them for a while. Ernest Hall, trumpeter in the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra

BOOKS:

THIS ENGLAND OF OURS
The English Counties by Car
THE SILVER FOX
RENÉ HANSARD
MY LIFE
JEAN BATTEN
CRIPPLED SPLENDOUR
EVAN JOHN
NIGHT LIGHTS
Seymour Hicks

CAN I HELP YOU MADAM?
The Green Fool
PATRICK KAVANAGH
LATE HARVEST
George Blake
WINKLES & CHAMPAGNE
THIRSTY LAND
JOAN SUTHERLAND
Author of "SILVER MIST"
WEST COAST
John van Druten
THE WAY TO THE PRESENT

N*ew* Reading *for all* Tastes

By Alan Seymour

HISTORY, again this month, provides the theme of one of the best books before me.

In *Crippled Splendour* (Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.) we have a novel in the grand tradition.

Evan John, author of this work, which was the Book Society's choice for June, deals with the strange and exciting story of James, ancestor of the Stuart Kings, who was "a prisoner in England, a soldier in the campaigns that followed Agincourt, a musician and a first-class poet and then for twelve breathless and tragic years, King of unquiet Scotland."

This tinglingly alive story begins with a boyhood of recurrent frustrations and ends on that ghastly night at the Perth Blackfriars when Katherine Bar-lass attempted to bolt the door with her naked arm, but was unable to keep out the gang of desperate men who were breaking in to kill their King.

As will be seen, this is a dramatic story, but then the author is closely identified with other forms of drama. However that may be, Evan John has contrived so convincingly to recreate its essentials and has clad them so picturesquely in the panoply of period, that his book will long endure as a work of art of the highest merit and as a life-like record of one of history's most moving characters.

ANOTHER period volume, but inspired by an order of things diametrically opposed to the last, is Mr. Willson Disher's nimbly-named *Winkles and Champagne* (B. J. Batsford, 12s. 6d.).

The full extremity of the contrast between Mr. Disher's book and that of Mr. John will at once be apprehended when I explain that *Winkles and Champagne* is a history of the Music Hall, written through the individual lives of the men and women who established its fame.

The title was chosen by Mr. Disher as symbolic of the quick-change fortunes of old stars, and side by side with their lives he gives us the story of the origin and development of the Halls themselves.

In revivifying for us the essence of the most memorable Music Hall turns of all time, the author exchanges his pen for a magic wand, the slightest pass from which conjures up the most uncanny representation of some favourite artist of the past—or, for the matter of that, the present.

This most entertaining of books about entertainment is further enriched by 160 illustrations in colour, half-tone and line, from old song-covers, programmes and posters.

As in the case of almost all books which emanate from the House of Batsford, the illustrations alone are worth far more than the price asked for the book, but Mr. Willson Disher, from whose unique collection most of the pictures come, knows his subject so intimately that, even without the amplification they afford this book would be enthralling.

AGAIN the Stage—but this time largely as the vehicle of expression of one of the keenest wits and one who must rank as the most engaging raconteur of our time—Sir Seymour Hicks.

In *Night Lights* (Cassell & Co., 10s. 6d.) Sir Seymour is at his most amusing.

The book is a scintillating "conversation piece," reminiscent of the author's half-century of experience, with recollections of the London of yesterday as compared with to-day.

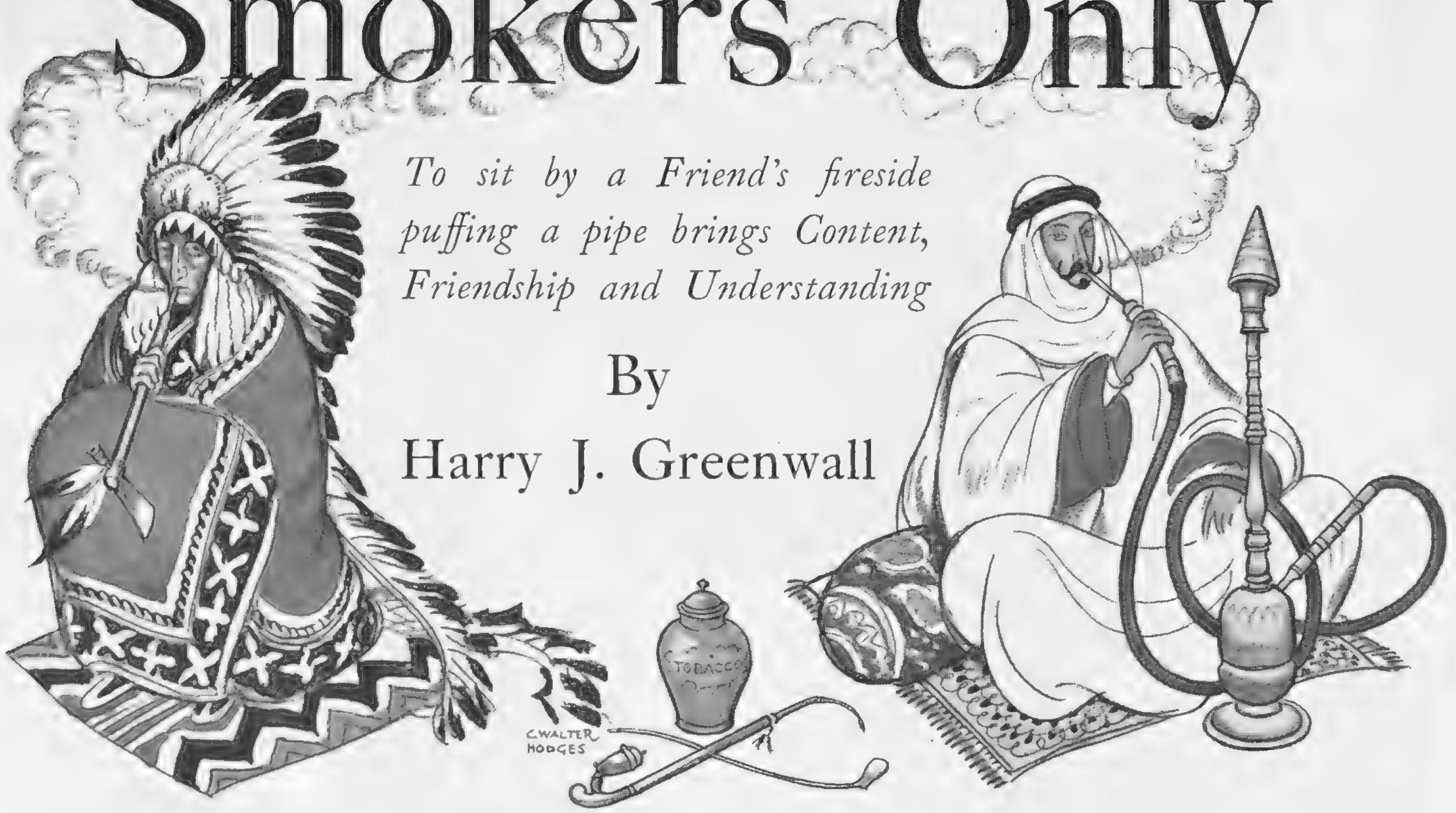
To give you some idea of the scope of this intimate collection of memories, I may say that the Appendix of Names at the end of the book comprises no fewer than one hundred and fourteen, ranging from the late Lord Kitchener's to that of Gracie Fields.

Whilst on the subject of books written in intimate vein, I must mention a very interesting autobiography included in this month's collection—*My Life* by Jean Batten (Harrap & Co., 8s. 6d.).

A foreword is contributed to this book by The Marquess of Londonderry and in this he says of Miss Batten's modest account of her

(*Continued on page* 88)

Smokers Only



To sit by a Friend's fireside puffing a pipe brings Content, Friendship and Understanding

By
Harry J. Greenwall

> "*GIVE a man a pipe he can smoke,*
> *Give a man a book he can read,*
> *And his home is bright with a calm delight,*
> *Though the room be poor indeed.*"

THE other day in London a man was telling me that pipe smoking is on the decline. He claimed to have inside knowledge. He may have been right as regards pipe smoking in England, but I am sure he was wrong when it comes to pipe smoking abroad.

When I first went to France—quite some years ago—pipe smoking, in many places, was taboo. Twice in music-hall promenades in Paris, in the Folies-Bergères and in Olympia, when that was a music-hall, I was told to remove my pipe. Some years later I was waiting in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies to talk to a minister. I took out my pipe, and loaded and lit it. There came scurrying towards me a man in a red waistcoat and a blue tailed coat and a cocked hat. I think he had a sword, but I am not quite sure. He was furiously angry and told me to put away my pipe. I did so.

Then came the War. The legend of the *poilu* and his pipe is not a legend at all. Practically every soldier in the front-line trenches of France smoked a pipe. When the *poilu* returned to civilian life, he carried on with his pipe. To-day one finds pipes being smoked everywhere and anywhere, in France. Instead of being asked to put out my pipe in the Chamber of Deputies, often I am asked if I have any English tobacco to give away. M. Herriot, the perpetual Mayor of Lyons, ex-Premier and the present Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, is, like Lord Baldwin, an adept of the pipe.

We are so accustomed to thinking of pipe smoking as a manly British habit that it comes perhaps as rather a shock to realise that the very wood of which our ordinary pipes are made comes not from England, but from France. Briar is nothing more than a corruption of the French word *bruyère*. There is a little village in the south of France, not far from Toulon, Saint Maximin is its name, and from this neighbourhood comes what I understand is the very best briar that can be found for making pipes, but actually the industry of pipe making is a very important one in France.

IN a valley of the Jura Mountains there is a small town called St. Claude. It is the home of the pipe making industry in France, but the pipes made are not only sold in France: they are sent all over the world. The story of how briar wood came to be used for pipes is interesting.

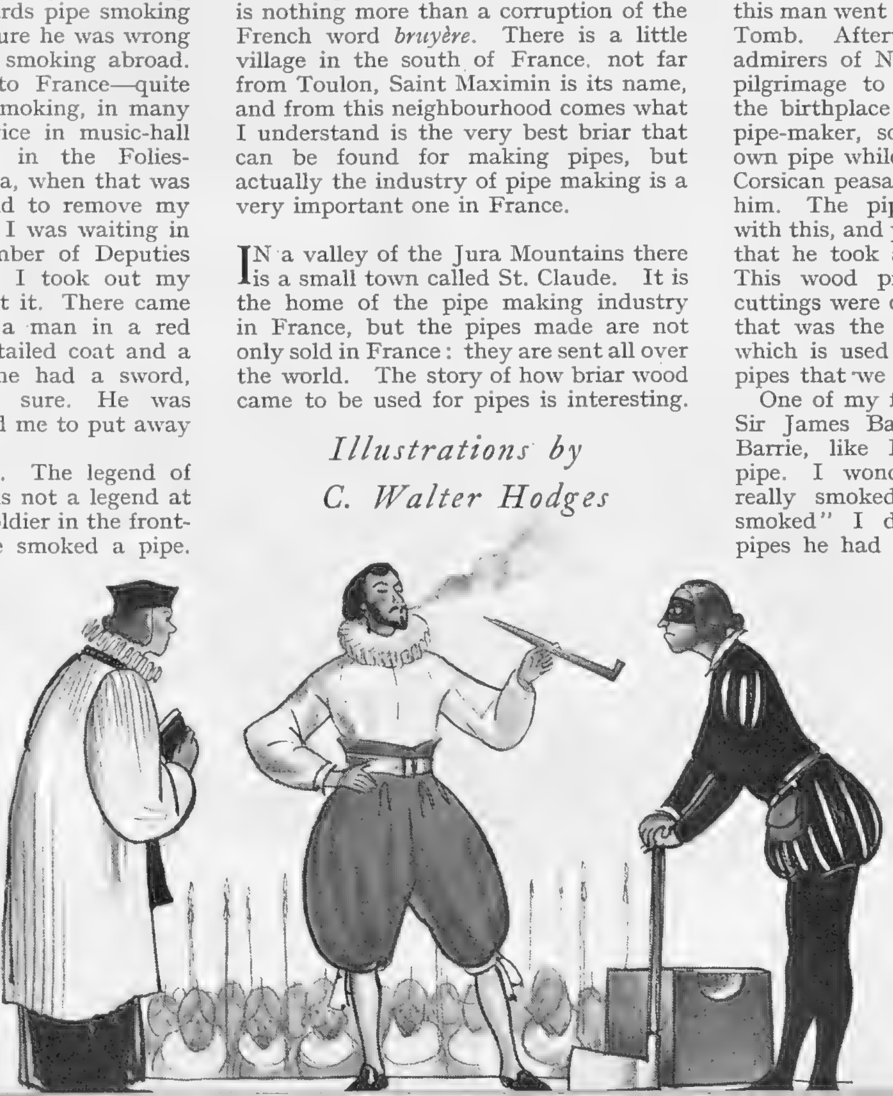
Illustrations by
C. Walter Hodges

The little town of St. Claude is, like so many mountain villages, cut off in the winter by high banks of snow. The villagers, therefore, cannot go about their ordinary occupations, so they have to find some kind of cottage industry. A few of them began to whittle pipes. One maker of pipes was a great admirer of Napoleon Bonaparte. About 1851 this man went to Paris to visit Napoleon's Tomb. Afterwards, like many other admirers of Napoleon, he continued his pilgrimage to Corsica where he visited the birthplace of the great man. The pipe-maker, so the story goes, lost his own pipe while he was in Corsica, and a Corsican peasant carved another pipe for him. The pipe-maker was so pleased with this, and particularly with the wood, that he took a sample home with him. This wood proved so successful that cuttings were obtained from Corsica, and that was the origin of the briar wood which is used to-day for the best briar pipes that we can possibly find.

One of my favourite bed-side books is Sir James Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine*. Barrie, like Lord Baldwin, loved his pipe. I wonder how many pipes he really smoked; when I write "really smoked" I do not mean how many pipes he had in his collection, but how many pipes he actually had in use? How many have you?

I remember somebody giving me a meerschaum pipe on my twenty-first birthday. Well do I remember the instructions I was

(*Contd. on page* 94)



THERE is a tradition which says that Sir Walter Raleigh went to the scaffold smoking a pipe

Old Tales Re-told

Elizabethan Feud: *The Persecution of Lady Katherine Grey*

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

THE history of every country is punctuated by continuous instances of oppression against lovers, selfishness, intrigue and desire for gain interfering with the most sacred rights of mankind.

England is no exception to this and it is recorded that once, in a fit of temper, King Henry VIII introduced a new law the substance of which was that, in the event of any man marrying a kinswoman of the Crown without the Sovereign's leave, he should be punished by a fine large enough to absorb even an earl's income and should be imprisoned for life.

This new law subsequently became a potent weapon in the hands of Queen Elizabeth when she succeeded to the throne, and the following story serves to show how she made use of it.

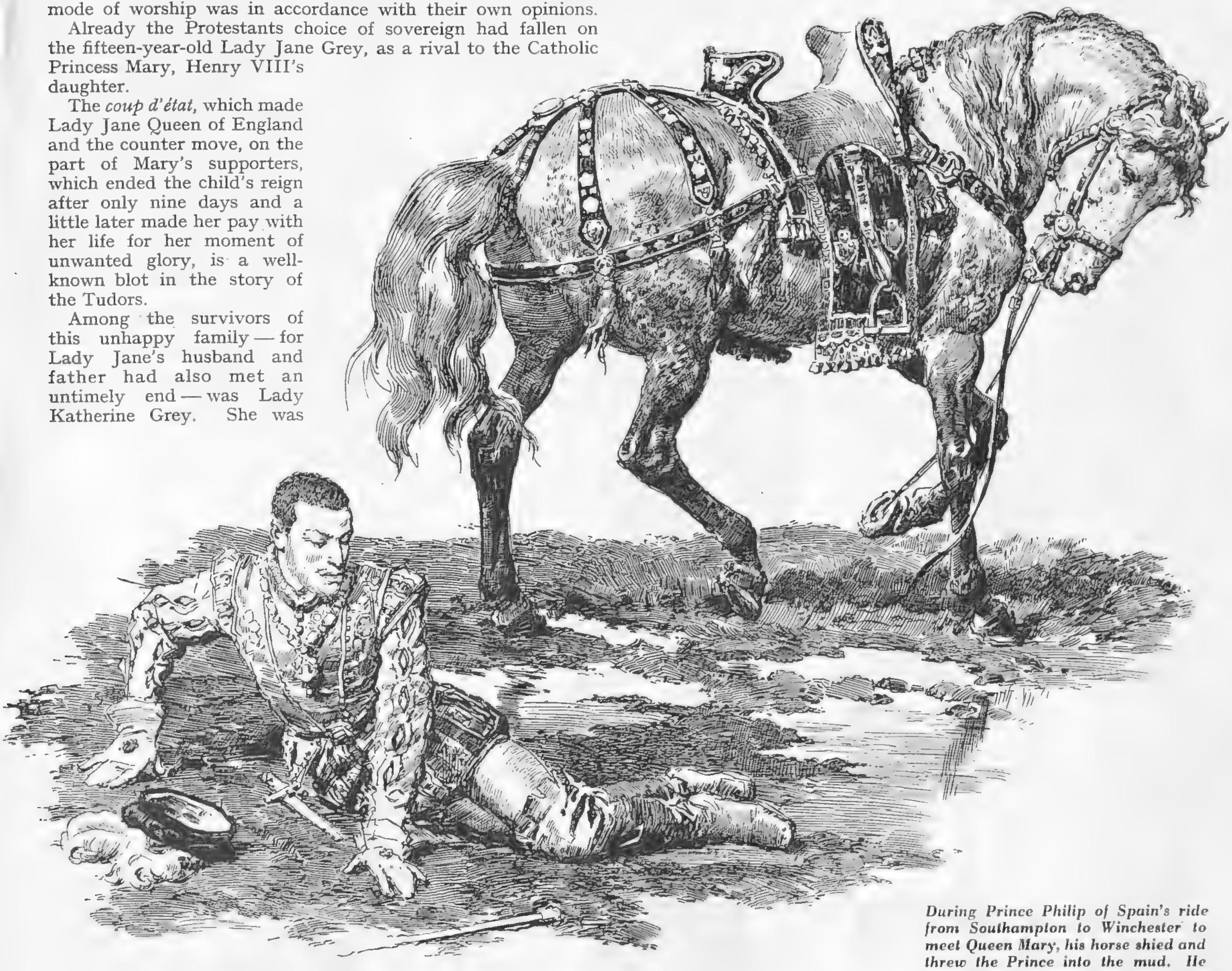
In the middle of the sixteenth century, England was in the throes of the struggle over the succession to the throne. Both the wills of Henry VIII and Edward VI had complicated matters. Religious fervour on the part of Catholics and Protestants amounted almost to fanaticism, and each party was willing to risk anything to establish a monarchy whose mode of worship was in accordance with their own opinions.

Already the Protestants choice of sovereign had fallen on the fifteen-year-old Lady Jane Grey, as a rival to the Catholic Princess Mary, Henry VIII's daughter.

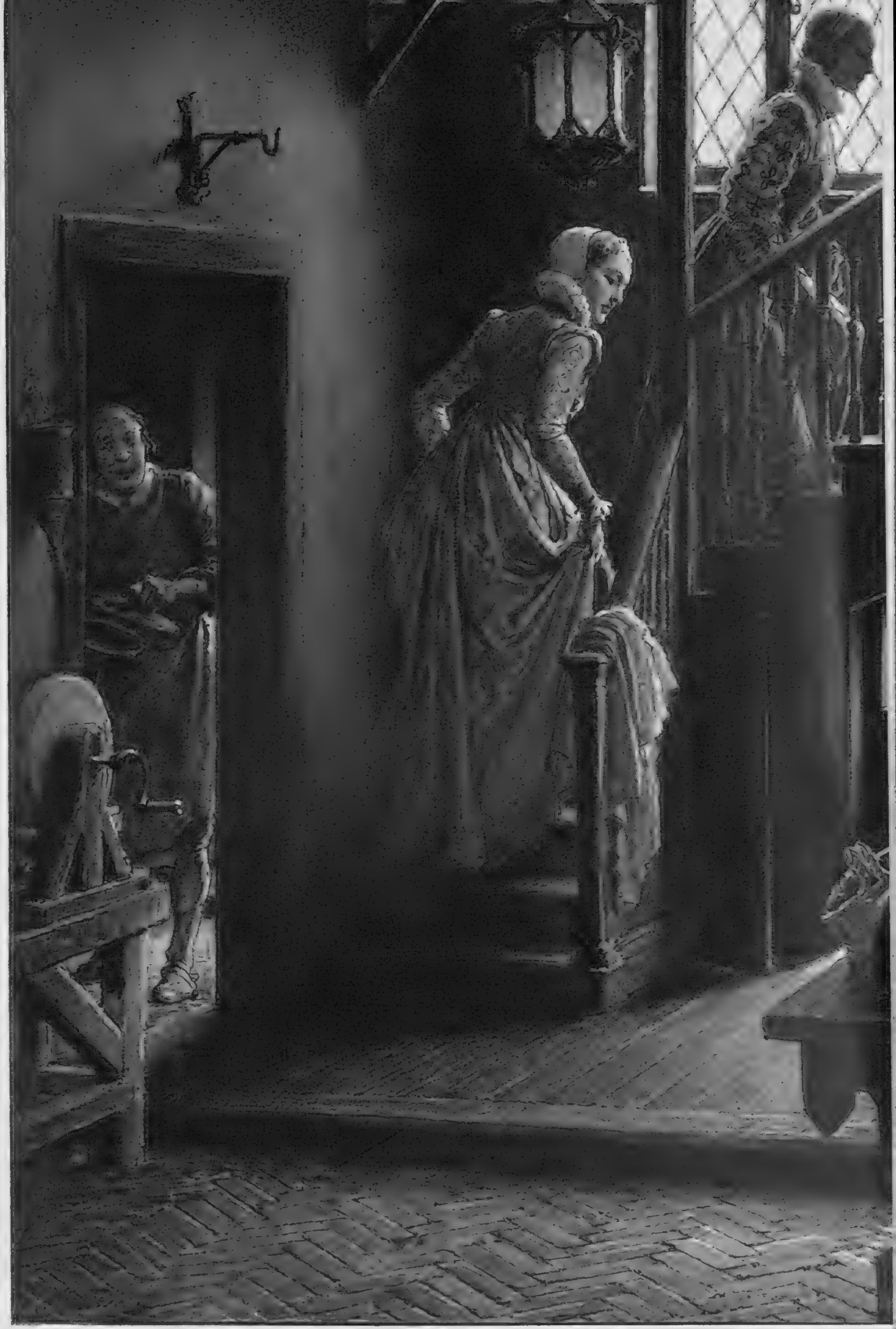
The *coup d'état*, which made Lady Jane Queen of England and the counter move, on the part of Mary's supporters, which ended the child's reign after only nine days and a little later made her pay with her life for her moment of unwanted glory, is a well-known blot in the story of the Tudors.

Among the survivors of this unhappy family — for Lady Jane's husband and father had also met an untimely end — was Lady Katherine Grey. She was only thirteen years old when this tragedy robbed her of her beloved sister. Until then she had lived the normal life of a happy child. She had been allowed much leisure for games, and had not been forced to acquire such learning as was thrust upon the ill-starred Jane, who had been destined by her parents to play a prominent part in history, and to that end had been surrounded by the most learned tutors of the time.

Katherine was utterly dazed by her sister's death, the reason for which her young mind could not grasp. Still more strange to her was the second marriage of her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, only three weeks after the execution of her husband and daughter. Katherine's step-father was very much inferior in rank to her mother. He had no claim to high birth and was known as Mr. Adrian Stokes, a man fifteen years younger than



During Prince Philip of Spain's ride from Southampton to Winchester to meet Queen Mary, his horse shied and threw the Prince into the mud. He retired to a nearby hut where he washed and changed his ruined clothes in order to meet his bride



The cook was not a little mystified to see his master's sister and her friend creep past the kitchen door and up the stairs to the Earl's bedroom

Lady Frances. Although this seemed to show want of feeling on the part of her mother, yet it was the general opinion it was done to prevent herself from being a possible successor or rival to the new Queen, Mary.

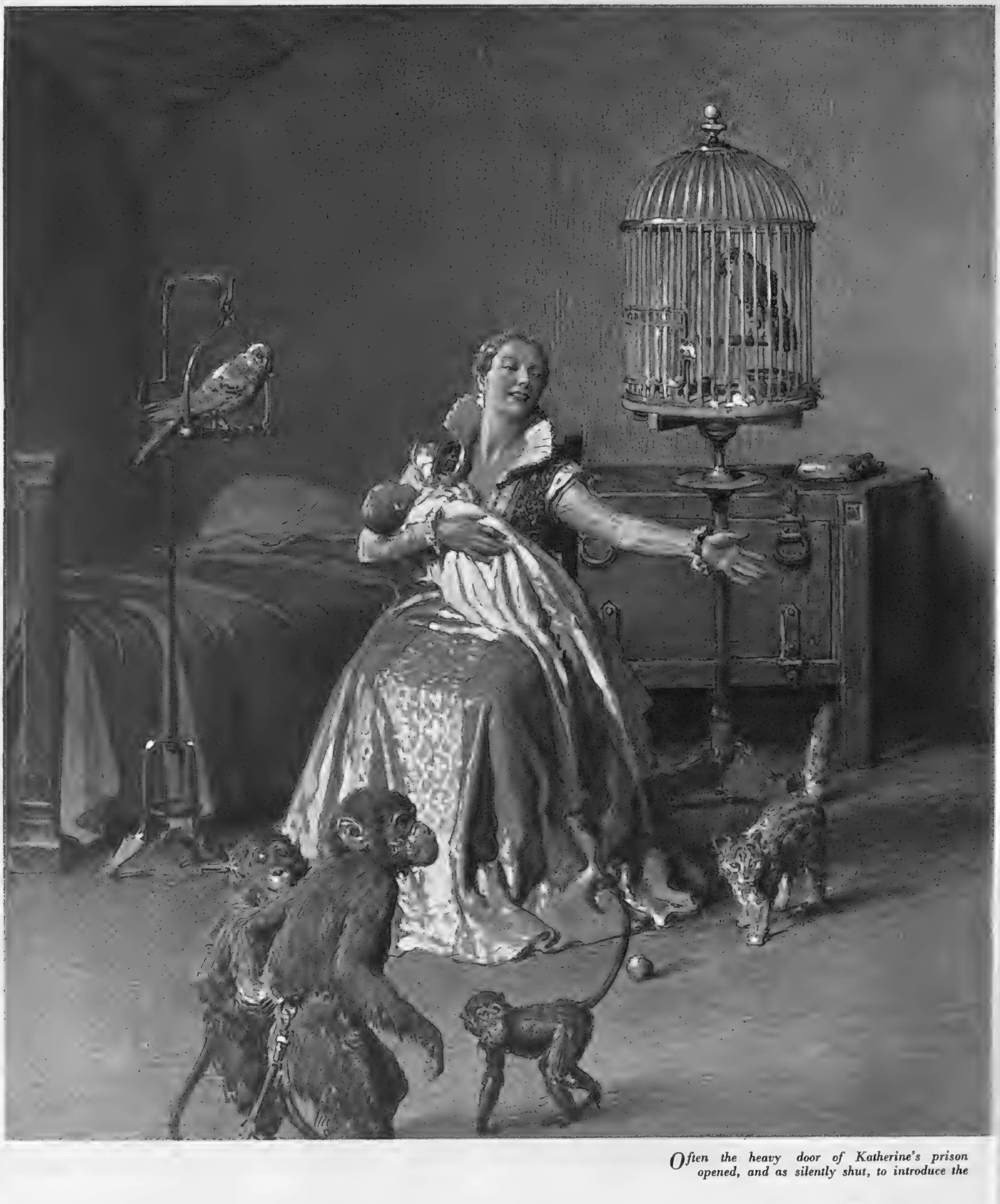
The Queen had no bitter feeling towards Katherine or her mother; the death of Lady Jane was, to her, a stroke of policy necessary to ensure the peace of the country. Her kind treatment of them afterwards seems to show that her title of "Bloody Mary" was not entirely justified.

Immediately after her accession, Mary restored to the Duchess and her daughter their rights of precedence at Court. No doubt she felt that there would be no further conspiracy on the part of Lady Frances, whose lack of ambition had been proved by her marriage, and at the same time she deemed it wise to keep with her the Lady Katherine, who might so easily be chosen to take the place of her sister Jane.

THE life at Court was quite different from the seclusion of Baynards Castle, where Katherine had spent her childhood. She had never known the magnificence of the Court during the reign of Henry VIII. Although Mary did not restore the splendour of her father's days, yet she was very anxious to impress Philip of Spain, and, in spite of her economy, she increased the richness of the attire of her attendants, which, in a way, made up for their exiguous numbers.

In July 1554 Lady Katherine accompanied the Queen in her red-lacquered chariot to Winchester, where they were to meet Prince Philip. His appearance was most unprepossessing, with his strangely-shaped head, large nostrils, protruding underlip and sallow complexion. However, his manner was not nearly so unpleasant as his portraits would lead us to imagine. In fact, he seems to have been of very even temper, for during his ride from Southampton his horse shied and he was thrown into the mud without being ruffled in the least. This Prince, who was soon to be King Philip of Spain and ruler of half the known world, calmly went into a hut, where he washed and changed his ruined clothes in order to meet his bride.

On July 25th the marriage took place in Winchester Cathedral, when Katherine had the honour of walking behind the Queen. The banquet which followed would have been worthy of Henry VIII., so sumptuously was it arranged. There was much amusement caused by the dress of the Spanish ladies, whose tremendous farthingales seemed quite ridiculous to the English, who had difficulty in hiding their merriment. The Spaniards were much surprised at the lavish display, for they had been under the impression that England was a land of barbarians.

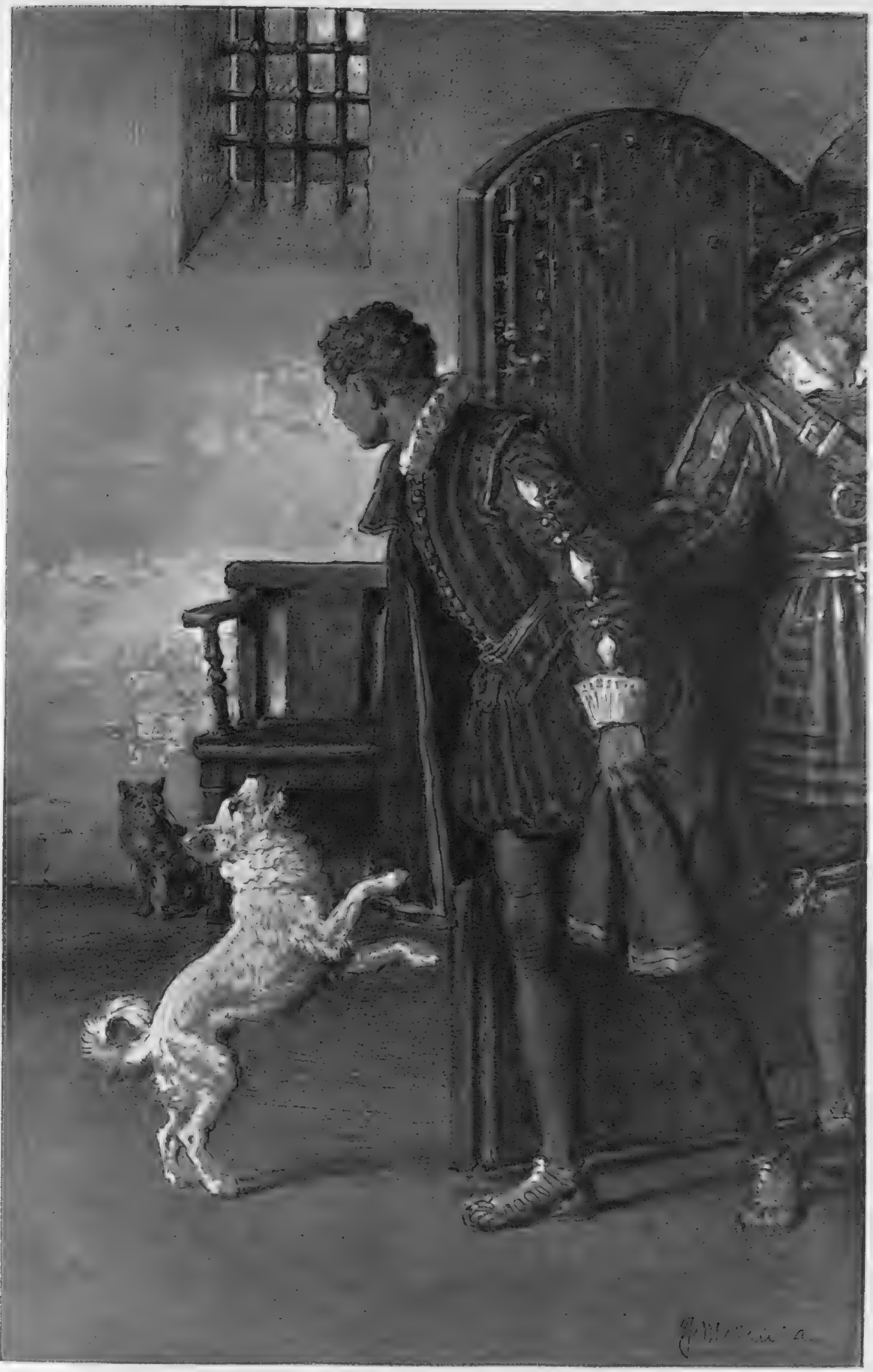


Often the heavy door of Katherine's prison opened, and as silently shut, to introduce the

After the ensuing festivities the Court proceeded to Hampton Court, where Katherine met again a playmate of her childhood, whose fortunes—or rather, misfortunes—were destined to be linked with hers. He was the young Earl of Hertford, son of the late Duke of Somerset. Although he is described by historians as being so small of stature as to warrant the title of "Little" Hertford, yet to Katherine he was all that she could wish.

Since the advent of Philip, the ladies of the Court were allowed far greater freedom, and so young Hertford and Katherine were able to meet every day, either in the Palace or the gardens, until the strength of their attachment grew. It was an attachment, however, that was to prove disastrous to both of them.

Fortune at first seemed to smile on the lovers, and even the Queen looked upon the romance with favour. She was confident that she would bear a son who would be heir to the throne, and consequently she was not alarmed at the idea of Katherine's marriage. There is no doubt that this would have been celebrated with her consent if sorrow and ill-health had not taken their toll, and Mary, whose unrequited love for her husband was well known, had not died without leaving the heir for which she had longed.



had been silently
young husband.

With the Queen died also the possibility of Katherine's marriage to her beloved Hertford. She afterwards said that the happiest period of her life was spent at the Court of Queen Mary. She was doubtful as to how the new Queen Elizabeth would regard her, and confided her fears to Hertford's sister, Lady Jane Seymour.

At first Queen Elizabeth received her at Court with every sign of good will, but in reality she was very much afraid of Katherine. She feared her marriage, as Acrisius feared that of his daughter Danæ. We shall see how destiny foiled her as Acrisius was foiled by one of the tricks of Jupiter. But in this case it was in the person of "Little" Hertford, who fought his battle most valiantly without the aid of any supernatural powers. Elizabeth considered Katherine a very real danger, for she had a definite position in the matter of the succession, having been mentioned in the will of both Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

Katherine did not realise the extent of the Queen's determination with regard to her, and she gradually became more hopeful that Elizabeth would sanction the marriage. In fact, the Court now resumed its extravagance and magnificence of Henry's time,, and Katherine found that the greater freedom which Elizabeth allowed to her ladies was much more pleasant than the strict discipline which had controlled her during the previous reign.

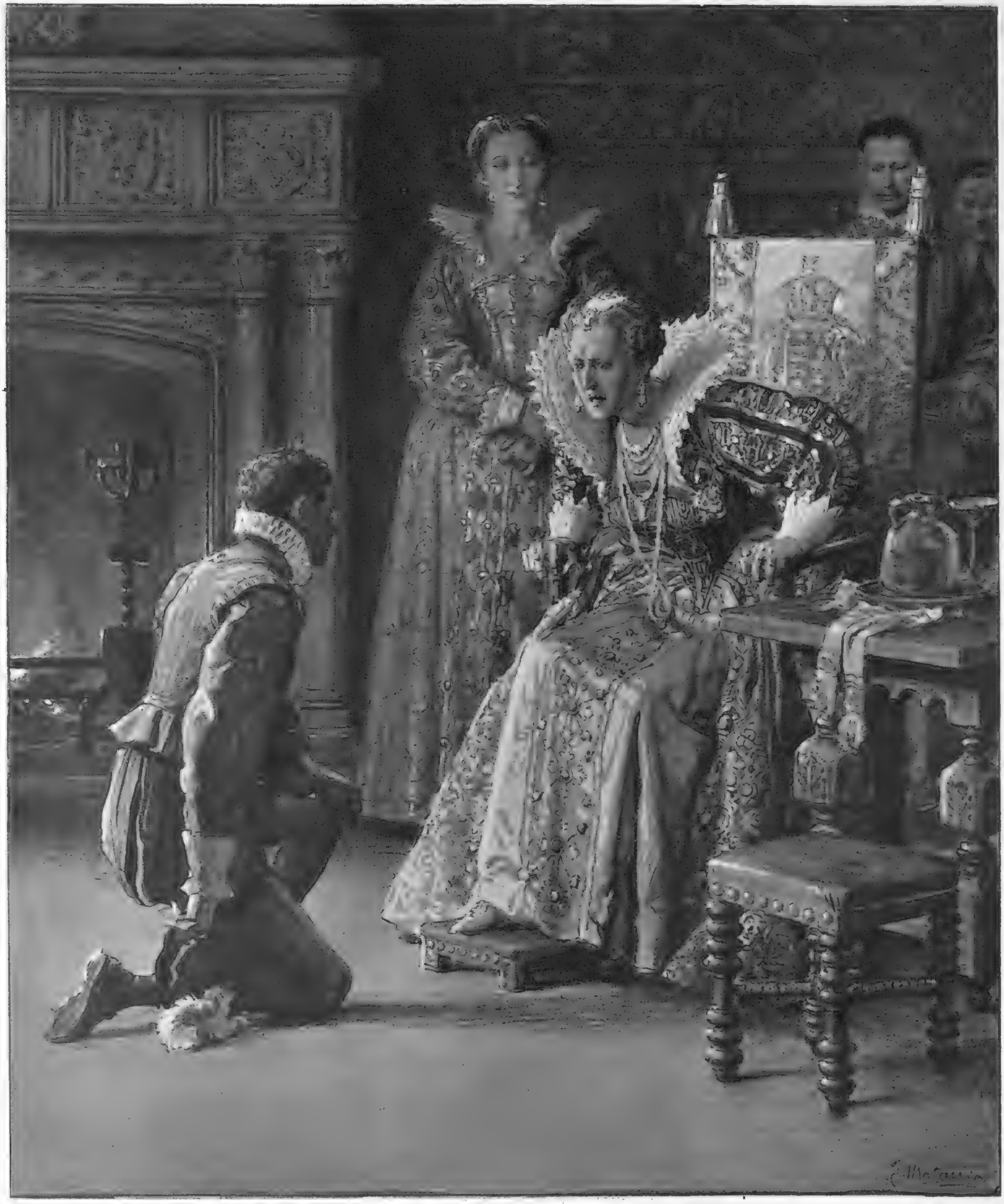
IN March 1559 Katherine's mother was seriously ill, and everyone despaired of her life. Lady Frances, who had a shrewd idea as to what Elizabeth's attitude would be, was very anxious to arrange her daughter's marriage before her own death. She called her husband to her bedside and begged that he would send a letter to the Queen, thinking that the request of a dying woman would have some weight. It ran as follows: "That such a nobleman did bear goodwill to her daughter, the Lady Katherine, and that she did humbly require the Queen's Highness to be good and gracious lady unto her, and that it would please Her Majesty to assent to the marriage of her to the said Earl, which was the only thing she desired before she died, and should be the occasion for her to die the more quietly."

Lady Frances lingered on until the end of the year, and still the letter was not sent. After her death, Hertford, fearing for Katherine's safety, persuaded Mr. Stokes not to send it, for he considered it to be too bold. Katherine was very distressed at what she thought to be over-cautiousness on his part, until he declared that he was willing to defy Elizabeth if necessary, and that if Katherine would marry him, the sooner it was arranged the more pleased he would be.

ELIZABETH was still unaware of what had happened. Her own troubles were fully occupying her mind and she realised that Philip of Spain would go to any lengths to secure paramount influence in England, which he had lost when Mary died. Philip saw in Katherine a likely medium for obtaining what he wanted. He even contemplated carrying off Katherine to Spain, marrying her to one of the Spanish Princes, and putting her forward as Elizabeth's rival or successor.

Although Katherine knew nothing of this, or of the many other plots to place her on the throne, the Queen was well aware of them, and her dislike for the girl grew so strong that she could not bear her to be in her presence. Katherine sensed the Queen's antagonism towards her, reciprocating it most heartily.

Hertford was very alarmed at this state of affairs, for he saw that the possibility of obtaining the Queen's consent to their marriage was growing more remote as the time passed. At last he could not bear to be separated from



In great rage, Elizabeth sent for the young husband and attacked him in the most violent terms.

Katherine any longer, and wrote to his sister, Lady Jane Seymour, begging her to arrange for him to see his beloved. Lady Jane sent one of her maids to him to bring him to her apartments, and a little while afterwards Katherine and Hertford were in each other's arms. All their troubles vanished like magic. Together they felt strong enough to face anything. The Queen seemed the only obstacle to their happiness, and they decided that the next time that she was away from London they would be secretly married. Little did they realise what would be the result of their harmless plan. If all the plots against Elizabeth had been as innocent as this one, she would not have had any reason for fear, yet these two people, whose only crime was loving each other, were afterwards punished by her in a way that would have been justified only if they had been the instigators of any of the treasonable plots which were springing up like hydra-headed monsters against her.

The lovers parted, no longer miserable, but with one question in their minds: when would their opportunity come?

They did not have to wait long, for about a week later the Queen decided to go on a hunting expedition. As was usual, the ladies of the Court were ordered to make preparations to accompany her. Katherine was at her wits end to know how to avoid leaving with the others, and also to keep Hertford with the others, and also to keep Hertford's sister with her, for she was to be their witness and arrange for a priest to marry them

As always happens the most simple ruse succeeded when a more complicated plan might have aroused suspicion. Lady Jane, who was a great favourite of the Queen, excused herself on the plea of a headache, while Katherine tied up a supposed swollen face, and, with an expression of great pain, pleaded that she had such a violent toothache as to be quite unfit to go hunting.

Katherine was highly delighted with the success of the first part of her plan, and was confident that all would be quite easy.

Scarcely had her Majesty left than the two girls stole from the palace, and hastened to the Earl of Hertford's house in Cannon Row.

In the meantime the bridegroom had sent all his servants away except the cook who was not a little mystified to see his master's sister and her friend creep past the kitchen door and up the stairs to the Earl's bedroom.

The ceremony was very brief and was performed by a priest who wore the black cloth gown and white collar of the foreign reformers.

Lady Jane had arranged an informal wedding-feast for the lovers, but needless to say they were too unnerved to be able to think of such unimportant things as food and drink.

They would have stayed there all day if Lady Jane had not insisted that she and Katherine should hurry back to the palace before their presence should be missed. Reluctantly they admitted the wisdom of her advice, and the Earl escorted his bride and sister down the steps to the river. The tide had now risen, and the girls were obliged to go back by boat, the pathway by which they had come being now under water.

With palpitating hearts they stole back to their apartments. Lady Jane reminded Katherine that she ought to tie up her face with her kerchief again, and prepare to continue the comedy. Would the glowing expression of her face pass for the effect of an aching tooth? For the moment there was no danger, for no one had an inkling of what had happened.

For a time, with Lady Jane's help, Katherine was able to meet her husband very often, and they all behaved with such discretion that nothing was suspected Then came a great blow to them. Lady Jane was taken ill and died very suddenly. The loss of her sister-in-law who had proved such a great friend to her was a very tragic event for Katherine, who loved her dearly, and also she had grown to depend on her for the hours of happiness that she had spent with her husband.

In the midst of her sorrow a new loss made her believe that she was the most unfortunate of mortals. Slight rumours of a romance had reached the ears of the Queen, who immediately ordered Hertford to go to France, there to take up certain legal studies.

Hertford was sent away when Katherine had most need of him, for an event which in other circumstances would have filled her young soul with joy and pride became, without the protection of her husband and sister, a terror which made her more and more desperate as time passed. She was going to have a child, and none knew yet, that she was married.

It is amazing how civilisation has hardened the human heart against certain forms of moral torture. The approach of such an event in the life of a woman should be a glorious ascent towards a supreme joy, a time when she should feel all the pride of accomplishing the great mission that nature has allotted to her. Yet the unobservance of certain formalities, the interference of political or social interests, can change that ascent into a descent to hell.

In her despair, Katherine rushed one day to Mistress Saintlow, and confessed to her that she was about to become a mother, and that her husband was the Earl of Hertford. The poor girl did not find any consolation, for Mistress Saintlow was so filled with dread as to what would happen to her if the Queen suspected that she had been a party to the marriage that she was furious with Katherine for having chosen her as her confidante.

Katherine was in a state of frenzy, her letters and despatches to Hertford were not answered and the memory of her sister's fate haunted her like a grim threat.

Elizabeth's favourite at this time was the Lord Robert Dudley, the brother of Lady Jane Grey's husband, who had died on the scaffold with his wife.

What was more natural than that Katherine should think of him as being the one most likely to influence the Queen to be lenient with her. Perhaps he would intercede with Elizabeth on her behalf. These thoughts came to her one night and she was so distracted that she could not wait until the morning to know whether he would be willing to help her or not. In her night attire she rushed to his room, and in a voice choked with sobs made him understand her plight. She begged him for the sake of the memory of his brother that he would plead with the Queen to be merciful to her. Lord Robert was terrified lest the Queen, whose room was adjoining his, should hear Katherine's lamentations, and should burst in upon them.

He managed at last to calm her, promising that he would do his best, but that she must wait until the morning, and he would see what he could do.

Lord Robert, however, thought better of his promise. The memory of his brother's fate did not inspire him to do anything very energetic on Katherine's behalf. In fact the next morning he informed the Queen of the whole affair. To say that she was furious is to express it mildly. She was in a veritable tempest of rage, which no argument or reason could stem. "So the example of Jane Grey did not inspire enough terror" she stormed.

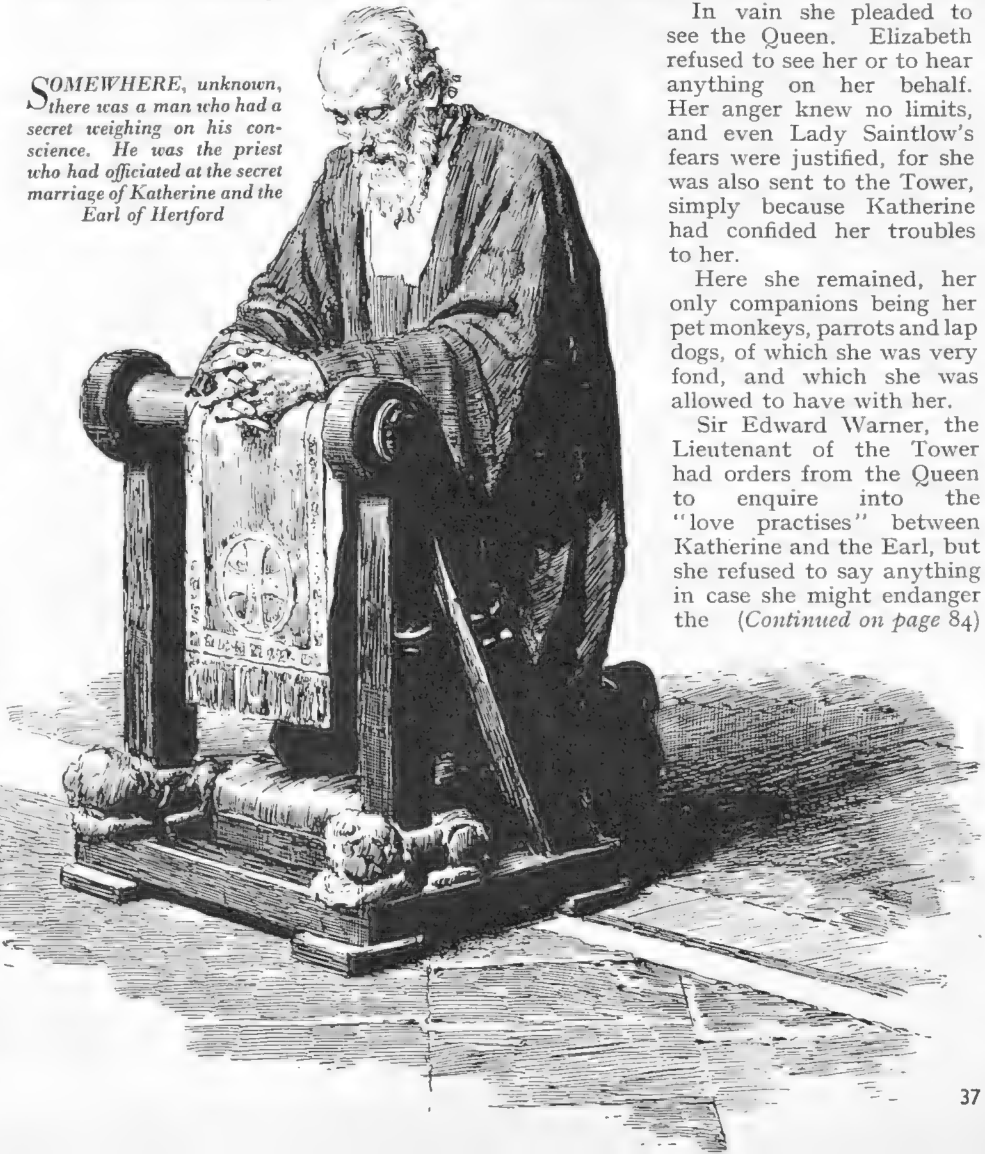
Elizabeth looked upon the whole affair as a plot directly against herself, an act of treason which was meant to dethrone her and place the crown on Katherine's head. The fact that they had kept the marriage a secret only endorsed her opinions.

That afternoon, while Katherine was in her room, hoping and praying that Lord Robert had proved to be a good friend and that her fears would be groundless, there was a knock at the door. She waited, trembling, while her maid went to open it, and nearly swooned with terror when she heard that the officer who stood there had a warrant for her arrest and that she was to be conducted to the Tower without delay, there to await her trial.

In vain she pleaded to see the Queen. Elizabeth refused to see her or to hear anything on her behalf. Her anger knew no limits, and even Lady Saintlow's fears were justified, for she was also sent to the Tower, simply because Katherine had confided her troubles to her.

Here she remained, her only companions being her pet monkeys, parrots and lap dogs, of which she was very fond, and which she was allowed to have with her.

Sir Edward Warner, the Lieutenant of the Tower had orders from the Queen to enquire into the "love practises" between Katherine and the Earl, but she refused to say anything in case she might endanger the (*Continued on page* 84)



Somewhere, unknown, there was a man who had a secret weighing on his conscience. He was the priest who had officiated at the secret marriage of Katherine and the Earl of Hertford

London in August

By Olive Randall

To begin with, you will be able to get about in comfort. Despite the fact that the noisy road-breaker will be entrenched behind terrific barricades you will be able to get from place to place far quicker than at any other time of the year—and it is easy to make sure, before you arrive, that he will not be sitting right outside your hotel.

You will also stand a sporting chance of getting what telephone numbers you want when you want them. And of being able to see whichever shows you like without having to pay exorbitant prices for seats.

If it is really hot, London offers as many escapes as any other place. There are cinemas, cool as a cave. There is the fun of eating your sandwich and fruit beneath the trees in Regent's Park, watching the red and white sails of the boats on the canal.

Between the Embankment and the Strand there are Temple Gardens, a peace-filled oasis, with some of Wren's finest cloisters.

A little further afield there are Kew Gardens, where it is easy to imagine that you are in the heart of the country—except that the grass is greener and the flowers less jaded. Or you can ride down to Hampton Court on the top of a bus, to dine later by the river, as luxuriously or just as simply as you feel inclined.

But if it is London herself you are courting, look first for some of the jewels that she wears in her crown, and then wander through her memory-filled byways.

Go down to Smithfield and see St. Bartholomew's Church, for there you have the oldest and most romantic building in London, since it is pure Norman.

Cross over London Bridge, and in the Borough High Street, you will find the only galleried coaching inn left in London—the Old George. Stay there for tea, and beforehand spend at least a little time in Southwark Cathedral. It is almost opposite, and in it you will find the famous alabaster memorial to Shakespeare.

While you are down by the river, remember the history-haunted Tower of London. Set aside one day for going down to Greenwich by boat. In itself it is a delightful excursion, with the fascination of the Observatory and the Naval Museum, with its Nelson relics, at the end.

Then, one evening, board a boat at the Embankment and go down to the Pool of London. In all the world there is no more interesting journey for those whose imagination is alive, and there is no lovelier sight than the wide, placid Thames, its banks wearing their necklaces of coloured lights against the grey dusk.

In similar mood, wander down St. James's Street where, between Lock's, the shop that for so many years has supplied England's most famous men with their hats, and Barry's, the wine merchants where to this day you can be weighed because of a whim of one of the early George's, you will come across Pickering Place.

Here it was, in a sheltered forecourt, that the last of London's duels were fought, with a look-out man keeping watch at the entrance. If you happen to be around there rather later, at eleven o'clock at night, you will be able to watch the ceremony of Beating the Bounds at St. James's Palace.

Eating is always an adventure, and practically within a stone's throw of Piccadilly Circus you can transport yourself, gastronomically, to almost any country in the world.

There are Spanish restaurants, Chinese, Indian, Russian, and German ones too. In Soho you will find delicious French and Italian cooking, while London's new smart dining-out place is the Hungarian Czarda, in Dean Street. It is not expensive, but their goulash, their schnitzel, and their Hungarian wines are so good that they have to turn people away.

On hot evenings you can dine in Hyde Park, or you can enjoy first-rate theatre at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. If you are a music lover, August brings you the first of the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts.

It offers, too, a magnificent opportunity of catching up on all the things you have always meant to do but never got around to.

The smaller art galleries, such as Tooth's, Leger's,

(*Continued on page 122*)

Work with Beauty

Many women do most of their own housework these days and look radiant doing it.

They may not feel so good, but that is the looks of it. The art of it, too.

For by adopting protective measures to look well, and guarding against dust and breaking nails and all the other ill-effects of a stirring house-clean, they can give themselves a first-class beauty treatment.

Follow the tips below and you will telescope setting your home straight and putting your face right, if not into the same job, at least into the same hours.

If you want further details of any of the things mentioned on this page, write to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

1. PROTECT HAIR	An ingenious cotton square will keep it in place, uncrushed and free from dust.
2. FRESHEN SCALP	If housework has been long and hard, drench the head with a herbal tonic which removes heat, cleanses, and re-sets the waves as quick as thinking.
3. DUST ON FACE	Close down the pores with a bloom-surface astringent which also provides the cheeks with an antiseptic armour.
4. FLUSHED CHEEKS	Dab with a milk of aromatic herbs which allays puffiness or overheat, braces, re-contours, and leaves you cool.
5. OVER-STEAMED SKIN	When face-pores have been relaxed by protracted bending over soap-suds, steam and hot ovens, a wonder lotion puts them right.
6 EXHILARATING BATH	Add a herb powder which sweeps away stiffness or twinges, and above all snaps the body out of feeling fatigued.
7. GREASY STAINS	Can be wiped off by a solution used direct on the hands or added to the water. Immediate and very efficient.
8. HARD WATER	Dredge in a goodly pinch of a powder which softens instantly and greatly eases the rinsing of garments or cooking vegetables.
9. NON-SOAPY POWDER	Does away with lime-scum; provides a wash that is a boon for undies or glass-ware.
10. TORN NAILS	Are best repaired by a non-sticky ointment which grows them overnight magically.
11. DIRT-INGRAINED HANDS	Nothing like a special balm, and a bedtime routine for rolling out greyness, grit or splinters, and making them soft and white in a week.
12. PERFECT HANDS	Will be yours, if you mask them with a dense liquid which dries rapidly, and in drying blanches, reduces, transforms.

HOT WEATHER WISDOM

There are three popular fallacies about feeding and clothing during a heat-wave: that you eat less; that you have quantities of iced drinks; that you wear very little when you go out.

Actually, you do not eat less. You feed differently for and against heat. As for iced drinks, no beverage is as refreshing in hot weather as hot weak tea. This is what you should drink if you are exhausted or bathed in perspiration. And you must definitely wear a hat and something across your back, especially over the nape of your neck, if you go out in the sun.

Treatment for really hot weather is treatment for tropics.

Most people can sense the approach of a heat-wave. There is a radiance about the warmth that stimulates nine out of ten people into a glow of well-being.

If you feel this stimulation, eat and drink less during the first day, to allow for the body change-over to higher temperatures. (Just as a first day by the sea is always better spent fasting, if you wish to derive the maximum benefit from your stay, as ozone is feeding; and the first days in the mountains are better spent taking no exercise until the lungs are accustomed to the rarefied air.)

On the second day, however, do not hesitate to have a juicy, underdone steak; omitting, of course, the fried onions and fried potatoes, and taking radishes, cucumber, raw tomatoes, lettuce and watercress in preference to cooked vegetables.

Fries and starches should be avoided; so should puddings, and little milk should be drunk during the day, or at any time during August. Meat—either roast or steamed joints—salads and fruit are the regime. Cut out salted meats and salted fish; take everything as fresh as possible.

Drink as much fruit juice as you can manage: pounded currants, squeezed oranges, and lemonade by the quart—home-made. This is the way to make it.

Sliver two shavings, complete circles, of lemon rind, so thin that they have no white linings, and place them at the bottom of a jug. Cover the bottom of this jug with loaf sugar (this goes for whatever size jug), and then add the squeezed juice of lemon (two lemons to a pint). Pour on water that has just come off the boil. Set aside to cool.

The ration of oranges should not exceed four a day, because orange juice is a food on its own. It should never be drunk with meat. Take two for breakfast, alone; and drink the remainder, possibly diluted with water, during the day as thirst requires.

Melon, figs and grapes, are fruits for heat *par excellence.* Tomato juice, not more than five tomatoes, is splendid.

Olive-oil should drench the salads. Although fries, fats, milk and butter should be moderated, oil is the ideal body-lubricator for a heat-wave.

Alcohol should be taken sparingly until after sundown. The same applies to ciders, beer, and wines, and those delectable "fruit-cups," which, however iced and temporarily refreshing, will induce torpor and anything but well-being if too much of them is drunk at midday. Hot black coffee is the finest stimulant. And again, weak tea if you are dying of thirst after a walk or a game of tennis, or after work in an office where the thermometer registers 80 degrees. Baths should be lukewarm. Cold splashes are heat-giving.

Feet should be kept up as much as possible. If you have to be about on them a great deal, wear woollen socks to absorb the perspiration. Dust the soles liberally with boracic powder.

As for applications to enable your body to feel cool: Epsom-salt, a handful, or a tablespoonful of vinegar in the bath, followed by a wash with Wright's Coal Tar Soap will unclog all the pores. There should be the merest

(Continued on page 116)

GOOD LOOKS ON HOLIDAY

TO CLEAR AND SOFTEN THE SKIN. Use a highly-purifying cream which dispels a pasty look, pimples, brown marks and blotches, lifelessness.

It sets the skin-cells working and achieves complexion-transparency overnight. Never fails.

Some skins can only bear it on for ten minutes the first time. Others can stand it cheerfully for hours. Remove directly it begins to prickle.

The price of the cream may seem high, but only the merest smear is needed. It is solid: transfer as much as melts under a finger-press to the face. Apply before leaving on your holiday, and before returning. Then both your going and coming will be dazzling.

LET A GOOD ANTI-WRINKLE LOTION replace your usual skin-tonic while you're away. It does the work of both, saves room packing, and brings back life to tired eyes.

The utmost advantage can be derived by soaking it on to pads of cotton wool and placing these over your closed lids, leaving for ten minutes. All feeling of strain or burning will have vanished when you open eyes, whether you are sport, swim, travel, or just day-tired. And the moisture remaining on the eye-pads can be used to wipe down your face and neck, with benefit, for the lotion is very refreshing.

TAKE SPECIALLY-PREPARED GRANULES, resembling granulated sugar, on journeys, instead of soap. They suit any water.

They also clean microscopically, and successfully dispose of oily pores round the nose, in the chin, on the forehead and anywhere else. They fine down the complexion and do better work than a rough face-cloth.

Greasy skins require them every day. Dry skins once a week. They smooth down goose flesh and rough elbows to a satin surface.

PREVENT EYELIDS FROM SHRIVELLING and keep away cockle-lines (which drift in by the myriad during hot weather) by slipping on a herbal oil over your upper and lower lids.

This not only imparts a gleam to the eye more flattering than any eye-shadow, but if gently applied to the eye-socket under your make-up foundation, will keep this delicate and tell-tale part of the face ever-young.

Wear sun-glasses, too. But sun-glasses alone are not enough to prevent crows' feet: oil is necessary to counteract heat-dryness.

AN EVEN SUN-TAN can be yours by means of a wash which cuts out the burning rays of the sun, is colourless and instantly absorbed. One application will bar blistering. *But,* if you wish to tan only slightly while sun-bathing prodigiously, keep putting it on every two hours.

TO CONFER AN EFFECT OF SUN-TAN in either a pale or vivid glow, spread a light or dark gold foundation over face, neck, shoulders and arms. This is waterproof, streak-proof, youth-endowing, and quite ravishing.

FOR NIGHT SKIN-FEEDING pat in a deeply-penetrating, tissue-building soothing cream, which can be used right under the eyes, as it does not irritate them.

If you are over thirty-five, use two creams. One by day, under your make-up foundation, to seal down and confirm the work done at night by an ultra-nourishing cream. Both creams contain hormones to vitalise the skin and are singularly rejuvenating.

BEAUTIFY YOUR NAILS AND CUTICLES by a balm which makes the cuticles smooth and the nails strong, and counteracts any tendency in sea-air and salt-water to crack them.

STRIP AWAY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR with a wax depilatory which, if it is followed up by a certain soap, will so effectively discourage growth that after three treatments hair will all but vanish. Shagginess over arms and legs will certainly disappear; and down on the face will be so slight that bleaching will render it invisible.

The treatment is simple. The wax is to be bought in a miniature saucepan: when the lid of this is unscrewed, it becomes the base of a double saucepan.

Fill it with water, insert the wax-pan, and put it on the flame; as soon as the wax is melted sweep it on with a special brush. As soon as it is cool, strip it off. Rub in a pasteurised cream to allay tenderness.

Then re-melt the wax you have stripped off and strain it through muslin for future use.

A NEW FACE: you can have this in ten minutes; before lunch if you are feeling like the "morning after"; before dinner if there is a noonday hang-over.

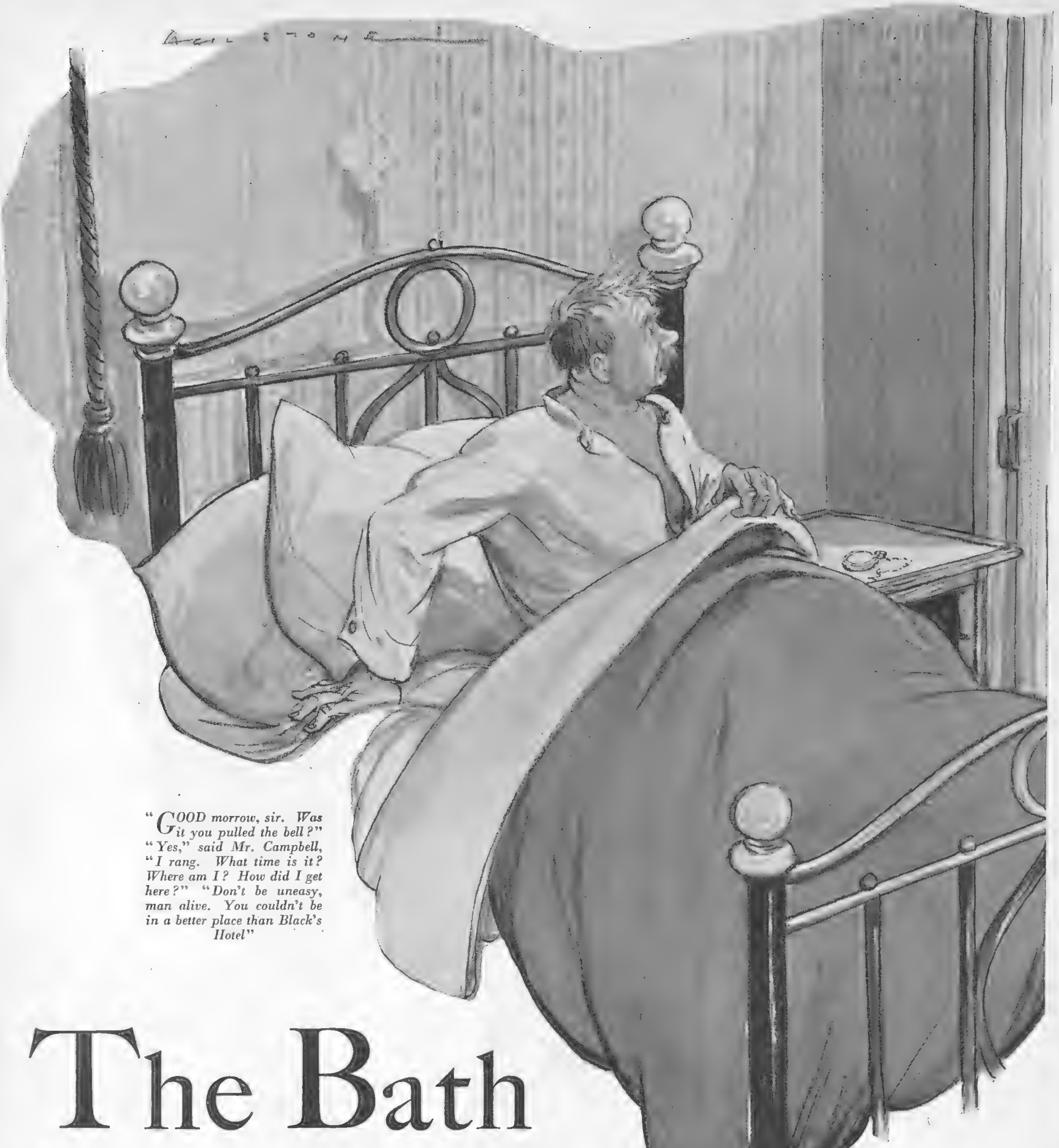
All you have to do is to wipe off make-up and drench a pink silk mask in an astringent. Tie it over your face and mould it in. As it dries the astringent *lifts* your face. The clever shape of the mask re-contours it. When it is dry, unknot and remove; there will be no tearing away as in the case of a paste-mask, the silk simply comes away leaving your face ready to make-up.

Fatigue will have been ironed away, so will that grey look. Cheeks will be up, the eye-wells clear and smooth: a miracle will have taken place. To repeat it the next time you need help, you have only to rinse out and lay by the mask in readiness. The astringent can be obtained in a large bottle, and will never let you down.

All the preparations mentioned yield immediate results, as only immediate results are of use to us on holiday. Make-up has not been mentioned, but if you visit a salon we can recommend, they will make your face up in a series of try-outs, in order to discover your particular shades and achieve the most natural blend.

By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.



"GOOD morrow, sir. Was it you pulled the bell?" "Yes," said Mr. Campbell, "I rang. What time is it? Where am I? How did I get here?" "Don't be uneasy, man alive. You couldn't be in a better place than Black's Hotel"

The Bath

MR. CAMPBELL awoke with a splitting headache. Without opening his eyes properly, he got out of bed and groped for his dressing gown. To his surprise, his hand struck the bare wall, instead of the peg on which the garment usually hung. He started, opened his eyes wide and looked around the room.

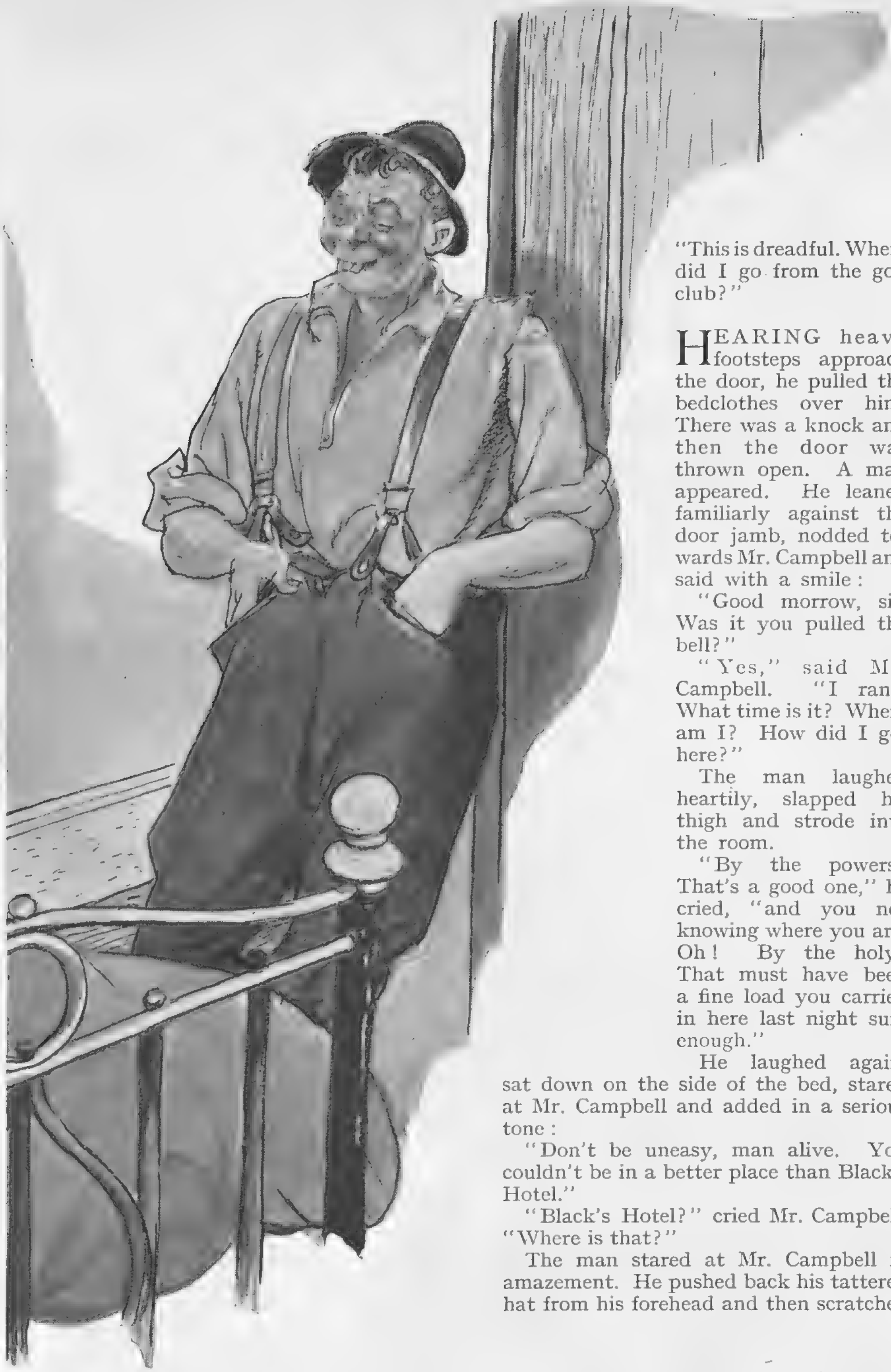
"My God!" he cried. "I've done it again. Now, where am I?"

The muscular effort of opening his eyes properly, together with the fright caused by finding himself in a strange room, sent violent pains shooting across his forehead. He groaned and threw himself face downwards on the bed.

"Now, let me see," he thought. "On leaving court, I went to the 'Dolphin' with Dr. Reilly and we had several drinks. That would be about six o'clock. I was in a hurry, as Molly was having the McDevitts to dinner. My God! I never even telephoned, or did I? Not at the 'Dolphin,' but where did we go from there? I'm ruined this time. She'll never forgive me. The McDevitts of all people. I have it. That chap from the American Embassy joined us, when I was on the point of leaving. He was driving out to Lady What's-her-name's house near Bray to look at an Alsatian puppy. Reilly and myself drove out there with him. We had a drink at the old lady's house and the American bought the dog. We set off back to Dublin with the dog and then. . . . My God! That's it. The golf club! That damned golf club near Bray has been the ruin of me many a time before. Reilly insisted on dropping in there just for one drink. Did I telephone there? Oh! My head! My head!"

He raised himself on his elbow, opened his eyes once more and looked for a bell. There was no button, but an aged bell rope hung down beside the bed.

"What kind of a place is this?" cried Mr. Campbell, staring at the rope. "Where



An Irish Advocate's "Morning After"

By Liam O'Flaherty

on earth am I? Where can I be?"

He pulled at the rope angrily. Immediately, there was a devilish clanging at a distance. Then he heard a woman's shrill voice:

"Hey! Paddy, there's somebody wanting something in twenty-seven. Go on over."

"Go on over yourself," cried a man's voice. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Go on over and stop talking," shouted the woman.

Then Mr. Campbell heard an oath from the man and something like an iron shovel being hurled onto a hard floor.

"Good Lord!" cried Mr. Campbell, clutching his head and gritting his teeth. "This is dreadful. Where did I go from the golf club?"

HEARING heavy footsteps approach the door, he pulled the bedclothes over him. There was a knock and then the door was thrown open. A man appeared. He leaned familiarly against the door jamb, nodded towards Mr. Campbell and said with a smile:

"Good morrow, sir. Was it you pulled the bell?"

"Yes," said Mr. Campbell. "I rang. What time is it? Where am I? How did I get here?"

The man laughed heartily, slapped his thigh and strode into the room.

"By the powers! That's a good one," he cried, "and you not knowing where you are. Oh! By the holy! That must have been a fine load you carried in here last night sure enough."

He laughed again, sat down on the side of the bed, stared at Mr. Campbell and added in a serious tone:

"Don't be uneasy, man alive. You couldn't be in a better place than Black's Hotel."

"Black's Hotel?" cried Mr. Campbell. "Where is that?"

The man stared at Mr. Campbell in amazement. He pushed back his tattered hat from his forehead and then scratched his curly black hair with a very dirty hand. He had a queer face. It was bronzed and covered with wrinkles, even though he was obviously quite young; certainly not more than thirty. He had a long piece of straw dangling from his prominent yellow teeth. He chewed at the straw while he scratched his head. To judge by his clothes he was a stable boy, as he wore an old pair of brown top boots, a pair of yellow riding breeches and a khaki shirt open at the throat.

"In Wexford of course," he cried in astonishment. "Where else would it be? The most famous hotel in all Ireland. Sure, didn't Royalty stay here once? In the old days, that is. Do you mean to tell me, sir, that you never heard of Black's Hotel?"

"Damn your hotel!" cried Mr. Campbell, clutching his head. "My God! Wexford! One hundred miles from Dublin. I'm due to appear in court at three o'clock this afternoon. Where are the others? Who the blazes are you, anyway?"

"I'm Paddy, the boots," said the man. "Don't be uneasy. What others would you be looking for? You came in here on your own last night."

"I did?" said Mr. Campbell. "The devil I did! What time is it?"

"It's not so late," said Paddy. "Why don't you look at your watch and it there on the table beside your bed?"

"Never mind," said Mr. Campbell. "There is no point in worrying about the time just now. Get my bath ready."

HERE Paddy spat out his straw and whistled.

"A bath!" he cried. "You want a bath? Now, that's a different story and I'll tell you why it is. The bath is not properly mended yet."

"What? No bath?" cried Mr. Campbell.

"Oh! Take it easy now, sir," cried Paddy. "There is a bath and a fine one, but there was an Englishman here last week. He was a loud-spoken class of a man, travelling for a firm of jewellery men in Birmingham, my curse on him anyway, he must have been roaring with the itch from some awful disease, for he was in and out of that bath from daylight to dark. In the heel of the hunt he broke it and I don't know if it's properly mended yet. It was a spout he pulled out and he trying to get at the hot water. Oh! By the holy! You should have heard the curses of him. He was a heavy, gutty sort of a man with a bull neck. Crump was his name. Now, isn't that a funny name for a man to have and he selling rings and bracelets?"

Here Paddy burst out laughing incontinently. Mr. Campbell groaned and said:

"Oh! God! I feel so awful."

"Leave that to me," said Paddy. "That's easily settled. We'll kill two birds with one stone. It would be a cold bath you'd want in your condition and the cold spout is in fine order. Now pull on that raincoat and come along with me. I'll fix up your head on the way and then you'll have your bath and you'll feel fine."

He took a raincoat from the back of the door and held it towards Mr. Campbell, who looked at it doubtfully.

"I had better get dressed first," said Mr. Campbell. "I can't go around the hotel wearing nothing but my shirt and a raincoat."

"Why not?" said Paddy. "It's a nice warm summer day. We pass by the bar on the way. We'll call a halt there to fix up your head."

"What?" cried Mr. Campbell, pointing to his naked legs. "Go to the bar like this?"

"Sure, there'll be nobody there," said Paddy. "It's a nice quiet place. Hop out now, sir and face the world."

"Well!" said Mr. Campbell. "I've got to get out somehow, I suppose."

HE swung his legs onto the floor and stood erect. He was a large man, inclined to flesh, but still in his prime. His brown hair was thinning at the crown and he had heavy pouches under his pale blue eyes. His face was rather puffed. This puffiness, together with a fair moustache which he did not keep properly clipped, gave him a morose expression, even though he was by nature extremely mild. He put his arms through the raincoat sleeves and gathered the coat about his flanks. Then he peered down at his naked shins and feet. His legs were particularly hairy and the heavy brown fuzz looked repulsive to him.

"I look like a dressed-up monkey going about this way," he cried. "Suppose I'm seen by somebody I know?"

"What of it, sir?" said Paddy. "There is no sin in showing a fine pair of shanks like your own, God bless them. This way, sir."

Mr. Campbell shrugged his shoulders, took his watch off the table and looked at it. It was a little after eleven.

"Could I put through a call to Dublin?" he said, as he followed Paddy into the corridor. "My wife . . ."

"Now take it easy," interrupted Paddy. "Don't try too many jobs at once, sir. You better have your bath first and then you can telephone. You'll feel like a fighting cock when I'm done with you. It's a barrister you are, isn't it? Last night you were addressing the jury in great order and I putting you to bed. I had a great job taking off your trousers."

After going through a narrow shabby corridor, they entered a hall, at the rear of which there was a bar. A dark haired girl was behind the counter, on which her elbows rested. Mr. Campbell started when he saw her and tried to pull his raincoat farther down over his shanks, but the girl was busy reading a magazine and never raised her eyes.

There was nobody else in the hall, nor in the passage that led by the office window to the hotel door and the street. The whole place looked very shabby and decayed. The boots led Mr. Campbell across the hall to another corridor that faced the one from which they had emerged.

"We'll see about the bath first," he said, "before I fix your head. She might be scrubbing it. It was last night the plumber was fixing the pipes. He left the place in an awful mess."

The bath tub was in a small room on the left, half-way down the second corridor. An old woman was on her knees scrubbing the floor.

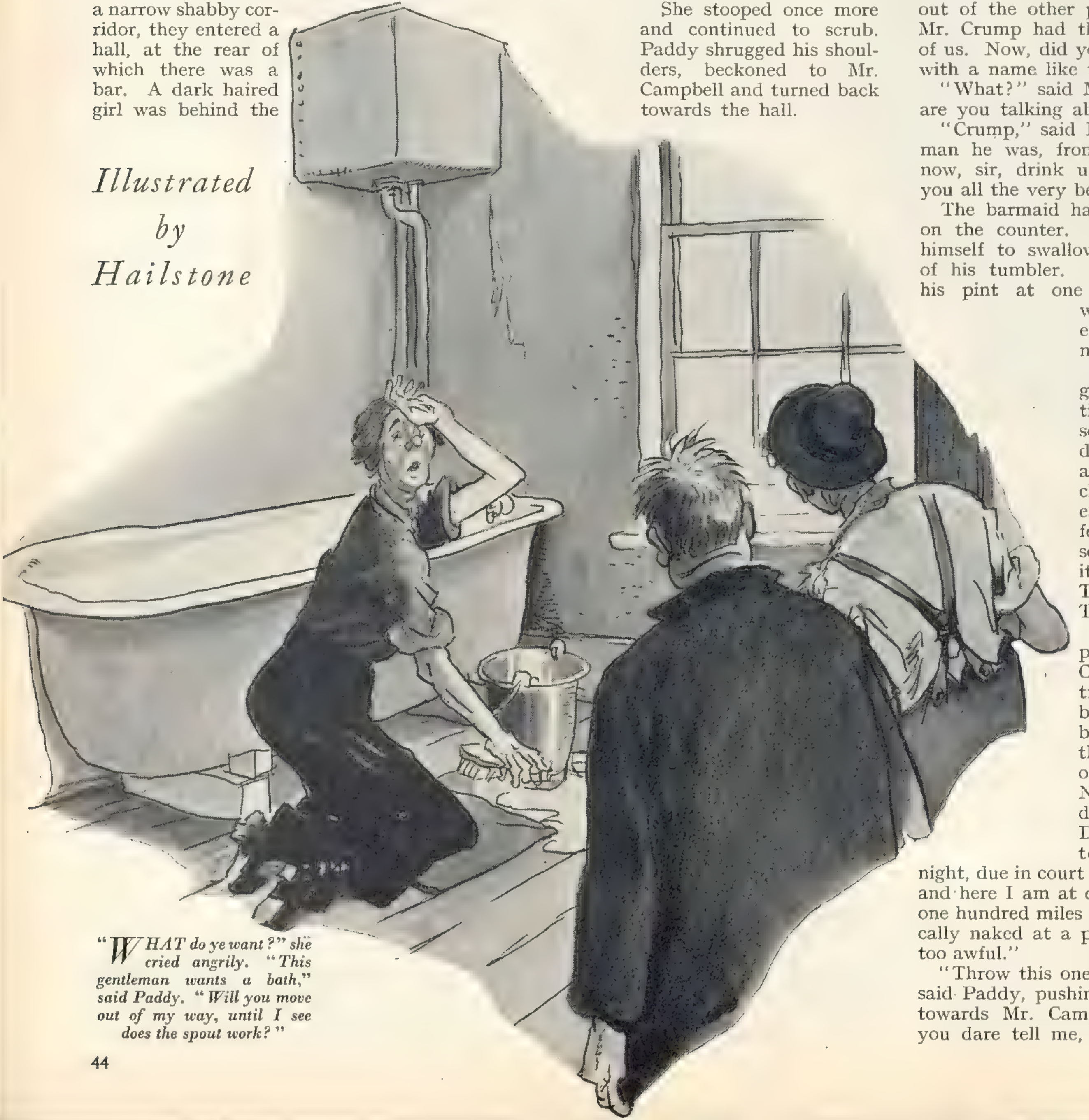
"What do ye want?" she cried angrily, raising her head and pushing back her grey hair from her eyes with her naked elbow.

"This gentleman here wants a bath," said Paddy. "Will you move out of my way, until I see does the spout work?"

"This is a nice time to come foostering about this place," said the old woman. "What's the gentleman's hurry in any case? Clear out of here, will ye, and let me finish my work."

She stooped once more and continued to scrub. Paddy shrugged his shoulders, beckoned to Mr. Campbell and turned back towards the hall.

Illustrated
by
Hailstone



"What do ye want?" she cried angrily. "This gentleman wants a bath," said Paddy. "Will you move out of my way, until I see does the spout work?"

"There's nothing doing until the ould one has finished scrubbing the place," he said. "We'll fix up your head in the meantime. Come on, sir."

As they approached the bar counter, the girl raised her eyes from the magazine, saw Mr. Campbell's naked hairy legs, uttered a cry of fright and said:

"Lord save us! Is it walking in his sleep he is?"

"He's going to have a bath," said Paddy, "but he wants a drink first. His head is bad."

"Is that so?" said the girl. "Would it be a nice fresh bottle of beer the gentleman would have in mind?"

"I'd like to put a call through to Dublin," said Mr. Campbell.

"Don't mind the call until you have your bath," said Paddy. "Sure you couldn't talk over the telephone to a lady and you practically as naked as the day you were born. Take it easy, man."

"Very well!" said Mr. Campbell. "If the young lady doesn't object to my costume. . . ."

"That doesn't matter, sir," said the barmaid. "What would you like?"

"Give him a bottle of Bass," said Paddy, "and a pint of Guinness for me. I might as well keep you company, sir, while the ould one is rinsing the dirt out of the other place. Janey! That Mr. Crump had the life tormented out of us. Now, did you ever hear of a man with a name like that before, sir?"

"What?" said Mr. Campbell. "Who are you talking about?"

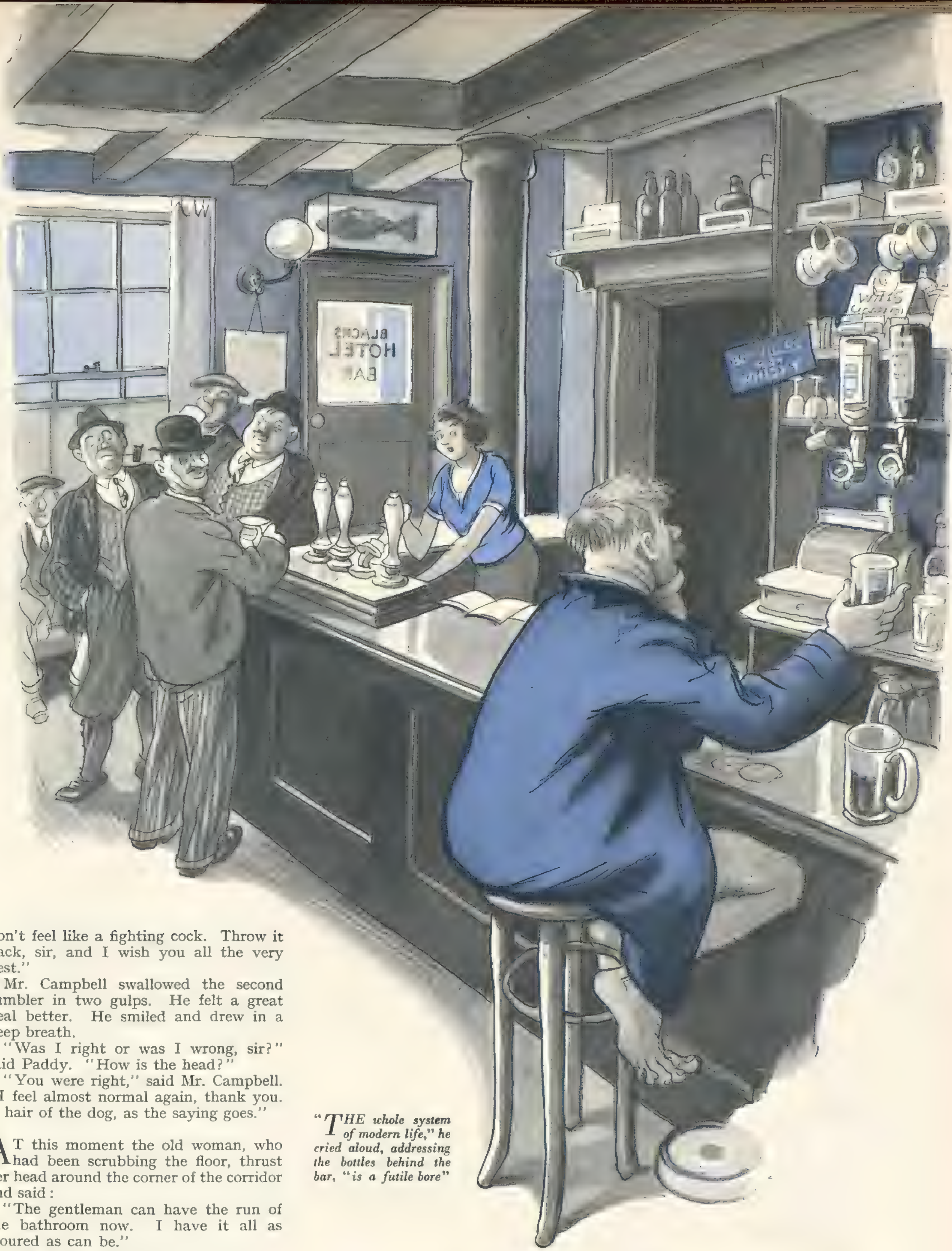
"Crump," said Paddy. "An Englishman he was, from Birmingham. And now, sir, drink up and here's wishing you all the very best."

The barmaid had placed their drinks on the counter. Mr. Campbell forced himself to swallow the whole contents of his tumbler. The boots swallowed his pint at one draught, apparently without the slightest effort, as if it were a meagre spoonful.

"Am I to whisper the good word a second time, sir?" he said, as soon as he had finished drinking. He spoke in a confidential whisper, close to Mr. Campbell's ear. "The first always feels miserable until the second arrives to keep it warm. Very well, sir. The same again, Miss Tierney."

"I really should telephone at once," Mr. Campbell thought. "I treat Molly awfully badly. I really do. I'm behaving like a cad and this little incident quite oversteps the mark. Never turned up for dinner with the McDevitts coming, never telephoned, out all night, due in court at three this afternoon and here I am at eleven in the morning, one hundred miles away, standing practically naked at a public bar. It's really too awful."

"Throw this one back after the first," said Paddy, pushing the second tumbler towards Mr. Campbell, "and then let you dare tell me, if you can, that you



"THE whole system of modern life," he cried aloud, addressing the bottles behind the bar, "is a futile bore"

don't feel like a fighting cock. Throw it back, sir, and I wish you all the very best."

Mr. Campbell swallowed the second tumbler in two gulps. He felt a great deal better. He smiled and drew in a deep breath.

"Was I right or was I wrong, sir?" said Paddy. "How is the head?"

"You were right," said Mr. Campbell. "I feel almost normal again, thank you. A hair of the dog, as the saying goes."

AT this moment the old woman, who had been scrubbing the floor, thrust her head around the corner of the corridor and said:

"The gentleman can have the run of the bathroom now. I have it all as scoured as can be."

"All right," said Paddy. "Half a moment, sir."

He emptied his pint hurriedly and continued:

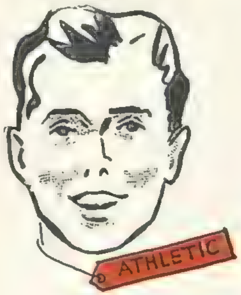
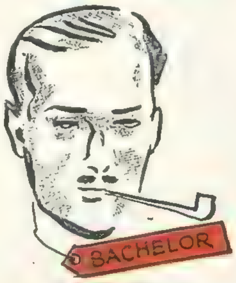
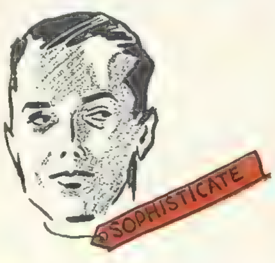
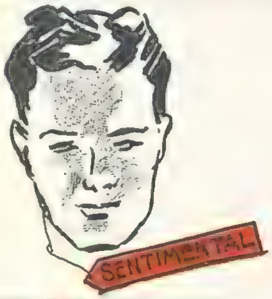
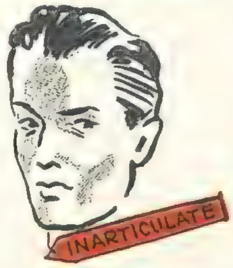
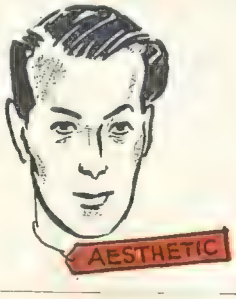
"You stay here while I go and ready the water for you. You might have another drink to keep yourself occupied in the meantime. A bottle and a pint Miss Tierney."

He went off to the bathroom. Mr. Campbell lit a cigarette, while the barmaid served the third round of drinks. Now Mr. Campbell could recall the events of the night fairly clearly, from the time he arrived at the golf club near Bray.

"Buck Flanagan met us there," he recalled, "and joined us over the first drink. That fellow is more insidious than the rankest poison. 'What's the odds? We'll all be dead one day!' That's his invariable excuse for leading one astray. It was he persuaded us to go on to that roadhouse on the Wicklow road. Did the American come with us? No. He went back to Dublin with his Alsatian puppy. Wise man. My God! I hope I did nothing silly at that roadhouse. That would be the limit. I think not. From there we came on to a dance at Rosslare. I remember getting to the dance and drinking some rum. Peculiar thing to drink at that hour. What? Very odd, indeed. I must have passed out after drinking the rum. I always wander away when I pass out and that, my dear fellow, is the beginning of the end. A sure sign that a certain disease, beginning with the fourth letter of the alphabet, is on its way."

A sudden shout (*Continued on page* 98)

HOW TO GET

	TYPE	INTRODUCTION
	*Sports crazy. Good sort. Brawn more than brains. Adores his mother. Steady. Age: twenty to twenty-five. Position: fair to poor.*	You talk, but don't prattle. Be a frank young woman. You are *not* trying to fascinate him. Be feminine but not too fragile. Healthy. Understand sport but let him play it. He's the star in that sphere. Flatter him shyly but not too coyly. Be a good listener.
	*Steeped in his profession. A gourmet. Cultured. A bit shy of women but otherwise sure of himself. Age: late thirties. Position: prosperous.*	Poised womanhood is your line. You are not an unsophisticated girl nor yet a designing creature. He could teach you something. Discuss intelligent matters, showing yourself informed but ready to learn from him. You are a stimulating talker but also an attractive woman. Flatter him intelligently. He's shrewd, remember. Be a good listener.
	*Accomplished with women. Cynical. Attractive. Successful socially. Tempers impulses of the cad with instincts of the gentleman. Age: thirty upwards. Position: well-to-do.*	Your manners should be polished but preoccupied. You are invitingly responsive yet subtly apart. Be glamorous woman but mistress of yourself; an enigma but not too much so. Talk intelligently but not deeply. Flatter him by insinuation so that he's not sure. Leave with the first spark of real interest in his eye. Be a good listener.
	*Idealises women. Slightly ingenuous but not stupid. Lovable, dependable. Fond of home. Socially popular in a limited circle. Age: twenty to thirty. Any position.*	You are a womanly woman with dignity. Slightly serious minded but ready to melt into gaiety. You can be intelligent but do be feminine about it. Touch upon subjects such as reveal your high ideals. There is something of the saint in you but you are adorably human. If you have ambitions to shine in any sphere but that of home, conceal them. Flatter him frankly. Be a good listener.
	*Very masculine but reserved. Virile but unimaginative. Kind and loyal. Socially somewhat misunderstood but respected by his friends. Age: twenty-five to thirty-five. Position: progressive.*	If you are shy hide it or you'll never get started. You lead but don't stampede him. You are feminine but you have strength. You might be leant upon. Introduce his favourite topics and let him talk. Make him think he's a good conversationalist. Don't be difficult or clever, yet. You're easy to get along with. Flatter him quietly. Be a good listener.
	*Passionate, imaginative, moody. Sometimes clever but seldom having the ability to organise talent. Fluent conversationalist. Indifferent manners but much personal charm. Position: changeable.*	Converse seriously and knowledgeably on serious topics, but be sure to let him do most of the talking. Ask his opinion of everything and eagerness to learn from him. Suppress anything too conservative in your views. Admire him frankly and flatter him gracefully. Be sure of yourself, but not too sure. Be a good listener.

YOUR MAN

DEVELOPMENT

Let him ring you. You love his attentions but you've no designs. You're a girl a chap can be pally with. Have a good appetite but choose inexpensive dishes. Dress so the boys will notice you without making funny remarks when he's alone with them. On your doorstep look as if you'd be lovely to kiss, but you're not expecting it.

Don't be surprised or blasé when he rings you up. It's a surrender but he mustn't realise it. Don't let him know he's falling. Choose restaurants renowned for food. Let him advise you what to eat, but show an appreciative knowledge of food and wine. Talk impersonally until he lets go and insists upon talking about you, then be all woman. Later make it plain that if he kissed you you'd both be better for it and nobody compromised.

You are still vaguely preoccupied when he calls you but accept his invitation to dine with polite assurance. Dress beautifully for him but with restraint. Mix the sex appeal of a film star with the dignity of a duchess. Know your own mind about going places but be sure your mind agrees with his. Meet the challenge in his eyes and on his tongue with humour suggestive of tolerance. Hold the light note after he wants to get into a deeper register. Baffle him.

When he asks you out suggest a day in the country. Be a happy little woman. If you take a picnic basket pop in some of your home-made cakes and see they're good. Admire babies and flower gardens but don't gush. You are earnest. Dress sweetly and attend to his food more than to your own. Later on tell him about when you were a little girl. Parry his love-making for a while. You are shy.

Your first date choose one of the brighter restaurants or a gay musical. A quiet little dinner would be unwise until he's at ease with you. Make him talk about himself. You are easy to confide in but you don't pry. Take the initiative in a quiet way. You are helpful but he's the boss. Dress so that he's proud of you but not embarrassed and don't expect compliments.

Ask him to take you to an Art Gallery or to see the sunset on the Pool of London. Be highly intelligent but outclassed. Wear romantic clothes and be a little languid. Never show energy nor mention motor cars or sport. He may be awkwardly possessed with the advantages of freedom but your hope lies in making life too uncomfortable for him without you.

ACHIEVEMENT

You are thrilled with your lover. Keep him always with the feeling he's scored a century. Baby him in private but keep aloof in public. He's a manly man. Reverence his sport, but don't tag along all the time. You needn't worry he's the sort that will only play cricket while you're absent. Ask his mother on an outing occasionally.

You've got him, but be careful. He's a man of habit. You must pull harder than they, but ever so discreetly. Remember he's giving up a lot. You've got to make it seem worth it. Keep before him the promise of a home in which he has all his present advantages plus YOU. Fill his life with your beauty, your companionship (he was lonely) but don't stifle him (he was free). Possess him progressively.

You are pretty sure now of his passion for you, but don't let him be too certain of you. Your love scenes will be all perfection, all glamour—he'll see to that—but a vague uncertainty about you after he's gone will pay. Don't overdo it. Be always the lovely lady. Adorable, but mistress of the situation and him. Cultivate a social background for him and enrich it with your charm but don't eclipse him. Don't be jealous of his dalliances.

Weep a little when he asks you to marry him because it's a Big Adventure. Love him tenderly, sometimes ardently, but stay on your pedestal. He likes you there anyway. Confide in him. Lean on him. Be capable of running his home but helpless without him. Cook well and adore your home. Rule him by soft persuasion. Give him children and he's your slave.

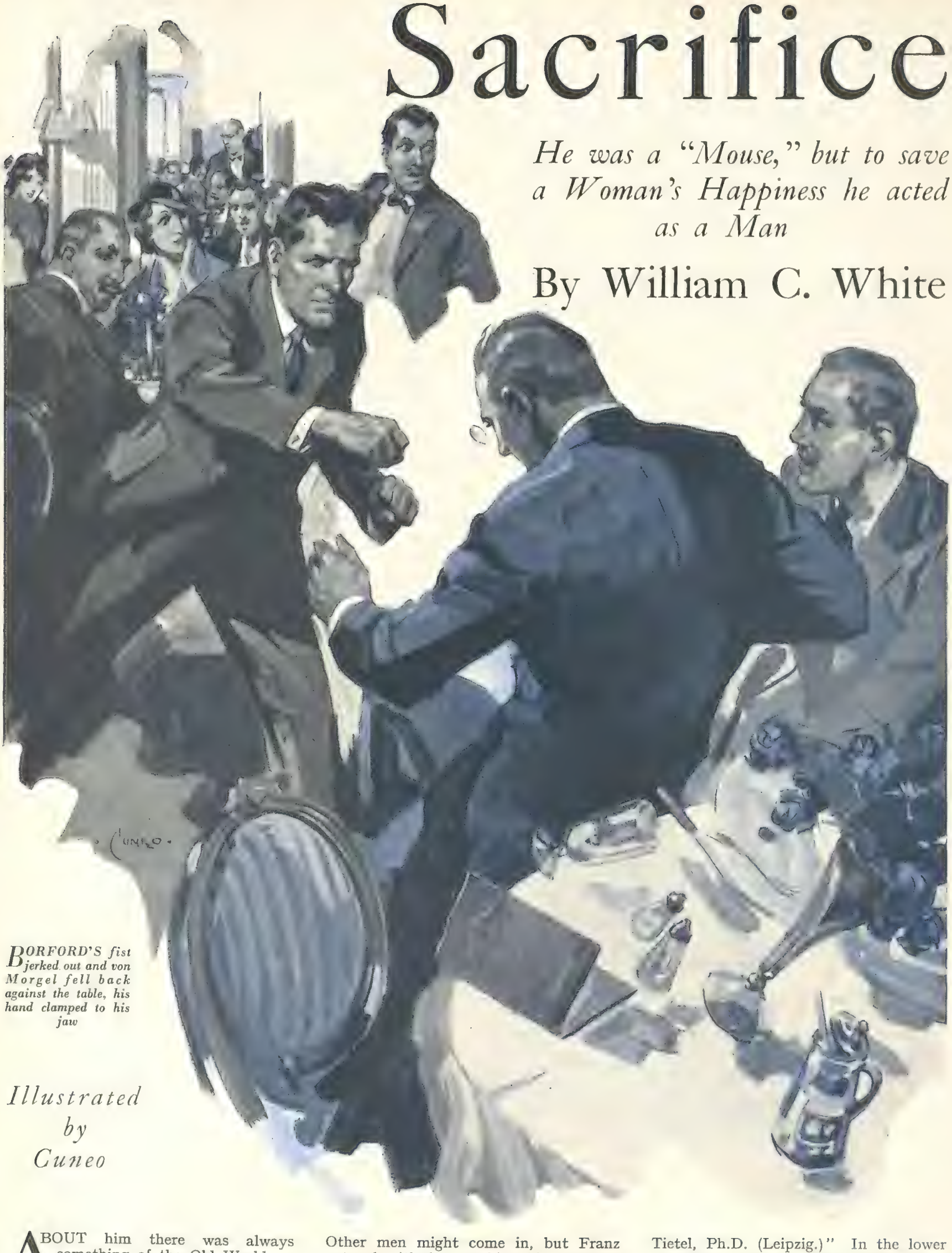
You'll have a devoted lover. A hundred per cent man but few thrills, so don't yearn for the impossible. Love him tenderly and passionately and content yourself that he reciprocates but don't expect him to say so. Develop your intuition. Keep your loveliness and charm alive for him, he's worth it even if he doesn't notice when you have a new hat. Don't look elsewhere for articulate appreciation. Like other quiet things he has formidable passions.

This is going to be a switch-back life, so summon your best philosophy. He's a man you may lead but can't drive. You'll get things if you know the right moment to strike. Remember he's moody. The spiritual will always outweigh the practical with him. He'll be weeping over the first crocus while you are weeping over the lack of funds but demands will only provoke a storm. Mother him a little. Humour him a lot. There will be ecstasies as well as despair.

Sacrifice

He was a "Mouse," but to save a Woman's Happiness he acted as a Man

By William C. White



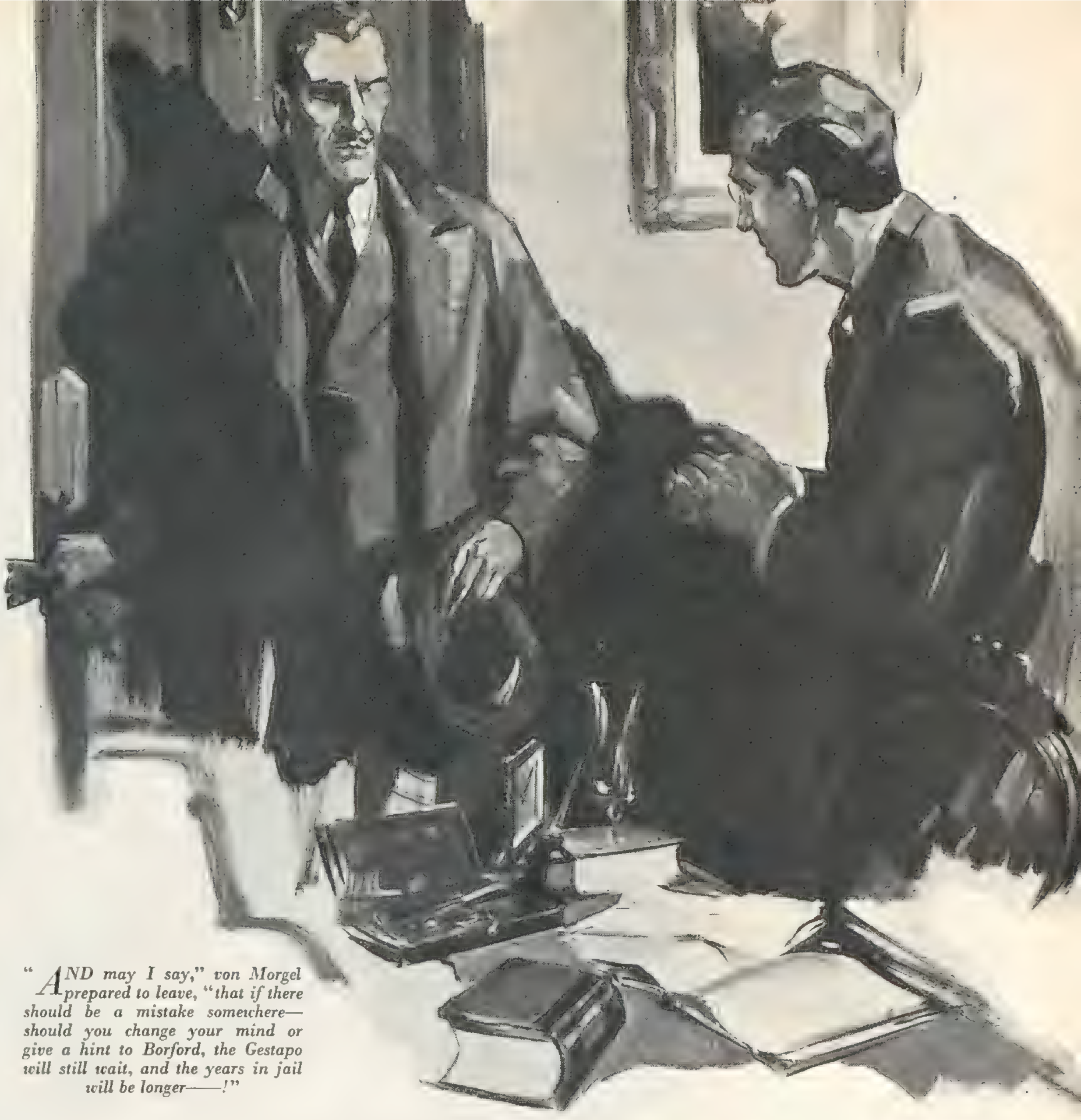
BORFORD'S fist jerked out and von Morgel fell back against the table, his hand clamped to his jaw

Illustrated by Cuneo

ABOUT him there was always something of the Old World, as if he carefully preserved a long forgotten essence of the archaic. It was in his dress, in the rusty black coat and the grey trousers which were so often creased criss cross, as if they had been pressed beneath a mattress. It was in his manner when he entered an office. Other men might come in, but Franz entered, with that word in all its dramatic connotation. Coming forward two steps, he bowed. Only the swish of robes was needed to make it a medieval gesture. With a sweep of his hand, perfect in its timing, graceful in its curve, he reached in his pocket for his card-case.

The card he offered read "Franz Tietel, Ph.D. (Leipzig.)" In the lower right-hand corner was his address, an old apartment house along the Spree, in a dilapidated section of Berlin. In the other corner was printed, "Experienced Consulting Expert," and, under that, "Economics, Philanthropy, Sociology, Psychogenesis." Everything in his manner implied that that card, with its curious text, marked him as a person set apart from all others. Most men have to give years to establish a dubious claim to individuality. For Franz, his distinction was neatly stated here, in black ink on a bit of white-pasteboard.

Having presented his card, Franz' face always set itself firm, as if to provide a buttress against inevitable laughter. His face, which showed his thirty-odd years, was shaped like a wedge, coming sharp to the front. A flat forehead, sloping from a retreating hairline, flat upshot jaw, and flat sloping cheeks, brought the whole face to a centre point, a thin nose. Because he was round shouldered, even though tall, he seemed to be led by some invisible hand held fast to that nose.



"AND may I say," von Morgel prepared to leave, "that if there should be a mistake somewhere—should you change your mind or give a hint to Borford, the Gestapo will still wait, and the years in jail will be longer——!"

HE had appeared at one time or another in most of the correspondents' offices in Berlin. After the introduction he always said, "I have been found useful at times by various journalists," and he named a half dozen. His English, it was noticed, was good but carefully studied and phrased, the English of a man who learned it from a book in Berlin. Then he offered letters of recommendation from newspapermen for whom he had worked as legman or clerk during the past ten years. They found that his knowledge of the European situation was accurate and thorough, that he worked hard, and that he was excellent on research. Since the tenure of correspondents in any foreign capital is uncertain, it was hard for Franz to keep steady work. Sooner or later he was unemployed again, but with one more letter of recommendation. These letters gave him a sense of permanence; newspapermen might come and go, but Franz and the offer of his services had something of the endurance of the Brandenburg Tor about them.

In the days before Joe Borford won the Pulitizer prize for his dispatches on the Credit Anhalt business and the subsequent European financial mess, before he wrote his book *Covering a Continent*, he was the Berlin correspondent for the *Journal*. That was a good job and it put him on his own. He had a one-room office, one secretary, and a limited expense account. If he wanted stories, he had to go and get them. And he did. Then came the prize and the book and a short flash of glory. For a season, on leave of absence, he shone in the glow of an American lecture tour, an authority for the evening in each of a hundred towns. When the lectures, the interviews with the press, and the women's clubs receptions tapered off, Joe went back to Berlin. As a result of his temporary fame, the *Chronicle* offered him more money. He accepted and he had a four-room office, several men to read the newspapers and to cover routine stories. Joe was left to supervise and to do special stories; whether he did any routine work or not was up to him.

THE change in Joe came slowly. Probably he disliked the sense of restlessness that had forced him back into harness in Berlin. Probably he had liked the intimate warmth of the spotlight and resented the speed with which it had swept by him. It had taken him twenty years to collect the material for his first book, twenty years to stumble into the spotlight and it would take more years to collect more material—and he was almost fifty. He may have felt lost with an office that more or less ran itself. Whatever it was, he found an escape from it in drinking. It was not the casual social sort of drinking, but a terrific concentrated assault for a day or so every month. After the first couple of lapses, Evelyn Borford, his wife, who was about thirty, spoke to him ever so slightly chiding, and promises to reform followed. The promises stuck for a little while, but each new fall came sooner and harder. Then remorse would pile up heavily and contribute to the next break. And so on. When there was an important story to be done, Joe could keep his promise. Most of the time he insisted that drinking would not affect his work, and added that some correspondents have done their best stories when they did not know whether a typewriter key was meant to be punched or turned.

He was at the Adlon Bar one afternoon when Franz Tietel first appeared. For a long time Franz had watched him with admiration, all the while busy with odd jobs for Knowlton of the London *Tribune*. Now Knowlton had gone the way of other newspapermen, expelled by government order in the last flock of expulsions, and Franz was out of work.

He was beside Borford's table before Joe saw him. He wore a vile green overcoat and a dusty brown hat, and he smiled as he reached in his pocket for his card case.

"Permit me," he said, offering his card as if he were introducing a personage.

Joe looked at the card, then at Franz, as if he did not quite believe what he was seeing. Then he said, "I've always wanted to meet a man who could tell me what psychogenesis is."

"It is the science of mental development," Franz answered seriously. "I have read your book, Mr. Borford. I have admired your work here."

Borford always slipped into every compliment as if it were tailored to measure. "Sit down, Mr. Tietel. Drink?"

Franz shook his head. "I should like to tell you about myself. Perhaps I can be useful to you." Already he was fingering his letters of recommendation.

"Economics, philanthropy, psychogenesis," Borford was reading the card with mock seriousness. "Quite a man!"

"I flatter myself that I am the only person so qualified in all Berlin." Then, offering the letters, "Perhaps in your office——"

"I'm afraid not."

"I have been found useful by other journalists," Franz said, unwilling to give in. "I can translate from various languages, I can prepare lists of statistics."

"Nope," Borford said.

"I should work for very little money." He sounded desperate.

"Nope."

Franz looked up hopelessly and saw a woman approaching, a woman in grey, with dark hair that shadowed a gentle face. She came towards the table and her lips quivered as if she were trying to smile.

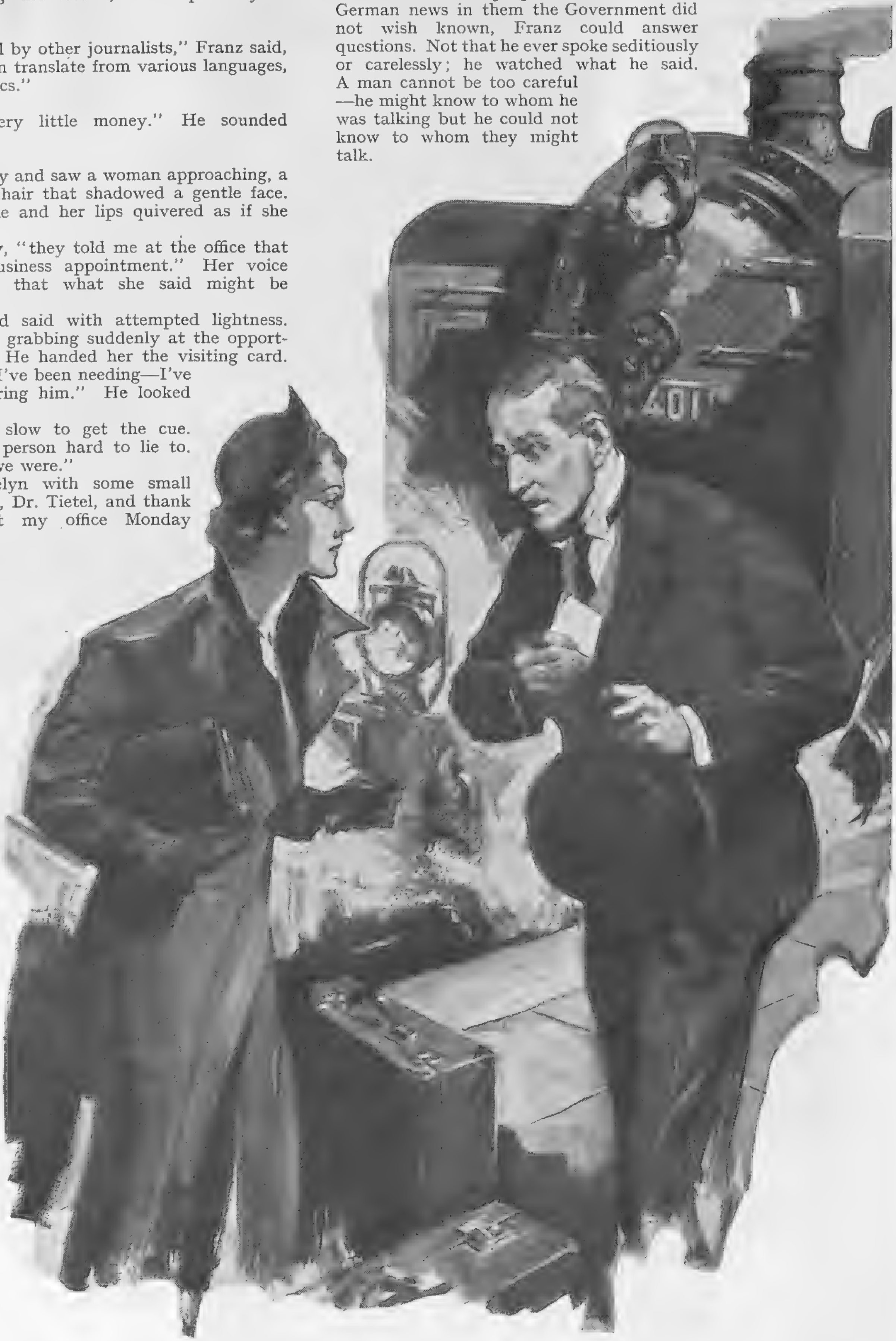
"Joe," she said nervously, "they told me at the office that you were out on some business appointment." Her voice wavered as if she feared that what she said might be misinterpreted.

"Hello, Evelyn," Borford said with attempted lightness. "Yes, that's right." Then, grabbing suddenly at the opportunity, "Meet Mr. Tietel." He handed her the visiting card. "He's the economic expert I've been needing—I've just been talking about hiring him." He looked intently at Franz.

Franz was startled and slow to get the cue. The woman seemed like a person hard to lie to. But he nodded, "Yes, yes we were."

Borford glanced at Evelyn with some small triumph. "That will be all, Dr. Tietel, and thank you. I'll expect you at my office Monday morning."

Franz arose and walked away, uncertain if this would really mean a job. In the midst of that uncertainty, he was surprised at the clear impression that Mrs. Borford and the simple beauty of her face had made. He had only seen it for a few moments, in only one of its moods. It was like a face long imagined, suddenly become real.



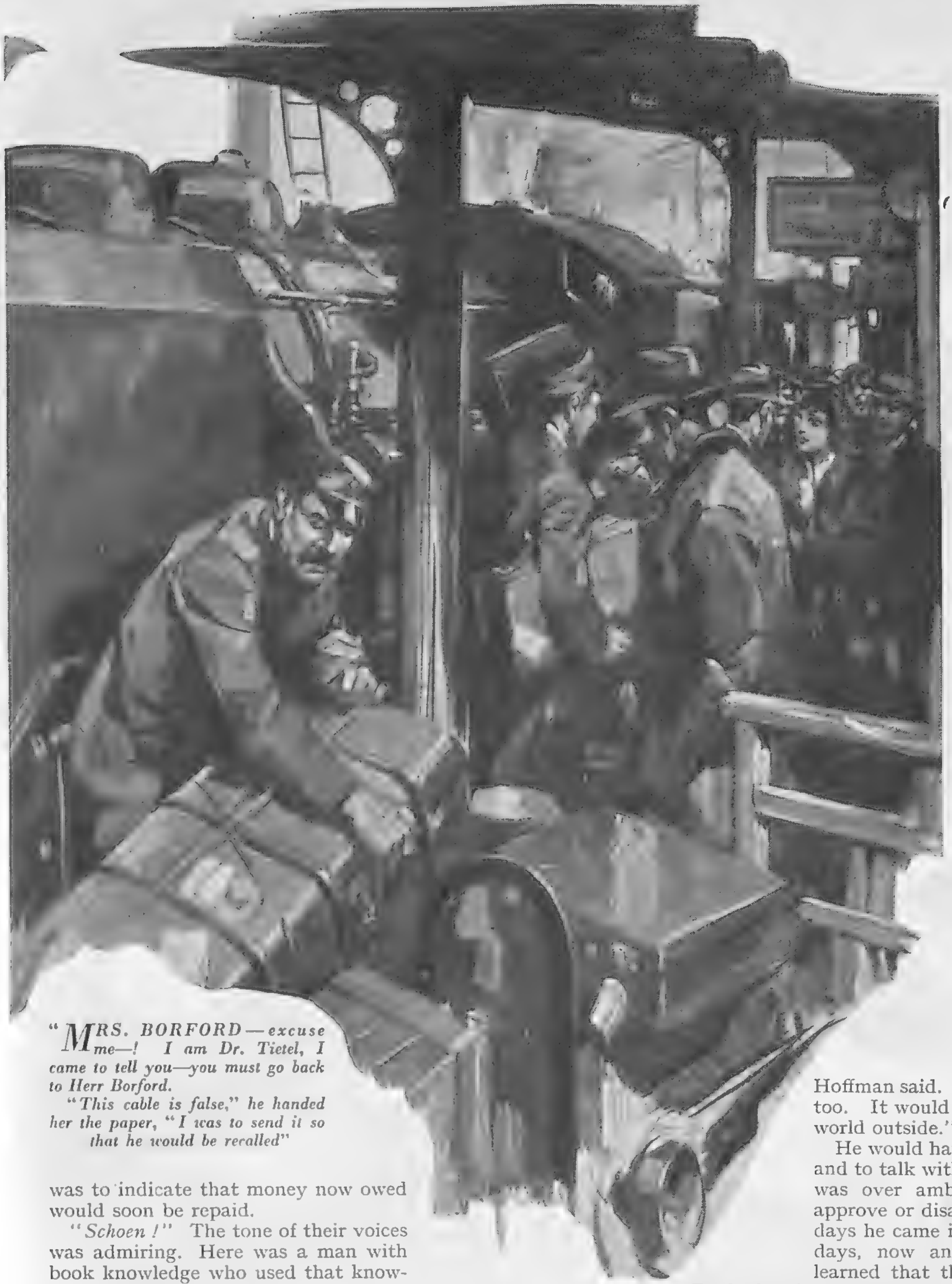
USUALLY he was a methodical man. His little room on the sixth floor of an old house was always in spotless order, and when he was not working he sat there by day, reading. On these three days, until Monday, he found that he could not sit still and concentrate on a book. Impatience to know whether he was to have work or whether Borford was only trying to fool his wife, made him restless. Through these days he walked about and, having found Borford's address, he passed the apartment house several times each day. Just what he would have said if Borford had appeared, or even Mrs. Borford, he did not know. He wondered whether she would recognize him. He could imagine how he would lift his hat and bow to her and say, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Borford."

Without any relatives in Berlin and without the ability to make friends easily, Franz' only acquaintance in the city were a changing group who gathered in Hoffman's Rathskeller, a little bar-restaurant in a cellar on Mittelstrasse. Three or four nights a week he went there, content to sit with a glass of beer, to play chess or checkered, to enter into any conversation with the three or four men who were usually there. Because of his contact with foreign newspapermen, Franz was looked upon as something of an authority. From those contacts Franz knew the world outside of Germany and on those days when foreign newspapers mysteriously did not appear on news-stands and people wondered what German news in them the Government did not wish known, Franz could answer questions. Not that he ever spoke seditiously or carelessly; he watched what he said. A man cannot be too careful —he might know to whom he was talking but he could not know to whom they might talk.

It was a relief, after walking the streets, to have Hoffman's for the evenings. Franz knew everyone who was there, several clerks from Government offices, Zorn, a porter in a neighbouring hotel, and Hoffman, the proprietor.

"Any news, Herr Doctor?" they said. They were simple men and they always used his title, as if to admit the superiority.

"I shall probably be working for Herr Borford of a New York newspaper," Franz said, with more pride than certainty. He felt he had to say that. Hoffman was always willing to lend him a little money when he was out of work, and this



"*MRS. BORFORD — excuse me—! I am Dr. Tietel, I came to tell you—you must go back to Herr Borford.*

"This cable is false," he handed her the paper, "I was to send it so that he would be recalled"

was to indicate that money now owed would soon be repaid.

"*Schoen!*" The tone of their voices was admiring. Here was a man with book knowledge who used that knowledge to gain a living.

"You will be an important man one of these days, Herr Doctor," Hoffman added.

"There is no one like me in Berlin," Franz said. The boast would be unnoticed.

On Monday he awoke long before it was time to go to the office. He came there at ten, sure he would have to wait sometime before Borford appear. He counted five employees, four men, Germans, and one girl. Hitherto he had worked for the lone correspondent who had, at the most, one stenographer; it would be a new experience. Then he cautioned himself, as a matter of mental discipline, to check his imagination. He was not yet hired.

At one o'clock, when the bench in the waiting alcove had grown very hard, Franz went to one of the men. "You do not know when Herr Borford will come?"

"Anytime—or not at all."

Disapproving of the implications in the man's tone of voice, Franz returned to the bench, Borford appeared at two o'clock, and hurried by Franz without recognizing him. After a few minutes Franz called one of the clerks. "Will you please take this card to Herr Borford?"

Ten uneasy minutes followed, while Franz wondered what would happen if Borford had forgotten him, if he had only been fooling, if he had changed his mind. He had thought of nothing else he might do and he he had little money. Without work, it would be more and more embarrassing to go to Hoffman's Then the clerk called him and he followed, with that strange step that was almost as if he were being pulled forward.

Borford was in a good mood and that was a good sign. "So, the expert on psychogenesis? Well—!"

He was about to say "I have nothing for you," and Franz knew it. At least, he would say it as gently as possible. Then he must have seen the helplessness in Franz' face. "I can give you a little steady work," he nodded, "not at your specialties, just routine. I don't know how long it will last."

"I'm obliged," Franz said, trying to be dignified, but hearing his voice crack. "I'm so obliged."

A man of different temperament might have considered the work dull, but for Franz it was work, and no necessary work was dull. Each morning he went through a batch of newspapers, marking stories and clipping a few of them. Sometimes a Government report had to be read in entirety and boiled down to a hundred words. Half a thousand items had to be carefully filed each day. Of the stuff that finally went out by cable he saw none. That was beyond his ambitions. It was enough to supply accurate research work, to provide a foundation on which other men might do the more interesting things.

His return was not only in money. It was a pleasure to go to Hoffman's and to say, with a pride that any man could understand, "I got the position in Herr Borford's office."

"He is very fortunate to have a man like you, Herr Doctor," Hoffman said. "I should like something like that, too. It would be nice to meet men who know the world outside."

He would have liked more chance to see Borford and to talk with him, but he told himself that that was over ambitious. Nor was it his place to approve or disapprove of Borford's habits. Some days he came in at noon, some days at five, some days, now and then, not at all. Franz soon learned that the employees in the office disliked Borford and complained that work and responsibility not rightly theirs was put on them. Even if there had been something to say, it would have been out of place for him to go to Borford's defence, but he disliked the employees the more.

At times Franz wondered about Mrs. Borford and what she thought of her husband's spasmodic irresponsibility. She never telephoned the office and she never came to it.

He heard the first mention of her at noon, one day, when the first assistant, Stehl, and the stenographer, Fraulein Wagner, were in the office. They chatted without paying any attention to the round-shouldered man hunched over his pile of newspapers.

"A friend of mine," Stehl said, in a little barbed voice, "saw Frau Borford at tea at the Esplanade yesterday."

"She's the only one in that family who drinks tea," Fraulein Wagner said.

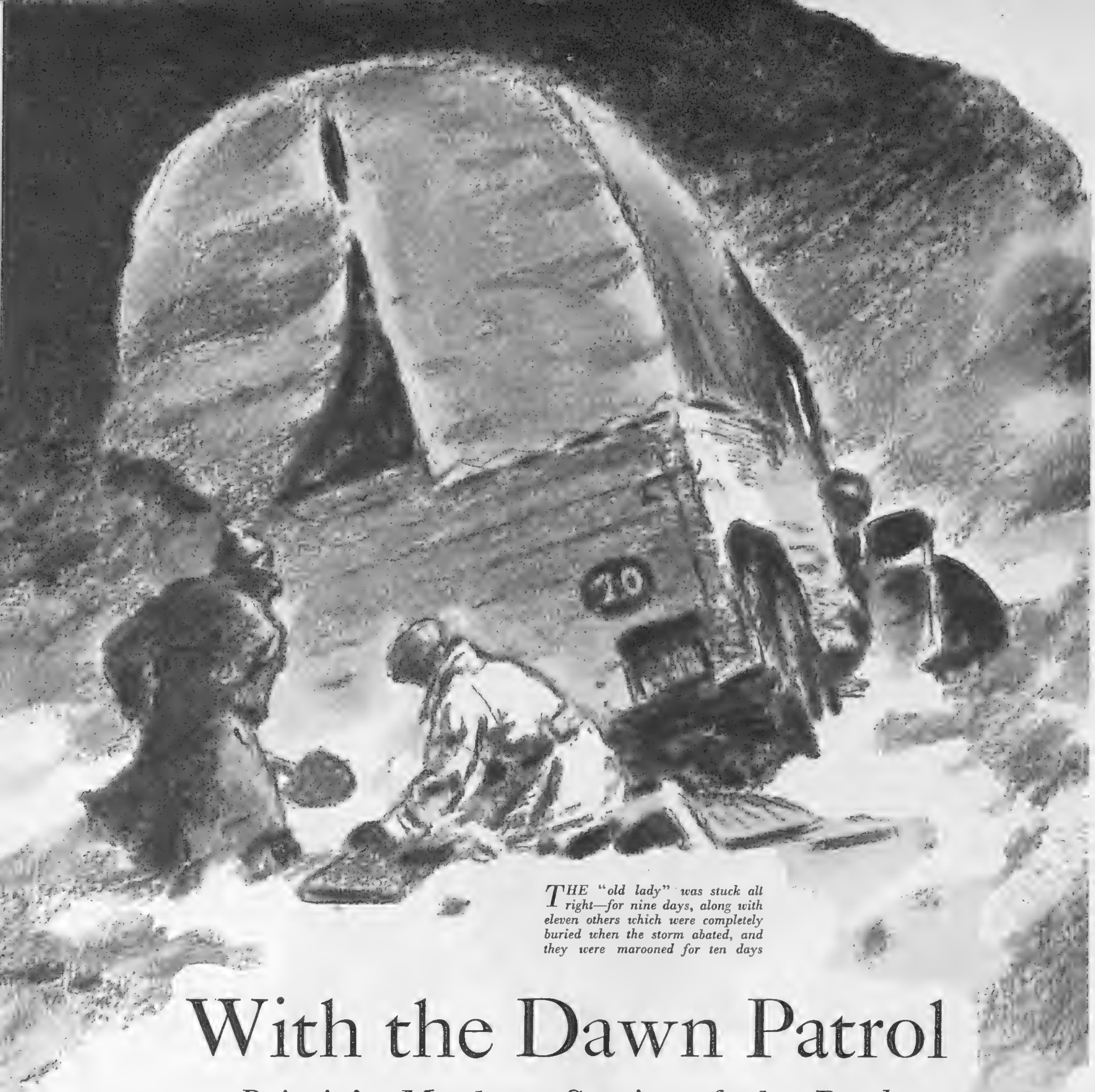
"She was with a man and not her husband."

Franz, who was clipping a paper, almost took off the tip of his little finger.

"The man was Herr von Morgel," Stehl continued, like a man with a delicious secret, willing to give up only a little of it at a time.

Franz put down the scissors. Von Morgel was an important man in Berlin, an assistant to the Reich Press Chief, and high in the Nazi party.

(*Continued on page* 104)



THE "old lady" was stuck all right—for nine days, along with eleven others which were completely buried when the storm abated, and they were marooned for ten days

With the Dawn Patrol

Britain's Merchant Service of the Road

By H. H. Johnston

THIRTEEN hundred feet above Borrow Beck and Bretherdale the hills of Shap sweep bare and brown around you like a barren wilderness. When the sun shines and the breezes flick across the treeless brows from the lonely horizons, and you stand on the tortuous backbone of Westmorland half-way to heaven on a surge of glory, life becomes a thing of zest and wonder.

But, at night, when the vales are misty cauldrons and the white fogs creep upon you like shapeless wraiths, confusing and often frightening, when the hurricane howls its threat across the peaks and the blizzard wraps you up in a white fury that has been the icy shroud of many a man and beast on treacherous Shap—when these things happen, you know full well that the summit of Shap deserves the nickname of "Cape Horn" bestowed upon it by those hardy travellers and professional wayfarers—the drivers of those mighty transports of merchandise that represent the Merchant Service of the roads of Britain.

Most of us know our roads by day; but how many of us know of all the romance and adventure, the grim toil and breathless hazard that fill our highways after dark, when the dawn patrols are traversing the country from end to end, from seaport to city and from city to town?

OUR very existence to-day greatly depends upon the great fleets of road-freighters that thunder all through the night while Britain sleeps, carrying half the livelihood of our islands as their varied cargoes, emptying our docks and filling our markets, keeping the wheels of industry turning and assuring us food for our breakfast table every morning.

Over that winding hill in Westmorland, with many a sticky gradient and perilous corner runs the road known technically as "A6," the middle trunk-route of England that sends out feeders into the straggling Midlands and carries you high on its weaving back towards Scotland. Like the Great North Road—the "A1" artery of Britain's commercial lifelines—and the Great West Road, and "The Roaring 60's" that interlace the coastal ways of Yorkshire, that road by Shap carries a major portion of our long-distance vehicular goods traffic.

It was on Shap, with an early spring blizzard obliterating the landscape and making the night-time hideous with treacherous ice and choking drift, that I first met intimately the men and the fleets of an industry that has grown in a few swift years from a higgledy-piggledy chaos to an ordered system of commerce that to-day represents the third major key-industry of the nation.

I was motoring to Scotland—in a hurry. I had left London in frosty sunshine; but at Kendal the clouds were heavy and soon the snow came flurrying on a chill wind. As I climbed, the snow lay deeper; familiar bearings faded out and the windscreen wiper moved less and less as it pushed the freezing snow from my vision. At a wayside café, cut out of a wood and called "The Jungle" I drew in to have my coffee-flask filled—just in case!

Round Cape Horn, sailors will tell you that the weather is as fickle as a woman's fancy and that the howling hurricane is as "fearsome as the wrath of God." And the long-distance transport driver will tell you the same of Shap.

"Where you bound for, sir?" a cheery-faced man asked as I entered the warm cafe and looked at the men hugging the fire.

"Scotland!" I said, eyes on an inviting ham and a plate of tomatoes.

He *tchcked* through his strong teeth, pursed his lips and shook his head grimly. "Take my word, mister, them as knows it wouldn't be facing Shap on a night like this."

A lanky man rose from the fireside huddle and came towards me, beaming with friendliness. He had a cup of steaming beef extract in one hand, and in his other hand he waved a half-eaten pork pie.

"Just got down from the summit," he volunteered, his cheeks bulging richly. "Hell's own blizzard is blowing up there, mate. There's a good dozen of 'em stuck in the ditch."

The door opened; a smothering shower of snow blew in, and a red-faced voyager swathed in two great-coats pulled off his damp gauntlets and stamped his feet.

"Road's blocked," he declared, cheerfully enough. "Left the 'old lady' with her nose stuck in eight feet of drift."

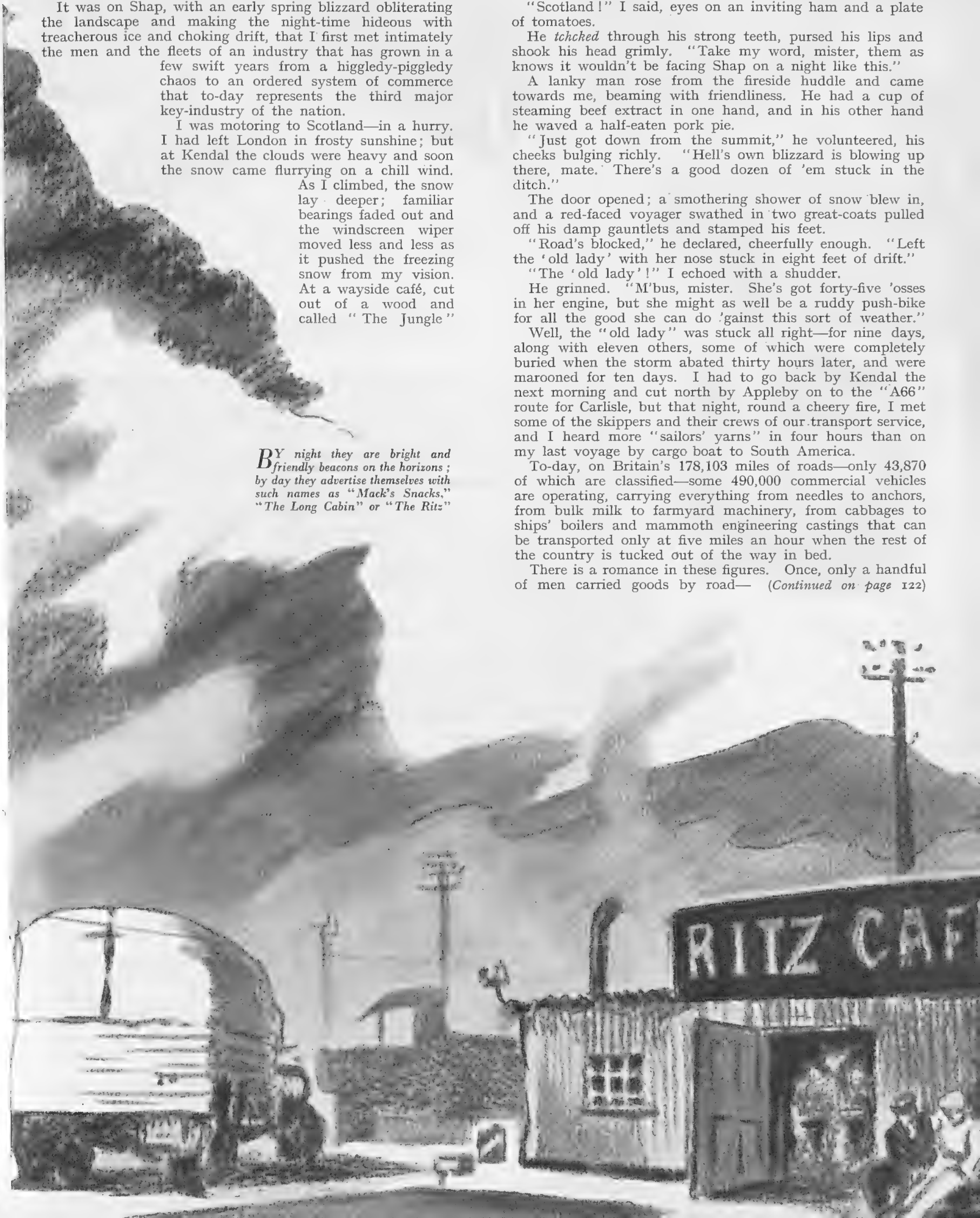
"The 'old lady'!" I echoed with a shudder.

He grinned. "M'bus, mister. She's got forty-five 'osses in her engine, but she might as well be a ruddy push-bike for all the good she can do 'gainst this sort of weather."

Well, the "old lady" was stuck all right—for nine days, along with eleven others, some of which were completely buried when the storm abated thirty hours later, and were marooned for ten days. I had to go back by Kendal the next morning and cut north by Appleby on to the "A66" route for Carlisle, but that night, round a cheery fire, I met some of the skippers and their crews of our transport service, and I heard more "sailors' yarns" in four hours than on my last voyage by cargo boat to South America.

To-day, on Britain's 178,103 miles of roads—only 43,870 of which are classified—some 490,000 commercial vehicles are operating, carrying everything from needles to anchors, from bulk milk to farmyard machinery, from cabbages to ships' boilers and mammoth engineering castings that can be transported only at five miles an hour when the rest of the country is tucked out of the way in bed.

There is a romance in these figures. Once, only a handful of men carried goods by road— (*Continued on page* 122)



BY night they are bright and friendly beacons on the horizons; by day they advertise themselves with such names as "Mack's Snacks," "The Long Cabin" or "The Ritz"

HOUSE

By Winifred

A Guest Requires:

Overwhelming good fellowship. A willingness to lend studs, hair lotion, aspirin, golf clubs, tennis racket, fishing tackle, socks and the car, if necessary. The most popular guest is the one who travels with spare parts.

He or she should be able to play bridge, read tea-cups, solve crosswords; to weed, hose and garden; to dive expertly into the drift and life-save—not only on a sea-bathe but in an awkward conversation. To play card tricks and tell good stories. These will be even more welcome to his host and hostess than the offering of a terrine of *foie gras* on arrival, although that is a good beginning.

He or she should have the power to face up brightly, whatever their disappointment over fellow-guests or the shooting. To better conditions, if possible, or else to be summoned home on a convincing pretext. Also, if they happen to fall ill, to be ill inconspicuously.

To tip generously, break as little as possible, occasionally smoke their own cigarettes, and to place the stubs in the ash trays instead of leaving them to smoulder out on the furniture or mantelpiece; not to burn the sheets, nor lose the bedside detective novels in the garden, but to keep them by the bed. In brief, to treat their host's property with more care than they would their own.

To fall in with the ways of the house, be punctual, and place as little strain as possible on the staff. To dominate the conversation, when they can do so for the general interest, yet not to grab stage-centre; to be "Yes men," and "Yes girls," agreeing with their host and hostess within certain limits—for they should always remain individuals and not become door-mats, even out of courtesy. Above all, to let themselves go, be easy to please, and ready to have fun.

Every hostess likes to know her hospitality has been appreciated; see that your bread and-butter letter of thanks is individual and genuine.

If You are Visiting the Lord of the Manor

A GUEST EXPECTS To step into influential social and political circles and first-class sport—grouse, stalking, fishing—to compensate them for the expense associated with such a stay.

To be allotted to some group with whom they will be shown round the estate and enjoy the festivities going on. To roll up to any county show in state, and be treated as distinguished visitors.

To have their car splendidly garaged; their maid or valet comfortably housed; to find a stack of crested notepaper in case they wish to write to friends.

A HOSTESS HOPES The birds will be on the moors, the deer on the hills; that the parties will move off to some kind of a time-table and that no one will shoot a ghillie. Also that it is *clearly* understood all game shot goes into a bag for the house, or for a firm of caterers in London.

That none of their guests will pass disparaging remarks when they descend on the village fête.

That the after-midnight bedroom bridge and gambling parties will not go on until dawn. Also that some tips will percolate to the boot-boys and between-maids.

Staying at a

A GUEST EXPECTS To be met in person on arrival by their host and hostess.

To sun-laze, and yet be quite willing to mark the tennis court, put up the net, and play until the balls are lost. To attend few "do's," and yet be nice to all notables, even to hang fairy lanterns for the village dance, as long as they are allowed to pick plums from the tree, take eggs from the hen-coop, and stack hay leisurely and grow straws in their hair and rusticate.

To rest, in brief, by forgetting their own lives and following the semi-rural pursuits of their host.

PARTY

Loraine

A Hostess Requires:

Super-abundant health to cope with the problems she has anticipated and still have vitality left to deal with those she has not; a vigilance and alertness not to be confused with nerviness.

The ability to organise, which means thinking out and apportioning every detail of food, cutlery and glass, from the early morning fruit tray for her guests to their crunchies and milk at midnight, the linen and blankets, the day's amusements and instructions to staff, with whom a clear understanding shall be reached beforehand, as a hostess who guides her servants continually in public is distracting. Only in this way can there be smooth running.

Diplomacy. Not only the tact to settle bridge quarrels and arguments, but an original foresight in so blending her guests that each shall have the mental, sporting or social contacts they wish to make. In arranging this, she should also remember that one shining light at a party is usually sufficient. Two are apt to cause a conflagration, leaving the gathering at variance.

Good feeding; this is the basis of hospitality. Ingenuity must be exercised, for while waste is to be deplored, on no account can joints be allowed to repeat themselves in minced forms after being cut hot and cold. Drinks should flow, fruit be fresh, dishes surprise. A feeling of plenty provides glow.

Finally she must decide what are the limitations of her household and work within these bounds, or else co-ordination flies to the winds. She must apprise her guests of these bounds. Then, having made her plans, she should apparently forget them and settle down to enjoy her show.

This is the surest path to success, as a hostess who enjoys herself confers ease, acts as a magnet, and projects the very mainspring of true entertainment, content and happiness.

A guest likes to feel welcome. There are few better ways of ensuring this than by discovering his or her foibles, in health and otherwise, and respecting them.

Country House

A HOSTESS HOPES

That the people she has invited will bring a real streak of sensation to the country attractions she has arranged.

That her prize guests will speak well at the village hall, spend money at the bazaar, and shine at dinner parties.

She sometimes wishes they would replace the tennis balls they lose, and that they would not disturb the partridges by walking through the coverts.

But she wants them to benefit by their change and the fun provided, and leave her with the friendship strongly reaffirmed by long gossips, mutual confidences, and dates fixed for future meetings *in town.*

Roughing it in Camp or Hut

A GUEST EXPECTS

The site and water supply to be first-rate. If a roof is provided, it should not leak.

To supply their own bedding, if not their own tents; stores, as arranged, and, maybe, cooking-pots. To provide their own sporting gear.

To lead their own life, get up when they like or stay in bed, and dress as they please. But to be on time for sporting expeditions, sunrise or tide-ebb, that is their clock.

All fish and game to go into the common melting-pot for evening carousals round the night fire, when they want blissful, carefree comradeship.

A HOSTESS HOPES

The other wives will join her in keeping the camp or hut tidy. The men may even do the work for all of them, pack beds, fetch water, light fires, give a hand with vegetables and washing-up; certainly bring in the food.

She hopes not to have to use her grounding in first-aid, and yet be able to render adequate help in nursing and bandaging if necessary. To cook.

To relax. For if she is maid of all work, she will also be queen of all hearts, and find many to do her service. And this is the easiest way of entertaining her guests.

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

By Jean Burnup

I've got my fingers crossed. My three weeks' old perm is proving to be a really-truly perm. That is to say there has been no night trouble of sleeping in nets, or setting each morning with lotion.

Now and then, of course, I damp those vulnerable behind-the-ear pieces and pin them up while bathing, but that's a life of ease compared with the hair slavery I've been bound to for years.

But I'll start at the start. This perm is Something New. It is unbelievably, utterly comfortable while it happens. There are no wires, no excessive heat, no machinery, just lightweight sachets which wrap themselves round each curler and magically generate their own heat.

This is registered thermostatically by two little red discs which gradually go brown, then, when the hair is done, back to red. Fascinating and, of course, foolproof.

The whole thing is so simple you think you could do it yourself. Where the operator's skill enters is in the selection of the lotions used. There are six of them, for different types of hair.

This is tall, elegant film-star Rosalind Russell, who is here playing Christine in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-British's *The Citadel.* (I can write that, you try to say it.)

Her press agents say she is intrigued by rhyming slang, is taking lessons from the men on the set, and already talks back in their own "trouble and strife," "pot and pan," "bees and honey" jargon.

Her public says she is a fine actress. Remember *Craig's Wife*?

Her friends say she is grand.

When they told me that these lotions were actually beneficial to the hair, I thought, aha, more sales talk. We all know what the hair is like after a perm. But not this time. My hair came out glossy, soft as a baby's, pliable for setting, reshaped, reconditioned. It has stayed that way.

They are going mad over this process in America. Just now there is only one London salon which uses it exclusively. Soon there will be agents in all the key towns of the country and, inevitably, copyists of the method.

Mrs. Chamberlain receives for tea at 10 Downing Street in a navy-lace get up. She has china-blue eyes, an enviably youthful skin, so much charm.

She did, with effortless grace, the sort of thing I always aim to do, that is, circulate about my guests saying the appropriate thing to a rep from an embassy, laughing intimately with a distinguished politician, being uncondescendingly cordial to a less distinguished politician. Not that I have that sort of guest, but you know what I mean.

The iced coffee and strawberry ices were the best of their kind. As I took a second glass of coffee, Mr. Gladstone, looking down from a wall with one eyebrow raised, gave me a dirty look. I took a third glass. You don't often get such good iced coffee.

Mrs. C. has taste in flower decoration. Tall vases of blue delphiniums were perfect against cream walls.

On a small table, there is a snapshot of her husband which reminded us that he is also a fisherman.

The name Viyella crops up on this page every so often like a recurring decimal. The reason is that William Hollins who make it, are always coming along with something that simply cries out to be told about.

Lots of news about clothes and fabrics doesn't mean a thing to the ordinary person. You can't get the stuff in England, or if you could, you couldn't afford it anyway. But anyone can get Viyella anywhere, quite inexpensively, and it is pleasant to know that Schiaparelli uses it too.

Well, the news is that nearly all the fancy thirty-six designs for the autumn have a plain Viyella to match, both being woven from the identical yarn after dyeing. Hence the match is absolutely perfect, and if that isn't one of life's minor godsends, I don't know what is.

The Hand and Nail Institute which cures all troubles like splitting nails, hard cuticles, blemishes—again I repeat myself, but again it is something worth repeating—has a new wax which you put on before your varnish to protect the varnish from the nails.

It is not that varnish is, in itself, harmful to nails, any more than make-up is harmful to the face. The trouble is that for the last few years women are never without nail varnish, so that the poor little nails never breathe. Think what you would be doing to your skin if you never took your make-up off. That is what most women do to their nails all the time.

So, when the nails are weakened from never getting any air, light or freedom, varnish, on its own without some line of defence, doesn't help. This wax is the line of defence, a first-rate one too.

Even the people whose livelihoods depend on selling you nail varnish advise you to take it off for a little time now and again.

Down in the country for a week-end, there was great excitement among the children, and the grown-ups too. Queen Mary was Sunday visiting nearby and would be actually passing our garden gate.

So we hung flags, and felt pleased at seeing royalty so close without any trouble to ourselves.

After Queen Mary went by, looking, as ever, the Queen of all Queens, magnificent, and somehow, heart stirring, I asked one of the boys, aged four, what he thought of her. I half expected the usual child disappointment that she had worn no crown.

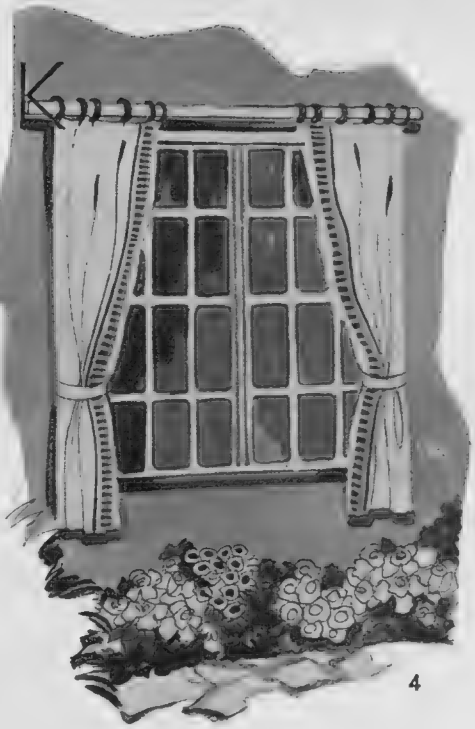
"She was beautiful," he said, "but she was a woman."

"What did you expect?" I said.

He looked down, his lip quivered. "I thought it was going to be a ship," he said.

Skippy, who became the world's dog sweetheart as "Asta" in *The Thin Man*, has just been playing Mr. Smith in the new Gracie Fields film *Keep Smiling.* When I talked with him at Pinewood he said: "Miss Loy in Hollywood and Miss Fields in Pinewood are my favourite motion picture stars. I like your English roast beef, your trees. I have nothing to say about the international situation. Dog actors are just as human as other dogs, with the same simple tastes."

BLINDS ARE BACK



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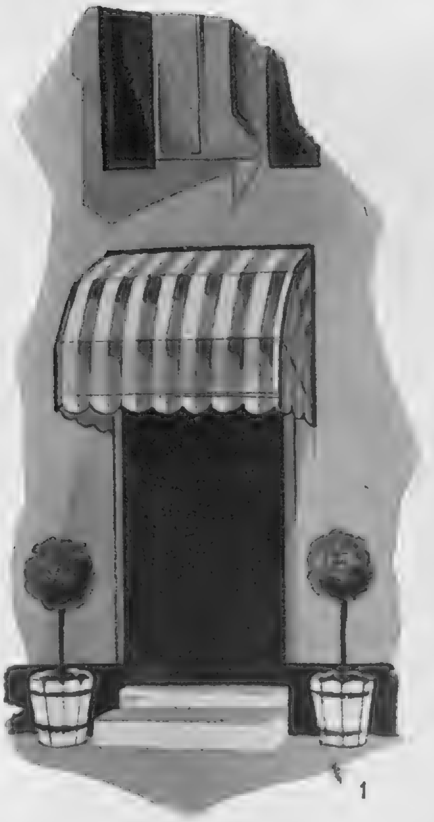


1

The tendency to drape windows for summer in cool, frilled organdies, delicately tinted ninon, and marquisette has given a new interest to blinds. In many cases, summer-time schemes dispense altogether with side curtains of heavier texture, using only the filmier stuffs, and in these cases some kind of blind to protect the furniture from sunlight and to act as a screen at night is essential.

The size and shape of the window is a deciding factor in the choice of indoor blinds, but in the case of a large sash or casement the Venetian blind is ideal. The practical qualities of this type of shade have become again more generally recognised of late and its decorative qualities speak for themselves.

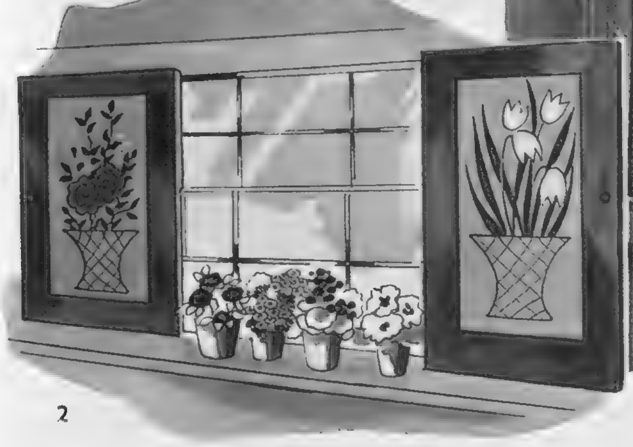
A Venetian blind in its modern interpretation is shown in the photograph on this page. Here, a large, deep window has chintz curtains of a bold pattern on a cherry-red ground. The blind is painted white to match the walls and threaded with cherry-red tape.

Venetian blinds are cool and healthy. They keep out the sun and admit the air. They can be painted to harmonise with any scheme or used in contrast to emphasise a beautiful curtain treatment.

The roller blind of glazed chintz is a charming finish to the window draped with net or ninon. Under the softly-hanging folds of the curtains the blind with a delicate flowered pattern is charming.

On the other hand, windows curtained in flowered chintz or cretonne have an increased interest when a roller blind of coloured linen is added. Even the familiar self-coloured linen blind takes a new lease of life when the lower edge is scalloped and finished with overlapping rows of coloured braid and a bright ball fringe.

Outdoor blinds have gained a lot recently by the wider use of brilliantly figured canvases. Amusing striped tickings suggest themselves for the type of outside sun-blind sketched at the top of the page, or again, plain canvas in a vivid colour with American-cloth edging.



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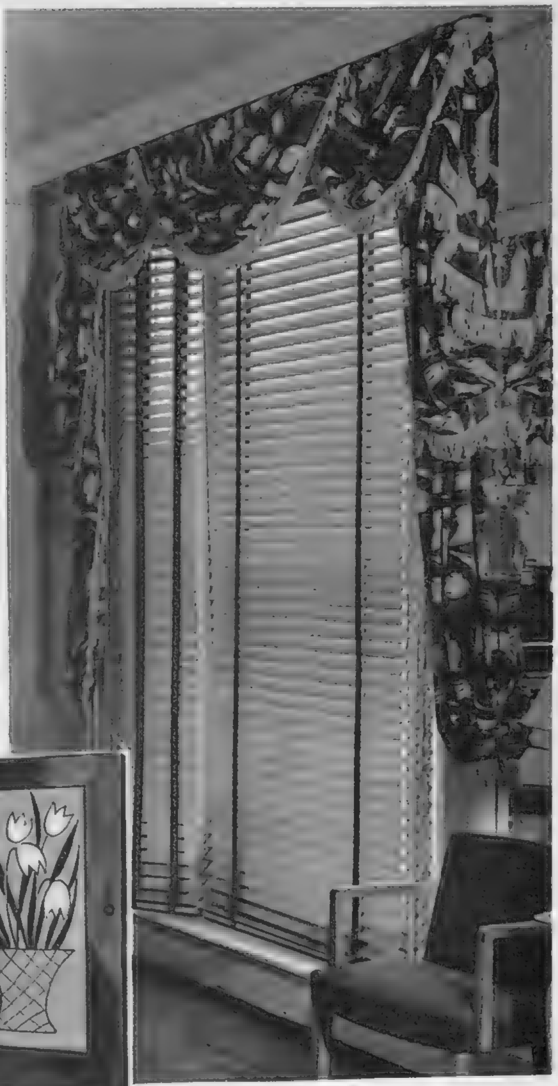

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The umbrella-shaped blind for doors and windows, one type of which is illustrated above, has definitely come to stay. These blinds can be fitted to windows, front doors, and French casements of all types. They give a definite character to the front of a house, are quite rigid and yet perfectly simple to operate.

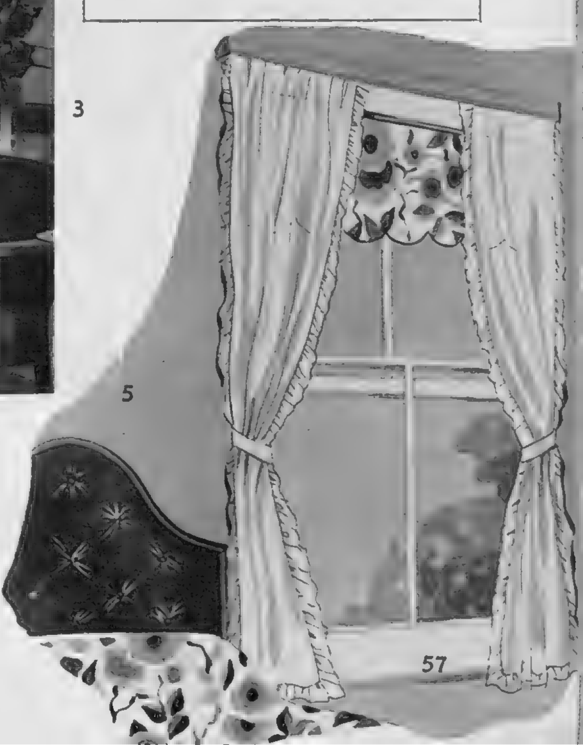
1. The best sun blind for windows and front doors is this umbrella shape, which is rigid yet easy to take up and down. Shades the door or window without obstructing the view.

2. In the country cottage, decorated shutters are a charming innovation and dispense with the need for curtains, leaving the view unobstructed.

3. Curtains of cherry red with a white pattern and a white fringed edge, drape this important window, which has white Venetian blinds threaded with cherry-red tape. Designed by Kent Danniels.

4. Simple but effective outdoor blind for a deep window or French casement. Striped canvas or plain, brilliantly coloured, is hung curtainwise on a painted wood pole and caught back when the sun is off the window.

5. A roller blind of heavy chintz makes a delightful contrast with frilled muslin or ninon curtains. The blind should match the bedcover or a chair.



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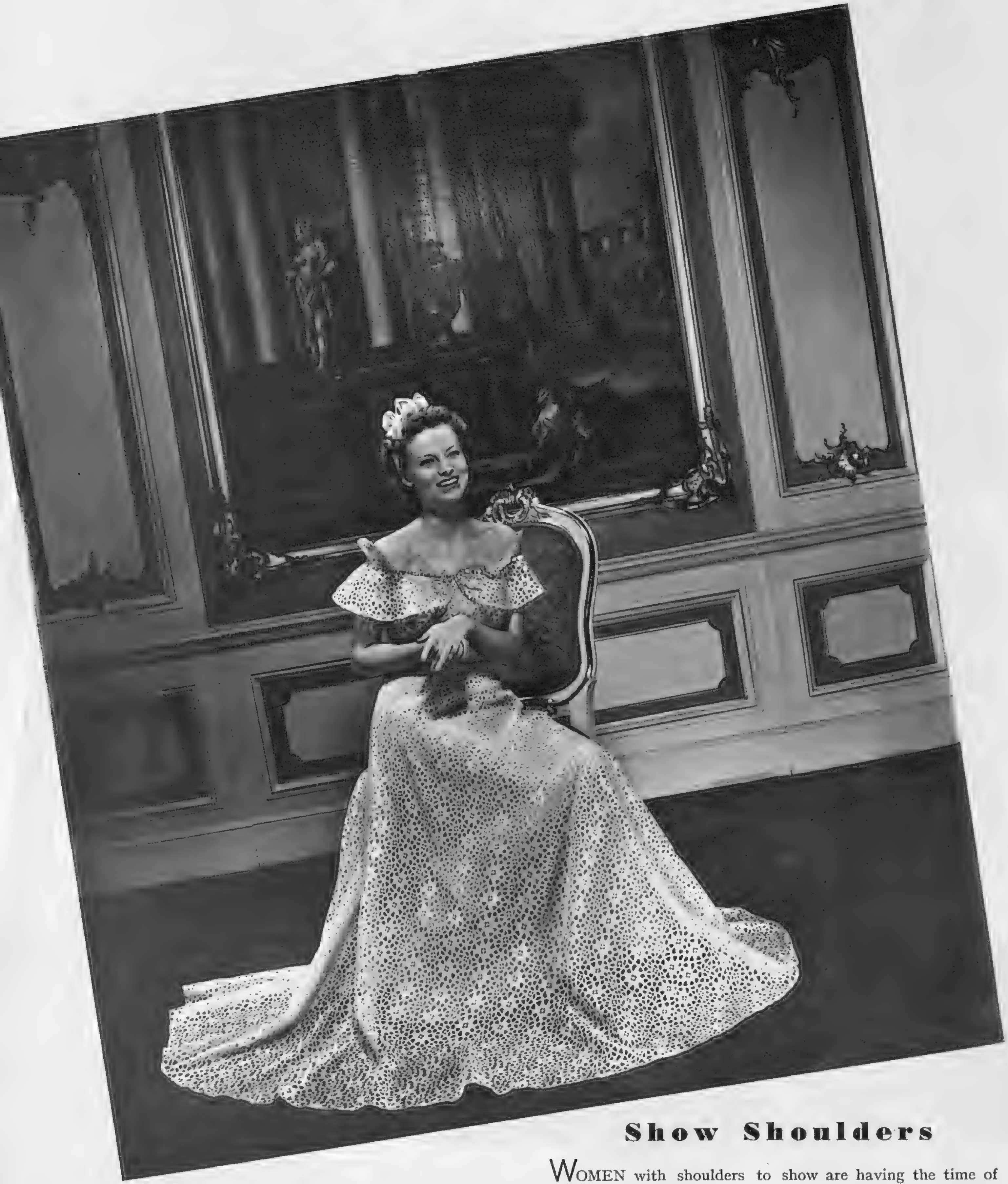
FASHIONS



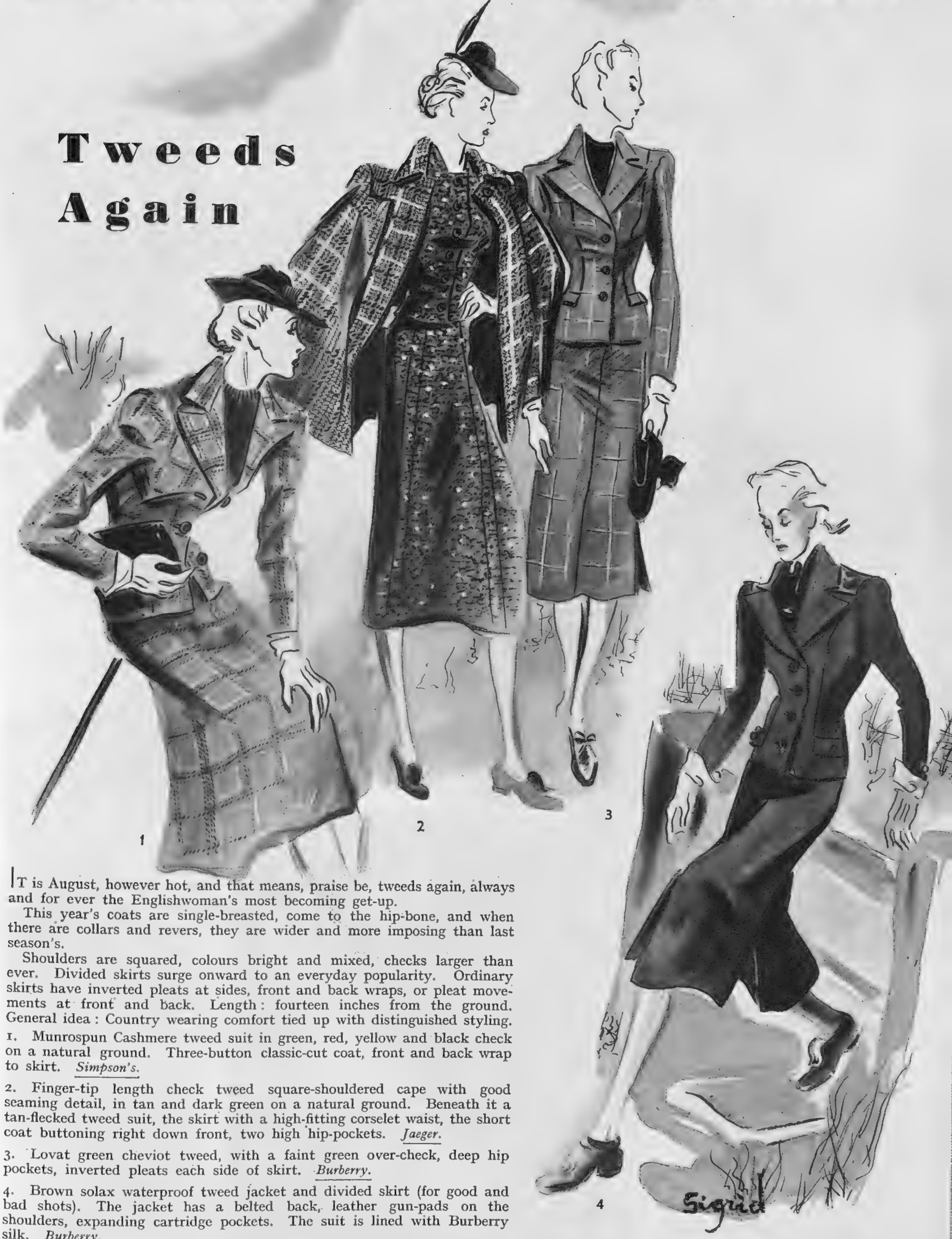
Show Shoulders

WOMEN with shoulders to show are having the time of their lives with this summer's evening gowns. Nothing looks so tender, so exquisite, so exciting as cream or tanned shoulders gleaming above lace, tulle, net, or other fragile fabrics. There is no evening-dress line in the world to touch it.

Here you see it at its most beautiful in white point de venise with a slow-moving shoulder frill to give still more flattery. Beneath the fichu and the narrow, gold-embroidered band and bow, is a tight bodice, a spreading skirt.

By Jean Burnup, Editor Women's Department

Tweeds Again



IT is August, however hot, and that means, praise be, tweeds again, always and for ever the Englishwoman's most becoming get-up.

This year's coats are single-breasted, come to the hip-bone, and when there are collars and revers, they are wider and more imposing than last season's.

Shoulders are squared, colours bright and mixed, checks larger than ever. Divided skirts surge onward to an everyday popularity. Ordinary skirts have inverted pleats at sides, front and back wraps, or pleat movements at front and back. Length: fourteen inches from the ground. General idea: Country wearing comfort tied up with distinguished styling.

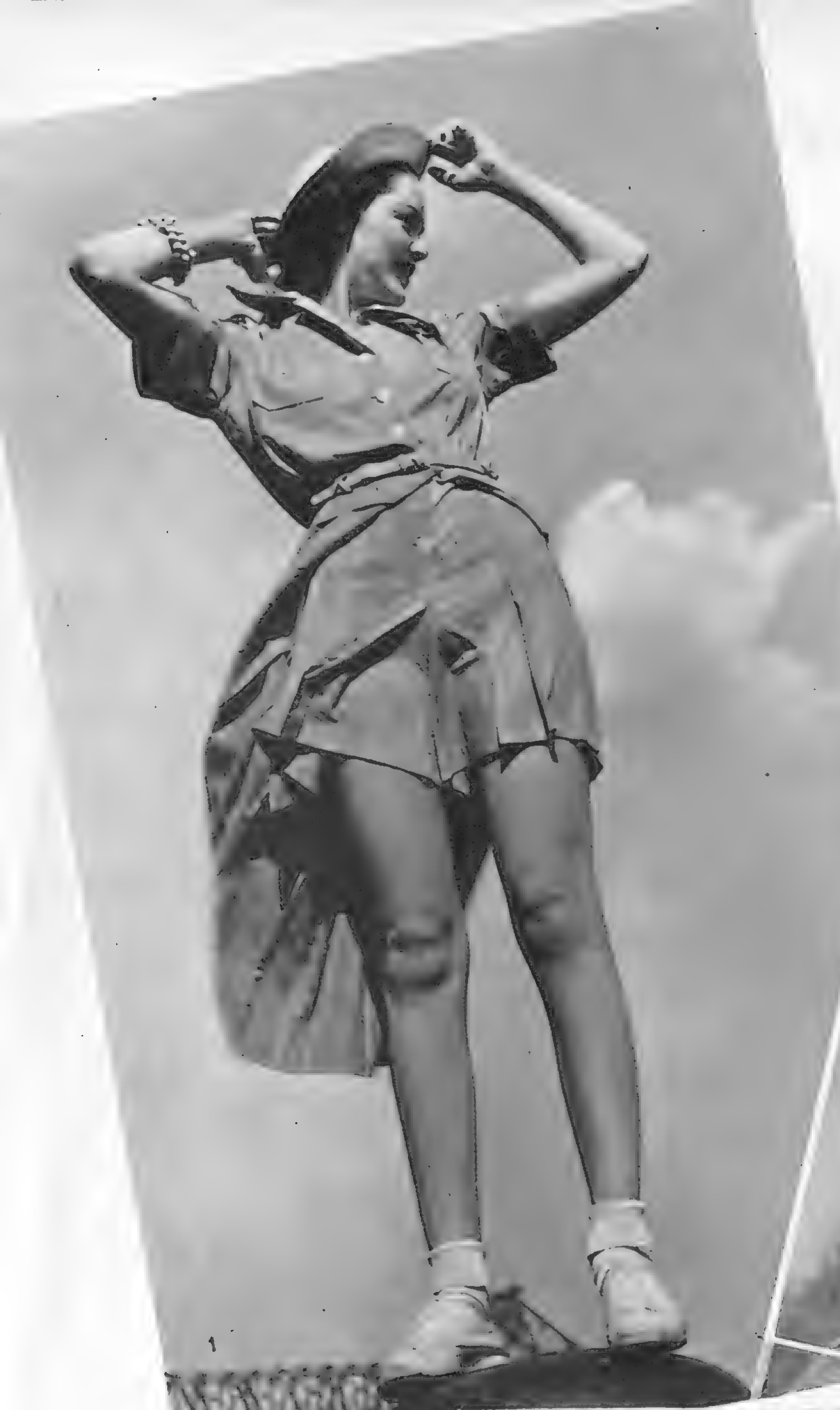
1. Munrospun Cashmere tweed suit in green, red, yellow and black check on a natural ground. Three-button classic-cut coat, front and back wrap to skirt. *Simpson's.*

2. Finger-tip length check tweed square-shouldered cape with good seaming detail, in tan and dark green on a natural ground. Beneath it a tan-flecked tweed suit, the skirt with a high-fitting corselet waist, the short coat buttoning right down front, two high hip-pockets. *Jaeger.*

3. Lovat green cheviot tweed, with a faint green over-check, deep hip pockets, inverted pleats each side of skirt. *Burberry.*

4. Brown solax waterproof tweed jacket and divided skirt (for good and bad shots). The jacket has a belted back, leather gun-pads on the shoulders, expanding cartridge pockets. The suit is lined with Burberry silk. *Burberry.*

PLAYING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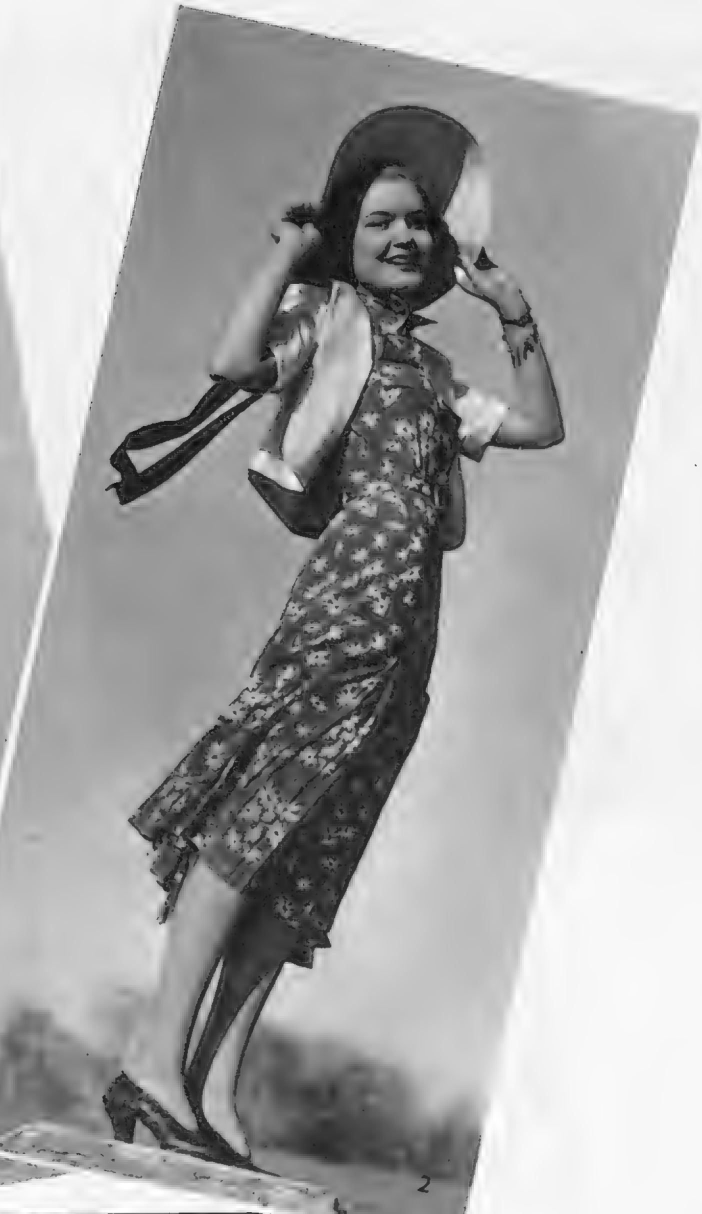
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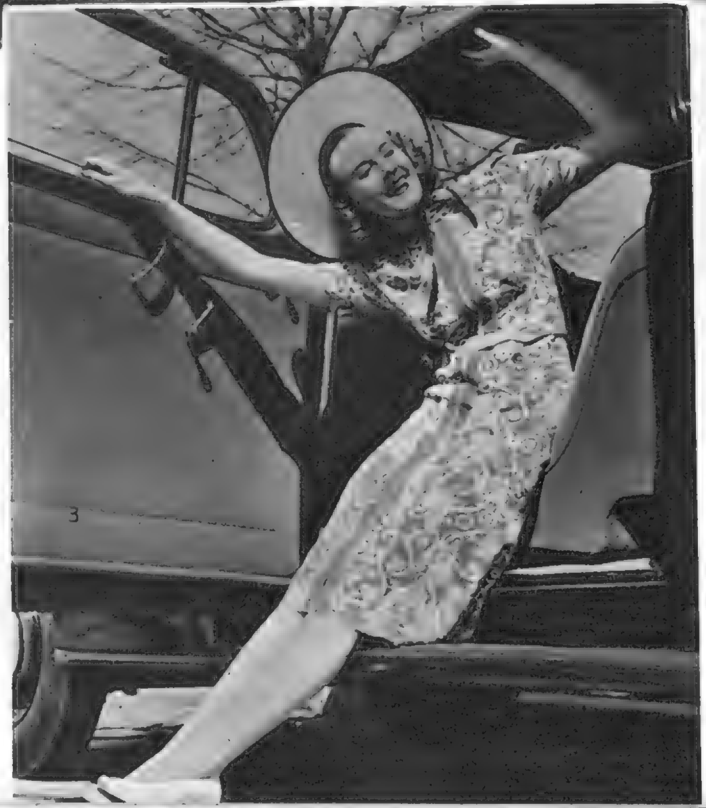
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1. *Queen of play-suits is the shirt and shorts one-piece, with a detachable wrap-around skirt. This one, in Tootal's crease-resisting linen, is apple-green with ivory buttons. Linen hat.*

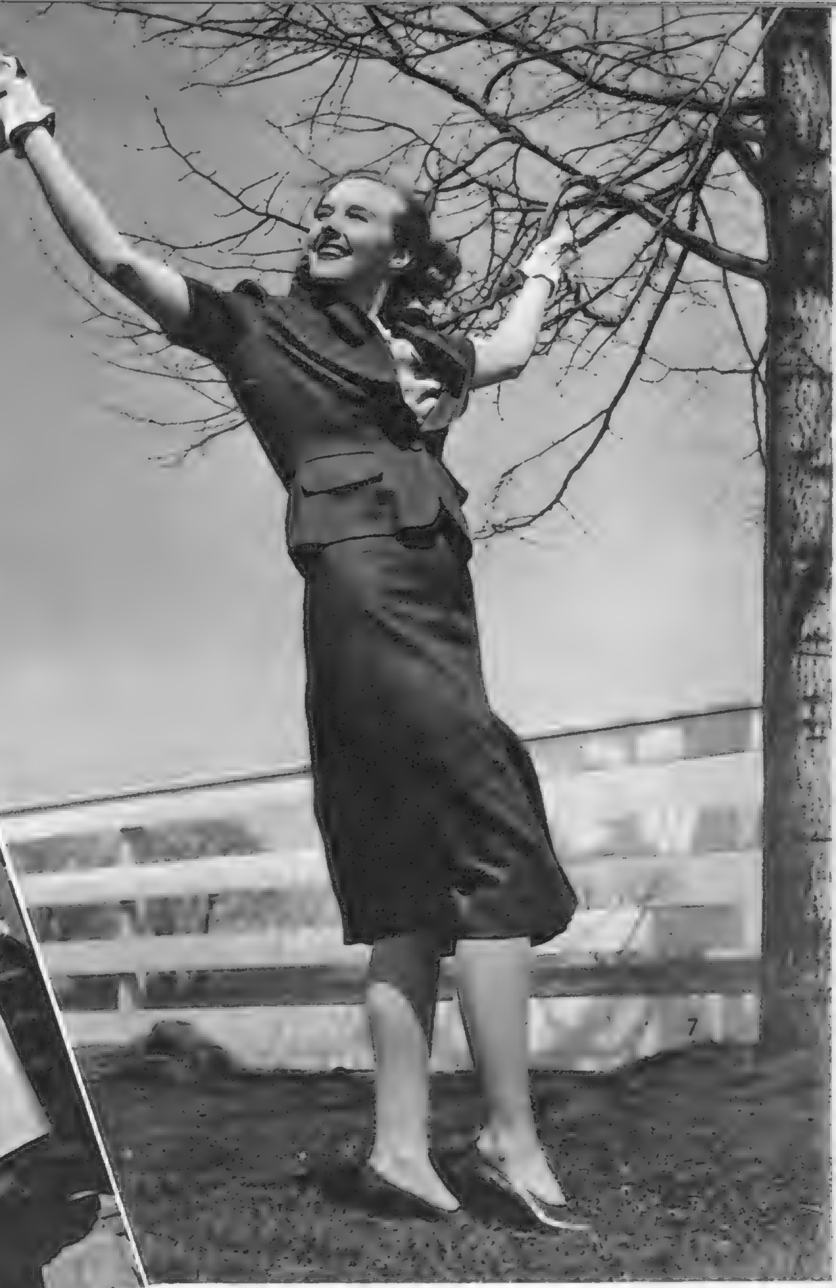
2. *Elegant for smart country jaunting, a pure silk flower-print, white on plum, a white silk linen bolero, a white straw hat, with plum ribbons.*

3. *Driving out of town for lunch. A cornflower blue, white-patterned linen dress, which zips from neck to hem, white belt. White chip straw off-the-face hat, tying beneath the chin with cornflower velvet ribbons.*

4. *White sail-cloth slacks, which hang like a dream. The bright yellow blouse, high throated, and zipping down back, proves that you needn't always wear a shirt with slacks.*

5. *This year you cannot get away from dirndls, although all but the very slim should never go near them. Chintz, striped like wallpaper, makes one with the traditional square neck and flap pocket. It buttons right down front.*

AROUND



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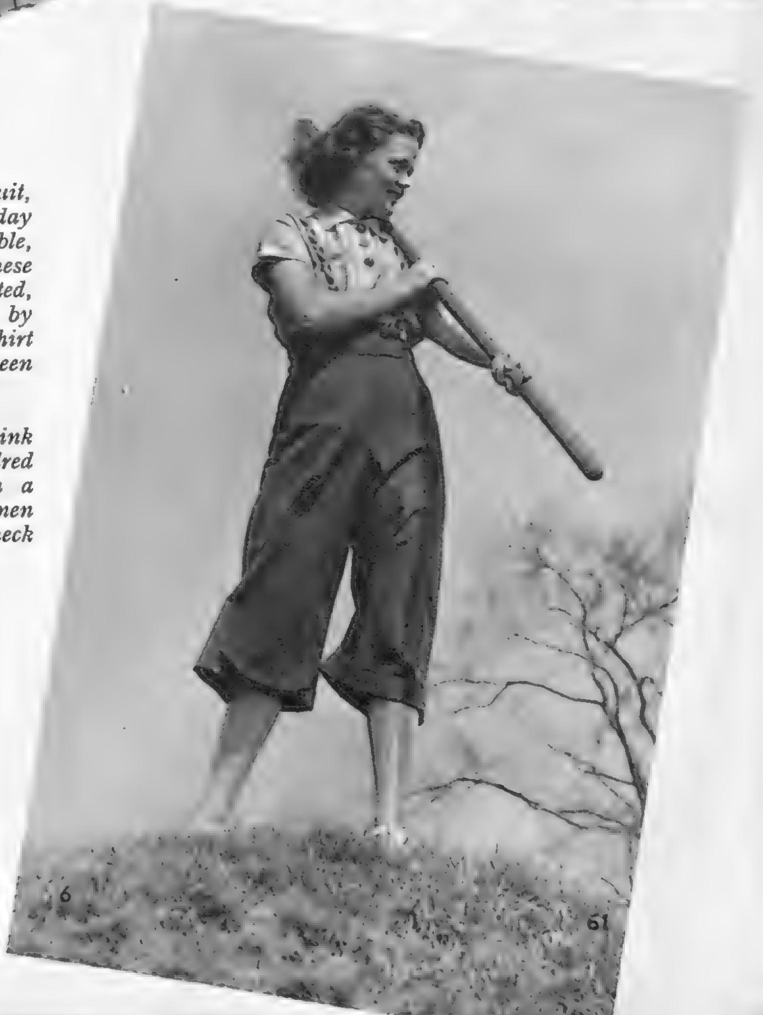
6. *Culottes, like play-suit, is a new summer holiday word. They are comfortable, practical, becoming. These are cocoa-brown worsted, and keep on easily by plaited braces. Green shirt with brown and green buttons.*

7. *Any woman can think of a dozen, a hundred occasions to wear such a suit as this, navy linen with a grey and navy check Viyella blouse.*



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GOING

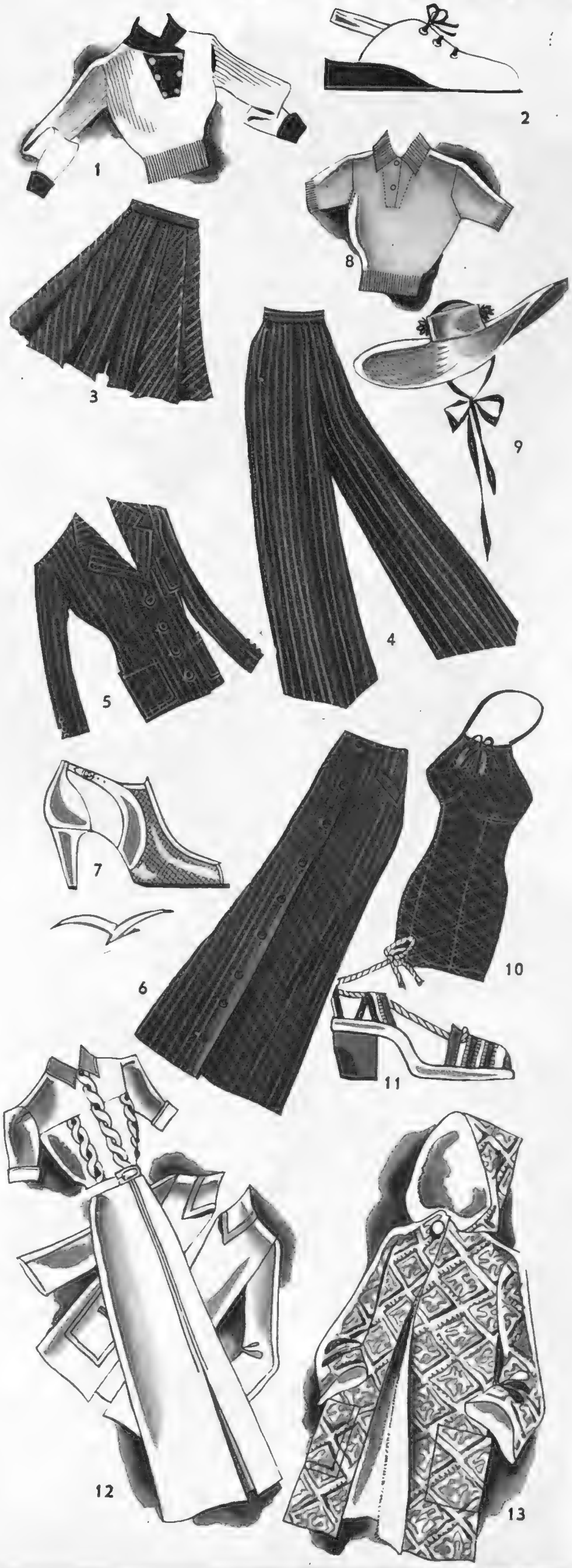
Pigskin passport-holder, with pockets for letters of credit, tickets, 9s. 6d. . . . Foreign money case, with many pockets for different monies, £1 1s. . . Coloured luggage-label, 9d.

If you require further details of anything on these pages, write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

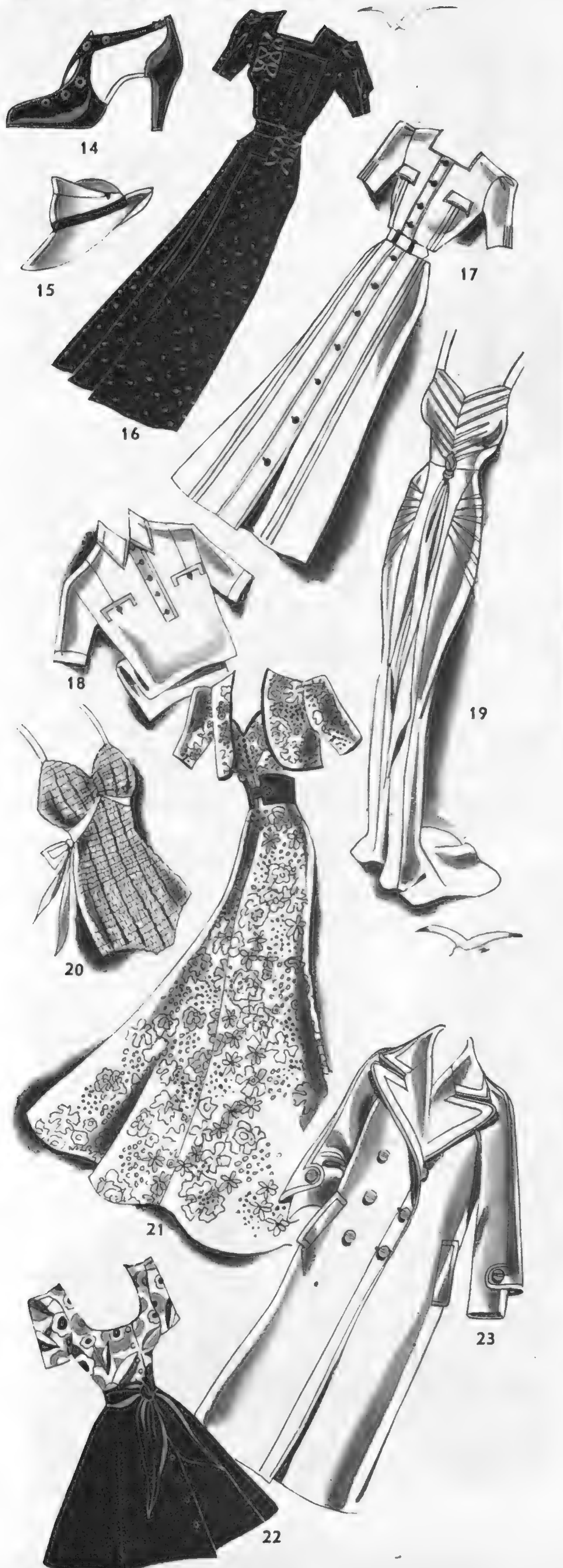
Coloured metal beauty-box, with two bottles, two pots, jewel compartment. 14s. 6d.

Rev Robe, hardly larger than a hat-box, with hangers for packing twelve dresses. No tissue required. Pocket in lid, £3 15s.

Blue globe-trotter light-weight composition suit-case, 28 inches long, £1 12s. 6d. Smaller case, 20 inches long, 23s.



AWAY



Figured Celanese toilet bag, fitted with face square, towel, lined with rubberised fabric. 3s. 11d. . . . . Toilet bag in glazed American cloth, fitted with face square, towel, soap, screw-top bottles and jars. 4s. 11d.

Nigger leatherette light-weight suit-case, lined with matching art silk and ruched pockets. 11s. 6d. Matching hat-box, 7s. 6d.

Holiday Outfit

1. White ribbed jersey with navy boxer's front, navy cuffs. 25s. 9d. *Jaeger.*

2. White linen shoes with navy wedge heels, navy laces. 8s. 11d. *Dolcis.*

3, 4, 5, 6. Pin stripe flannel shorts, 29s. 6d.; slacks, 39s. 6d.; jacket, £3 13s. 6d.; skirt, 30s. All obtainable in various colours; all interchangeable. *Jaeger.*

7. White crêpe evening shoes with fine mesh fronts. 12s. 11d. *Dolcis.*

8. Thin wool shirt (in many colours) with well-darted waist. 29s. 6d. *Jaeger.*

9. Kalutara straw beach hat, trimmed petersham ribbon, with square blocked crown. 10s., or, untrimmed, 3s. 6d. *Liberty.*

10. Lastex woven Jantzen bathing-suit with adjustable top; tie neck. Various colours and designs. 29s. 6d. *Lillywhites.*

11. Cotton crochet sandals, crêpe soled with shaped wooden rubber-tipped heels. 6s. 11d. *Dolcis.*

12. Heavy linen pale-green dress with scroll design trimming bodice, £5 19s. 6d. Hip-length matching coat, with two pockets. £3 3s. *Liberty.*

13. Terry towel lined printed cotton beach coat in plum and white. £2 2s. *Lillywhites.*

14. Navy linen shoes with white eyelet holes. 8s. 11d. *Dolcis.*

15. High tucked front to petersham trimmed felt hat. 30s. *Lillywhites.*

16. Navy crêpe dress, with white polka dots, trimmed bows and pleats. £6 6s. *Liberty.*

17. Tootal linen dress with stitched pleats from sham pockets, buttoning down front. White and other colours. 35s. *Lillywhites.*

18. Panama cotton shirt, in many colours. 12s. 6d. *Lillywhites.*

19. Cyclamen (or jade or turquoise) crêpe evening dress, with low back buttoning down into flare of skirt. Slight train. £9 19s. 6d. *Liberty.*

20. Telescopic bathing-suit in blue cotton with plum stripe. £1 1s. *Lillywhites.*

21. Printed linen evening dress and bolero in blues, greens and pinks on natural ground. Wide belt and all binds in deep blue. £3 13s. 6d. *Liberty.*

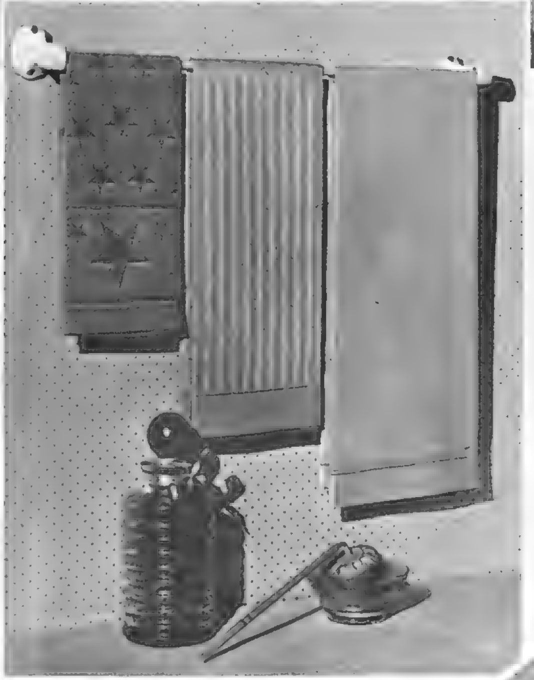
22. Glazed cotton play-suit, with royal skirt, low-necked top printed in yellows, red and green, lined blue stockinette, with separate pants. £3 3s. *Lillywhites.*

23. Travel-coat in natural wool and cashmere. Deep stitched seam to centre back, half-lined. £6 6s. *Studd and Millington.*

THE BATHROOM:

Its Decoration And Accessories

Simple but efficient bathroom with blue composite floor, white tile dado and blue high-gloss paint above. The bath is white with a blue marbled surround.



Towels are decorative and practical. On the left is a guest towel with self-coloured star design. All pastel shades, 1/9½. Size 14 × 22 (Centre) Linen towel in pastel colours with self-stripe, 2/9½. Size 18 × 32. (Right) Plain colour linen towel with five rows of coloured cord stitching, 2/11½. Size 22 × 38

Fashion in bathroom decoration changes slowly. In the average house the bathroom is too small to allow of much experimentation in the decorative scheme, so the aim is to be effective and pretty but not eccentric.

Within the space generally available colour is the most effective means of creating interest, with accessories as a helpful second.

Coloured porcelain fittings have made the problem of prettying-up the bathroom a much simpler one. By having bath and lavatory-basin the same colour as the walls, the small bathroom appears much less crowded—these fixtures melting into the background, as it were.

A delicate pastel background seems ideal for the average home. Unusual colour contrasts, in the way of accessories, can be relied on to give the stimulus that may perhaps be lacking in a conventional background such as pale blue, pink or yellow.

Cherry-red against soft pink walls and fittings is good. A black rubber floor-covering with this combination gives an increased "punch" without seeming too eccentric for a small space.

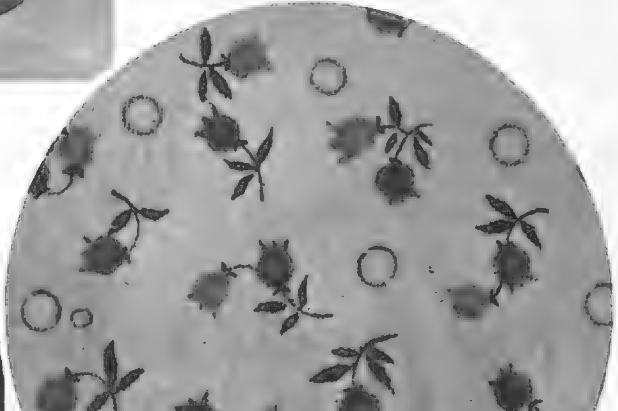
With pale blue walls and fittings, fuchsia or violet is a charming contrast. Deep violet oil-silk curtains give an added delicacy to walls and fittings of pale china-blue. Towels and other accessories should be Parma violet, trimmed with the deeper shade.

Curtain materials for bathroom use are both amusing and pretty now. Plain and figured oil-silks and printed rubber fabrics are very popular, but printed towelling is even newer.

This colourful and practical stuff is used for bath-gowns and curtains and can be had in the brightest flower designs from 2/11 per yard up to 10/- per yard for Terry towelling with exclusive designs.

High-gloss paint for the walls of the small bathroom is advisable when tile or synthetic marble finishes are impossible. The hard, tile-like surface of a high-gloss paint increases resistance to damp and makes the wall as easy to wash over as a tiled one. Moreover, the mirror-like surface gives a greater depth to the surface of the walls and makes the room seem larger.

White tiling is still very much used in the small bathroom and leaves little room for inspiration in the way of colour effects, but this uncompromising background can be made more interesting by introducing a two-colour contrast. Red and black is always effective against a white background, and puce and black is another good combination with white.



Towelling with coloured flower designs is charming for bathroom curtains.

(Left) Hand-painted lotion bottles. Prices, 1/3½ and 1/6½. Postage extra.

(Right) Hand-painted glass pots for the bathroom-shelf. Prices, 1/3, 1/6 and 2/-. The tallest is 2½" high. Postage extra.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

With summer salads goes mayonnaise, and with mayonnaise comes drips on the table damask, organdie mats. And there is cream, too, that's a champion dripper. But we can now say good-bye to all that, for someone has invented a drip-proof jug that is decorative enough to grace any table. Being made of clear glass with coloured composition handle and a bright metal top, it will not clash with the rest of the appointments.

To pour, you simply press a spring handle and the metal cap slides from the mouth of the jug. Having helped yourself, you release the spring and the cover snaps back into place. Simplicity itself, and nothing to get out of order. Moreover, the contents are protected from flies, wasps and dust.

These jugs come in various types and sizes. Most useful for general purposes being the three-quarter pint household model, price 5s. And if the glass jug "breaks in me 'and, mum," a new one, minus lid, can be obtained.

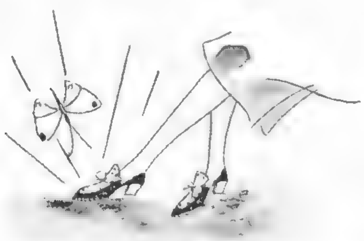
For years, now, I have been keeping somewhat messy little pots filled with damp rock salt in my bathroom. I have cried aloud for salt when staying in hotels. I have made a nuisance of myself in other people's houses over my salt complex. And all because I was brought up to believe that salt was the finest thing in the world for tooth and gum.

I still believe in salt, because I have proved its worth. But it certainly made life difficult for me. Now, I hear that a well-known purveyor of table salt and kindred preparations, has upped and made a salt tooth paste, and I am grateful.

In case you are one of those people who hasn't got a mouth trained to salt like mine, I hasten to add that the salty flavour is slight but the goodness is all there. The paste is refreshing and stimulating. Try rubbing it on the gums. It leaves them pink and shining like a child's. Not the least of the attractions of this new tooth polisher, is the tube in which it comes. It has a key to wind it up instead of squeezing the end and it will obligingly stand on its head on the shelf or can be hung up by the key. Price 6d. and 1s.

Everyone at home admired my dazzling new brown and white spectator sports shoe, with its high tongue front and liberal pepper-pot punching. Everyone that is to say, except the housemaid whose job it was to clean them.

I complained, you see, that she had smudged their virgin whiteness with brown polish. She gave me a look which said more plainly than any words: "Do 'em yourself." So I did. At least I tried. But I found that as fast as I got the white white, the brown part got white too, and as fast as I got the brown brown, the white got a smear of polish. Oh dear.



Then someone told me about a new shoe shine that works on the fountain pen principal, with a self-filling applicator. It comes in white and colours and is the grandest device ever thought up for two-colour shoes. Bootboys the world over should erect a monument to its inventor. Price is 6d. and 1s. complete with applicator.

By Mary Young

If a fairy godmother came along and offered you three wishes and only one of these could be a beauty wish, what would you choose? A nose like Helen of Troy? A skin like a peach? Beautiful hair?

Well, we all have our own ideas about what makes glamour. I would plump for long eyelashes. No face that can boast lashes which make dark frondy shadows on the cheeks can ever be called plain, whatever its age may be.

Cosmetics cannot give the same effect as natural long lashes. Unfortunately, the growing of them (and it *can* be done) needs time and patience. That is why I got all het up when I tried out a cream which just halves the length of the process.

It is a dark cream and you wear it day and night. No need for mascara, for it gives the lashes a lovely dark sweep, and all the time it is feeding and stimulating their growth. A spot brushed on to the eyebrows will keep them flat and glossy. Yes. As well as its growing powers, definitely an asset to good grooming, is this eyelash cream.

The economics of packing for a holiday demand that practically everything in the bag is chosen because of its versatility. This goes for faces as well as for clothes.

One simply cannot pack a whole beauty shop. And who wants to? On my holiday this year (it is a touring-by-car-abroad one) I am taking only one preparation for cleansing, massage and powder base. It is a new oil.

Now oil is grand for English skins which have a lot to put up with in our climate, and this particular oil, besides keeping the skin lubricated, is a really remarkable cleansing agent.

It seems to vanish into the pores, but when you run cotton wool over your face afterwards, it tells a travel-stained tale that will surprise you.

This oil is being used with such enormous success in a West End beauty parlour, that the proprietors have decided to sell it in stores and chemists. Price 3s. 6d.

Housework, they tell me is good for the figure. Making beds slims the waist; sweeping floors and dusting the tops of things gives you that two-way stretch exercise so necessary to the streamline. But housework gives me a backache, a headache, and a heartache. And of all jobs, I think that sweeping out a room full of furniture is the worst.

Well, here's all about a new broom that not only sweeps surprisingly clean but is as flexible as a parrot's neck. I mean to say it can twist its head right round and look at you if necessary. It is so nosey it nuzzles into corners and swoops round and under the chesterfield and the piano.

The secret is the swivel joint which attaches the broom to the stick. Another bright thought is the detachable socket half-way up which, when unscrewed, turns the broom into a short-handled brush.

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

THE CHEAPEST WAY TO FURNISH

An unpolished oak tallboy surmounted by a simple mirror and a thirty-year-old easy chair with a smart loose cover are, without the divan bed, the sole furnishing of this pretty, small bedroom

To a few people comes the privilege of making a home as they want it with cost as a secondary matter, but to most the cost is the ruling factor and homemaking becomes a matter of having what they can afford rather than what they would like.

For my part, I find the query, "Which is the cheapest way to furnish?" about the most familiar of all. Married people starting in their first flat, country cottage and seaside bungalow owners all ask it. "Can we furnish cheaply and yet have a home we can ask our friends to?"

I say, "Yes."

You require a certain amount of optimism and the ability to concentrate on essentials. But with these and a tendency to avoid hackneyed effects you have what it takes to make a charming home from next to nothing.

It is wise to fix on comfort as the keynote of your home when it can't be glamour. The outstanding fault of so many low-budget homes is in the unbalanced scaling of costs, with the result that comfort is sacrificed to effect.

Undersized, uneasy chairs; miniature dining-tables that make a penance of meals; cheap beds. These are the scourge of the cheaply furnished home. However drastically one is obliged to cut down on other things to allow for it, these items should be commodious and comfortable. There is absolutely no compromise in this connection.

Cosy lounge chairs can be had inexpensively from the best makers. Elaborate upholstery puts the price up, but plain lining covers are cheaper and only need a smart loose cover to make the chair beautiful.

A good, comfortable spring interior divan makes the best and most economical bed. A good one can be

Top Left:
Bold stripes live at ease with the simple furnishings of the inexpensively furnished room. Horizontal stripes in brown, turquoise and peach against a peach wall give breadth to this narrow room. The floor is fitted with "Geebo Cord" matting

Left:
Black and white "Geebo Cord" matting is used as floor covering in this simple room with white walls and black and white stripe curtains. This cord matting is fast to light, lays flat and can be washed in plain water

By Winifred Lewis

Vivid colour schemes lend themselves naturally to the very simple settings that are inevitable with low-cost furnishing schemes. They are, in fact, advisable since they give that stimulant quality that conceals furnishing defects.

Folk weave fabrics are colourful and marvellously cheap. Striped ticking and the prettier deck-chair canvases make excellent loose covers and curtains and have the honour to be favoured just now in the most costly schemes though they are so cheap.

The very simplicity of the furniture in the minimum budget home allows fuller scope in the use of colour and accessories. Painted floorboards, brilliant earthenware crockery, boldly striped and flowered fabrics that one might hesitate to use in other circumstances are permissible and, if well chosen, charming companions for whitewood or painted furniture.

When working to a narrow budget it is essential to eliminate extraneous detail. Concentrate resources upon the main issues. Paint your canvas with bold strokes, as it were, and don't compromise. Nothing will conceal the simplicity of your home, so let simplicity be as charming as it can.

Honey colour walls and paintwork with bright curtains and bedspread of daffodil yellow and green make a charming setting for the whitewood furniture

had for about five pounds. Headboards cost around fifteen shillings extra according to size and wood, but this can be dispensed with or made at home with plywood and painted.

Painted furniture is an excellent stand-by for the low-cost furnishing scheme. Whitewood painted professionally or at home can be charming. The amateur painting of furniture has been made simple by the many good cellulose paints now made with that object in view.

It should be understood that whitewood furniture is a term which covers a variety of qualities. The cheapest which is hardly stronger than matchwood and indifferently made is in a different class entirely from the better quality. Columbia pine, for instance, is durable, generally well finished and attractively styled.

This pine furniture can be left in its natural state or treated with a good wax polish in which case it compares very favourably in appearance with natural oak.

Prices of this class of whitewood furniture vary as to style and finish, but a well-finished Columbia pine dressing-table with four drawers costs from twenty-five to thirty shillings. A small wardrobe may be anything from twenty-nine and six to thirty-two and sixpence, and a tallboy approximately the same price.

Unpolished oak pieces of the same size and design cost on an average about ten shillings more per item.

Floor coverings call for some ingenuity if costs are to be kept low. In the minimum furnishing scheme carpets are an extravagance and linoleum, for all its practical qualities, is hardly a comfortable substitute. But fibre cord matting is, and has grown very rapidly to popularity because of this and its attractive effect as a background to simple furniture.

Plain colours, large and small checks and plain two-colours effects are equally delightful in their way. This matting is now very widely used for staircarpet, fitted carpets or as carpet squares. It costs four and ninepence a square yard, twenty-seven inches wide, and can be made up into rugs and carpets of any size.

Top Right:

An example of the Finnish bentwood furniture now so popular. In spite of its formal design this furniture is extremely comfortable and takes up a minimum of space

Right:

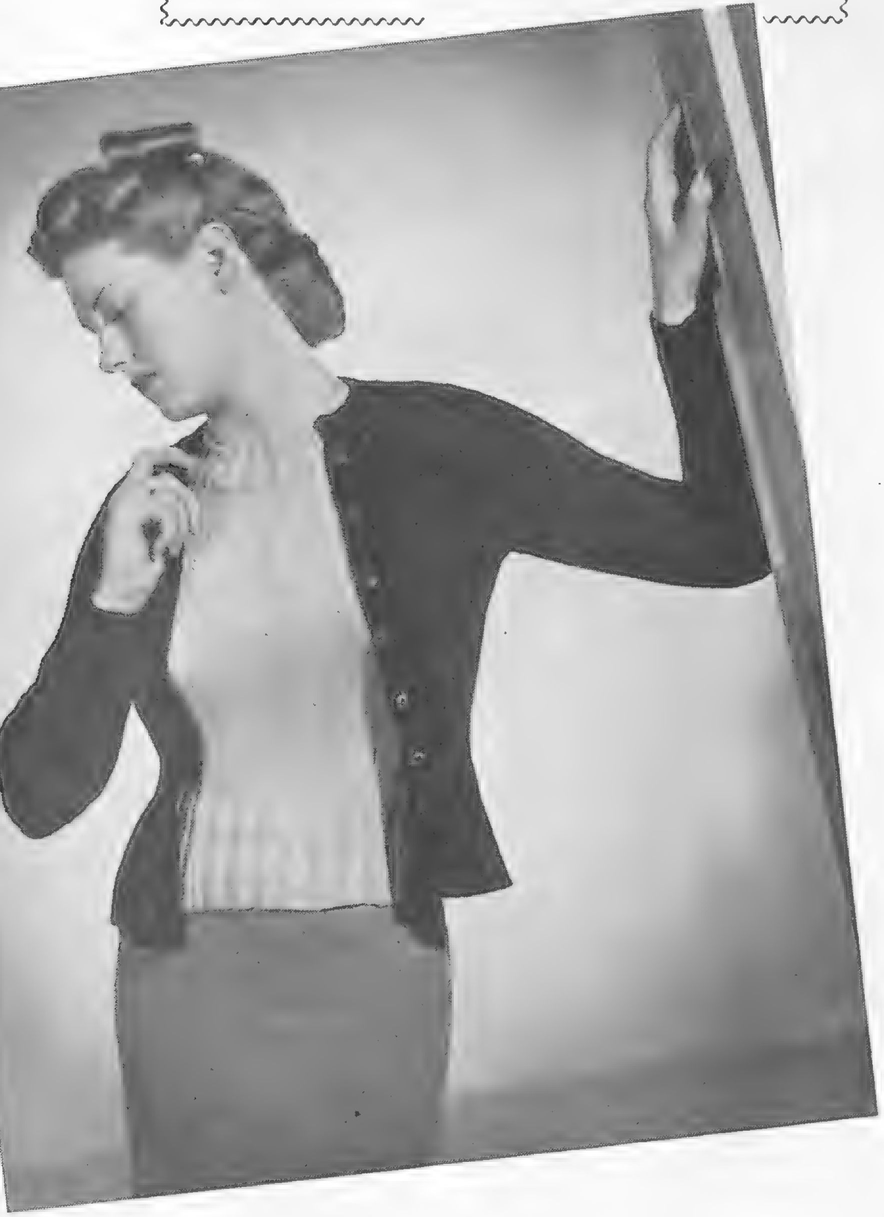
This is a carpenter's bench with a coloured canvas top and a disguising "petticoat" of crisp check gingham to match the curtains

BROWN CARDIGAN, YELLOW SWEATER

MATERIALS REQUIRED
8 ozs. 4-ply Ramada Super Fingering.
5 ozs. 3-ply Ramada Super Fingering.
9 buttons.
1 pair No. 8, 1 pair No. 9 and 1 pair No. 12 Stratnoid Pins.

MEASUREMENTS
Length from shoulder, 20½ ins., 19½ ins.
Across underarm back, 17 ins., 17 ins.
Across underarm fronts, 9½ ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 22½ ins., 8 ins.
Tension for No. 8 pins; approximately 13 sts. to 2 ins.
Tension for No. 9 pins; approximately 7 sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS
K. knit; p. purl; sts. stitches; inc. increase; dec. decrease; tog. together; beg. beginning; pat. pattern; rep. repeat.



CARDIGAN

BACK

With No. 8 pins and 4-ply wool, cast on 112 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Continue in following rib : *1st row :* K. 2, * p. 4, k. 4; rep. from * ending k. 2. *2nd row:* P. 2, * k. 4, p. 4; rep. from * ending p. 2. These 2 rows form pat. Work until 5 ins. from start. Change to No. 12 pins. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 8 pins. Work until 13½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Work 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS

With No. 8 pins cast on 64 sts. Work as for back until 13½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 5 armhole end rows. Work 4½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 20 sts. at neck edge. Work 2½ ins. on remaining sts., dec. 1 st. every row at neck edge until 24 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. every armhole end row 3 times. Work another front with shaping at opposite edge.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 pins cast on 56 sts. Rib 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Work ½ in. pat. Change to No. 8 pins and work until 18½ ins. from start, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 88 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 pins cast on 10 sts. Rib 1 in. k. 1, p. 1.

Make buttonhole : Rib 3, cast off 4, rib 3. *Next row :* Rib 3, cast on 4, rib 3.

Make further buttonholes 2¼ ins. apart. Work until 18 ins. from start. Cast off. Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

NECK EDGING

With No. 12 pins cast on 10 sts. Rib ½ in. k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole as for front strip. Work until 13 ins. from start. Cast off.

SWEATER

BACK

With No. 9 pins and 3-ply wool, cast on 120 sts. Rib as for Cardigan for 4 ins. Change to No. 12 pins and work as follows (right side facing) :

1st row : P. 2 (k. 4, p. 4 ten times), (k. 2, p. 2 nine times), (p. 4, k. 4 ten times), p.2.

2nd row : K. 2 (p. 4, k. 4 ten times), p. 36 (k. 4, p. 4 ten times), k. 2.

3rd row : P. 2 (k. 4, p. 4 ten times), (p. 2, k. 2 nine times), (p. 4, k. 4 ten times), p. 2.

4th row : As 2nd. Repeat these 4 rows until 6 ins. from start. Change to No. 9 pins and work all sts. in main pat. (as for centre panel) until 12 ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Work 3½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 40, cast off 16, work 40. Work on each 40 sts. for 3½ ins., casting off 2 sts. every neck edge row until 20 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. every armhole end row twice. Work front as back.

SLEEVES

With No. 9 pins cast on 88 sts. Rib as for Cardigan for 2 ins. Continue in main pat. until 4½ ins. from start. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

YOKE

With No. 9 pins cast on 224 sts. Rib as for welt for ¾ in. Dec. as follows (right side facing) :

P. 2, * k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 1; rep. from * ending p. 2 tog. (168 sts.). Work ½ in. Change to No. 12 pins. Work until 2 ins. from start. Cast off tightly in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew yoke to neck of jumper. Sew front strips and neck edging to neck of cardigan. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

SHE IS GOING TO HAVE A BABY

By Louisa Kay

The time of waiting for her child to be born is one of emotional stress for the least neurotic of women. This, more especially, in the case of a first pregnancy.

A condition which deprives her, temporarily at least, of self-reliance; the consciousness of an inexorable force leading her on to a crisis in which she is the helpless instrument of creation must foster a feeling of insecurity, not perhaps consciously identified with fear.

In the case of a first child ignorance of what is to come emphasises this state of mind. An increasing helplessness naturally prompts the young expectant mother to draw more and more upon the confident support of those more experienced than herself.

The psychological value of this mental underpinning cannot be over-estimated. At the birth the necessary support is provided by doctor and nurse from whose skill and sympathy the patient derives her own confidence, but throughout the months of waiting this stimulus to composure is often lacking or, still more often, provided by councillors more willing than qualified.

Nine months of anticipation produces many problems both practical and emotional of which a smooth, commonsense solution is vital to a woman's peace of mind.

If she is inexperienced every aspect of her pregnancy has its anxieties. The economic, the psychological and the strictly practical one of preparation. Some she can take to her doctor or nurse, but not all.

That a commercial undertaking should exist which takes not only a specialised but a sincerely sympathetic interest in the needs attendant upon this time of ordeal for women is a discovery of real interest.

London has many places where such requirements are catered for in the ordinary sense of trading but only one where the interest in children and the welfare of the expectant mother are studied with an honesty of attitude and a sympathetic co-operation which goes beyond the interests of mere commerce.

At this shop the expectant mother can, with complete confidence, place her practical problems in the hands of women skilled in their knowledge of the requirements of the period of waiting and every detail of preparation for the event and shrewdly aware of the psychological reactions of the pregnant woman.

To take only one aspect of preparation for the new baby—the economic, uncertainty may be felt as to how much should be spent on particular items of equipment or where economy can safely and wisely be exercised. Unbiased yet thoroughly knowledgeable advice in this connection is difficult to obtain, but it is freely given at the Treasure Cot Company.

For many years the directorate have pursued a policy of uncompromising service. Without any absurd assumption of heroism, they point out that the very solid structure of their business has been built upon this determination never to regard the immediate profit at the expense of the customer's confidence.

The result of this uncommon foresight is that the expectant mother may take advice from them on any subject relevant to equipment for herself and the child confident that she will be quite as earnestly discouraged from buying the wrong thing as she will be wisely advised in her selection of the right.

Prospective fathers, beset with any anxieties in connection with the comfort and peace of mind of their wives or with the outlay of money for the event, are welcomed by a male director, himself a father and a psychologist. His advice on matters both psychological and practical about which the average man can be expected to know nothing is at times invaluable.

Knowing the psychological value to the pregnant woman of a neat and attractive appearance he will, if necessary, suggest ways and means of saving on other purchases to include this essential concession to poise.

The woman herself is initiated in the art of dressing to disguise the inequalities of her figure, stimulated to a revival of interest in her appearance and encouraged to enjoy life.

Layettes, surgical requirements, dresses and underclothes designed to adapt themselves to every stage of pregnancy and afterwards can be chosen with the help of assistants who are genuinely preoccupied with the comfort and well-being of their clients.

Skilled advisers are available to fit and advise upon supporting belts or maternity corsets of exactly the right character for individual needs.

The whole atmosphere of the shop is one of friendly and skilled co-operation.

Better Cooking

By A. H. Adair

Eating In The Grand Manner

There is really no need to pig it because you are having a picnic meal out of doors. Whether it is a grand affair with real food, knives, forks and servants or a simple sandwich affair, you should have varied foods and amusing drinks.

I am giving suggestions for both kinds of alfresco meal and will start with some dishes suitable for a picnic in the grand manner.

Salade Panachée

Chivers macedoine of vegetables, half a pound of tomatoes.
Paysandu ox tongue.
Fillets of anchovies.
Heinz salad cream.

This excellent salad would be served as hors d'œuvre for an elaborate picnic meal or could be the main dish at a smaller one. Have a large bowl and put in the contents of a tin of Chivers macedoine of vegetables, thoroughly drained.

Take a small tin of filleted anchovies, drain off the oil and cut the fillets in small pieces.

Two large slices of Paysandu ox tongue cut in strips, the tomatoes cut in slices are also mixed with the rest. Cover the bowl with grease-proof paper and when you arrive at the appointed place, dress with Heinz salad cream which you have brought separately.

Mousse of Ham and Tongue

One pound of meat (half lean ham, half Paysandu ox tongue).
One onion, salt, pepper, paprika, gelatine.
A glass of sherry, a teacupful of béchamel sauce.
Half a pint of cream, butter.

Peel and chop an onion and cook it very slowly in a little butter so that it is quite soft without browning too much. Take the lean ham and tongue, mince it and pound it and add to the onion with very little salt, pepper, a good pinch of paprika and the glass of sherry.

Mix all this over the fire and now add a teacupful of béchamel sauce (white sauce made with butter, flour, milk, salt, pepper and nutmeg). Cook for a few minutes, stirring well, pass the mixture through a sieve, return to a clean saucepan and bring to the boil.

Now add six thin sheets of gelatine melted in a little cold water and stir thoroughly. Meanwhile, you have whipped the cream stiffly. Pour in the hot mixture, stirring well, put into a mould and put in the refrigerator to get thoroughly cold.

Serve with a few slices of ham and tongue and the following :

Salade Germaine

One small tin of Chivers green peas.
Two lettuces, Heinz salad cream.

The best thing is to take the tin of peas and the salad cream separately, also the lettuce leaves prepared at home. Remove the outside leaves, break up the good inside ones and wash them in cold water, but do not leave them for more than five minutes in the water.

Remove them, shake them well and wrap them in a clean cloth; they will keep fresh and crisp for several hours. When you are ready to serve the salad put a layer of lettuce leaves on each plate, add a few peas and hand the salad cream separately.

Pêches à la Royale

A tin of Del Monte peaches.
Raspberry or strawberry jam.
Vanilla ice-cream.

It is always rather difficult to take an amusing sweet out for a picnic, but I think this is quite a good solution as part is prepared at home, and you can quickly finish the sweet on the spot.

Open the tin of peaches, put the fruit in a jar or some convenient carrier and make a sweet sauce with the syrup from the tin mixed with some strawberry or raspberry jam. This can be put in a bottle.

(*Continued on page* 103)

Out of Doors

Fingers Only

The other sort of picnic, where everything is of the sandwich, or at the most fork and finger variety, can be fun, too, if you have a good collection of spreads on crisp, crunchy Ryvita, you have already a good foundation for the meal.

After that you might have one simple meat course with a salad, an easy sweet, and another savoury bit to finish with.

About the spreads, you all know, of course, that very good sandwich spreads such as Heinz can be bought anywhere, but apart from those, here are one or two which it might amuse you to make at home.

Anchoiade

A tin of filleted anchovies.
Garlic, parsley, pepper, butter.

Remove the fillets from the tin, taking care to keep the oil. Chop the fillets and mix with chopped parsley and a tiny suspicion of chopped garlic; add pepper and mix well; pounding as much as you can and adding a little of the oil to make a smooth paste.

Ivanhoe Paste

Gorgonzola cheese, pickled walnuts.
Butter, pepper.

Take a quarter of a pound of gorgonzola cheese, chop it finely and then mash it with a fork, getting it as smooth as you can, adding butter little by little so that you have a sort of smooth ointment which you season with pepper. Chop finely three or four pickled walnuts and mix them in. Keep in a cool place until you want to pack it in grease-proof paper.

Lettuce Spread

The heart of a lettuce, one hard-boiled egg.
Oil, vinegar, salt, pepper.

Clean and dry the best inside leaves of a lettuce, cut them and shred them finely.

Peel and cut the hard-boiled egg in two, putting the yolk on a plate, squash this with a fork and add olive-oil little by little, working it with the yolk to make a thick sauce.

Season with salt and pepper and vinegar to taste, mixing them well in. Now add the shredded lettuce, also the white of the egg, finely chopped, and mix all well together.

Cheshire Spread

Cheshire cheese, lettuce, tomato ketchup.
Oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

Have about a quarter of a pound of Cheshire cheese, slightly dry if possible, as it must be very finely chopped. Put this in a bowl and mix in a little olive-oil, salt, pepper and then vinegar.

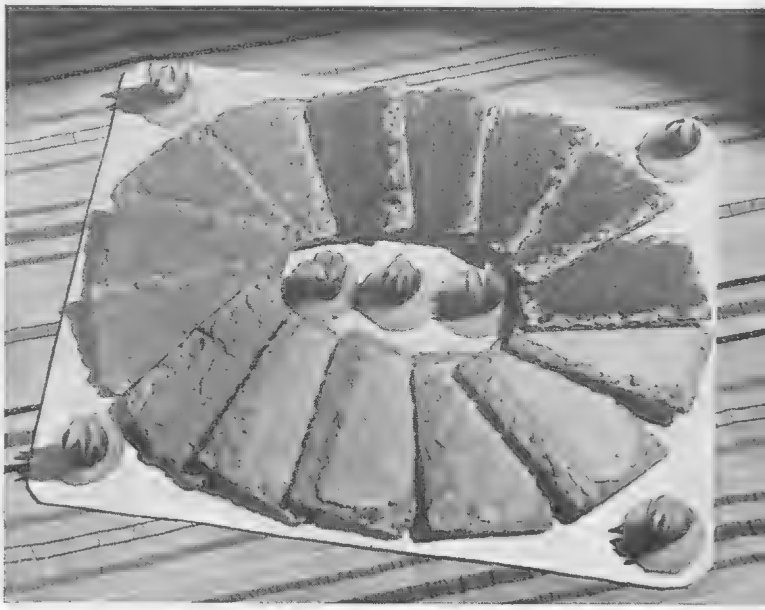
Treat the lettuce as described above, cleaning and shredding it and mix with the cheese preparation. Add a final seasoning of tomato ketchup and mix again.

Savoury Rolls

A quarter of a pound of lean ham, one onion.
Butter, one hard-boiled egg, salt, pepper.
Parsley, tomato chutney, flaky pastry.

Peel and chop the onion and cook it in a little butter, add the ham trimmed of all fat and finely chopped, a little chopped parsley, salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of tomato chutney.

Push the hard-boiled egg through a coarse sieve and add to the other ingredients, mixing well so that they are all hot. Let the mixture cool a little. (*Continued on page* 103)

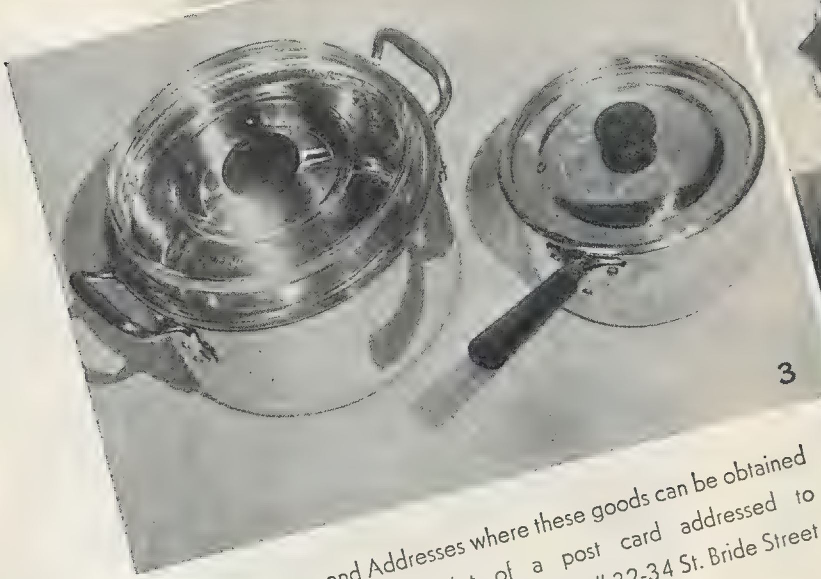


Savoury spreads on crunchy Ryvitas, as a change from sandwiches

Below : . Jelly, with sliced banana, a good picnic sweet, which packs safely in its cardboard mould

KITCHEN PAGE

TYE'S
CARPET SHAMPOO
2



The Names and Addresses where these goods can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a post card addressed to The Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

1 *This dual purpose Palette Automatic Step Stool is available in several finishes to tone with modern kitchens. When folded use as a stool, unfolded as steps. The treads are of rubber to give a non-slip grip for safety. 22s. 6d.*

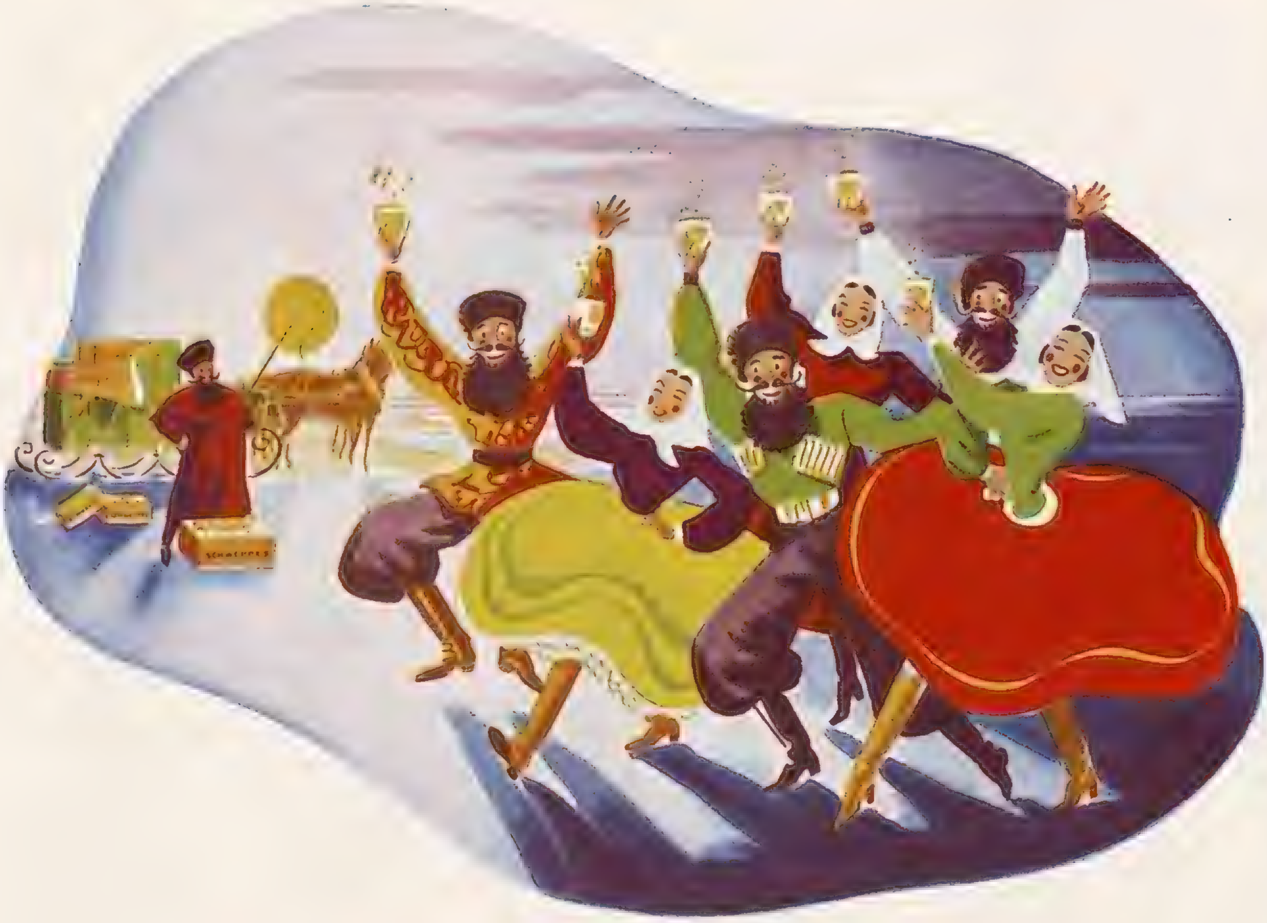
2 *Tye's Carpet Shampoo is easily applied with the special brush provided for the purpose, and will quickly remove all stains on carpets, rugs and fabrics of every kind. Brush and shampoo are 4s. 6d. complete*

3 *Safety in cooking, durability and good heat distribution are ensured with S-on-A bi-metal cooking utensils by means of two sheets of nickel and copper welded together. The S-on-A bi-metal saucepan is 10s. 6d. and the S-on-A bi-metal visible cooking casserole 17s. 11d. The latter is fitted with a Phoenix heat-resisting glass lid*

4 *A specially designed rubber washer inside the lid of this biscuit tin makes it really airtight, so that the contents keep crisp and fresh. Price 5s. 9d.*

5 *Brown and white fireproof "Slipware" dishes in which food can be brought straight from the oven to the table, conserving the heat and minimising washing up. The 6-inch dish is 2s. 3d. and the 10-inch dish 6s.*

IN SIBERIA ONE DRINKS KOUMISS . .★

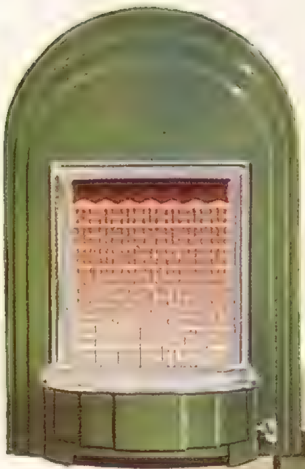


. . .WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

★ Koumiss is a fermented drink which starts life as mare's milk, and ends it as something much less innocent. It's famous from Golchikha to the Gobi desert; but sensible Siberians give it the Go-bi when a sleigh full of Schweppes arrives.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes



These new GAS-FIRES *provide Better Heating!*

THE new Self-Lighting MAIN GAS FIRES in addition to providing a group of designs suitable for any modern fireplace, also embody the results of extensive research and experiment to ensure the highest radiant efficiency and hygienic or ventilating properties.

Special attention has been given to the design of these fires to ensure that their periodical overhaul can be effected without removing the fire from its setting.

Beautiful and lasting colour finishes are obtainable to suit any scheme of decoration.

They light themselves with the turn of the gas tap!

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ASK TO SEE THEM AT THE GAS SHOWROOMS

Please send further particulars of MAIN GAS FIRES and/or the GLOWMAIN Heater, post free

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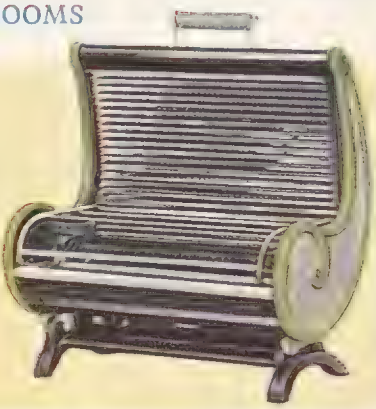
Portable Heating at its best with the GLOWMAIN

A convenient and effective little Gas Heater. Only 11¾ ins. wide, it can be carried about easily, and "plugged in" to any room. On account of its small gas consumption it requires no flue.



Confidently Recommended

Many dermatologists agree that the skin responds more readily to certain ingredients in cosmetic creams than to others, and in the preparation of her "Cream Concentrate" Dorothy Gray has used a large proportion of a rich extract usually found only in small quantities in other creams. This cream is further enriched with Vitamins A and D, is a really super emollient. It will not grow hair.

It is not intended for application over the entire face, but should be placed directly on lines and excessively dry spots where concentrated effort seems to be necessary, after which Dorothy Gray's "Special Dry Skin Mixture," "Extra Rich Skin Cream" or "Suppling Cream" should be applied over the entire area.

"Cream Concentrate" comes in one size only, price 50s., but it is extremely economical in use and lasts for ages.

Every woman knows that the success of her make-up depends largely on the perfection of her foundation.

The ideal make-up base is one that will give a smooth matt finish to the skin, that will hold powder and that will not clog the pores or prove in any way injurious to the complexion.

As a result of infinite care and extensive research, Leichner have now perfected their new "Liquid Cream Foundation," which may be honestly said to combine all the essentials of the perfect foundation.

It is equally suitable for dry, normal or greasy skins and is available in four tints, "Blonde Fair," "Blonde Dark," "Brunette Fair" and "Brunette Dark."

Leichner products are prepared under absolutely hygienic conditions, only the very purest ingredients are used, and before placing their cosmetics on the market they are submitted for test to leading skin specialists to ensure that they may be used with safety on every type of skin.

The Leichner "Liquid Cream Foundation" may then be said to be the result of an honest effort to produce a foundation that will substantiate all its claims. It is 4s. 6d. and obtainable from leading chemists and stores.

It is a mistake to be too conservative about the colour of your lipstick and to use one colour only no matter how you are feeling and in what you are dressed.

Tattoo lipsticks are available in five lovely shades each of which is suited to different moods and colour schemes.

If you want to be daring and devastating there is Tattoo "Hawaiian," just made for you. This is the reddest red, the colour of the flaming hibiscus flower of the romantic South Sea Islands. It shows no hint of purple and, like all Tattoo lipsticks it is indelible; put it on, let it set, then wipe it off and only the colour remains, a rich red, flattering transparent shade that keeps the lips soft and alluring.

Other Tattoo lipsticks are "Coral," a rather light orange pink shade, lovely for blondes and titian blondes; "Exotic," brilliant, yet transparent; "Natural," a true rich blood colour; "Pastel," the type that changes colour when applied to the lips and imparts a depth of warm colour.

Tattoo lipsticks are 4s. 6d. and refills are available at 3s. 6d., or for trial purposes there is a 6d. size.

Acidity is the basic cause of a number of unpleasant and distressing complaints, and is a thing that really should be tackled and corrected if you are to enjoy the good things of life.

Acid stomach, heartburn, flatulence, dyspepsia and such major afflictions as gout and rheumatism, can nearly always be traced to an acid condition.

For over half a century Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has given relief to sufferers from such disorders and it has the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists. It neutralises acidity without distending the stomach or causing any discomfort, and is invaluable as a gentle but efficient *(Continued on page 124)*

We are happy to give endorsement
to these reputable advertised goods

'OH, MR. MERCURY!'

SAID THE GIRL AT THE WHEEL

'Where do the extra miles come from?'

'It's the Benzole that does it'

SAID THE GOD OF THE ROADS

'For Benzole is not only the most powerful motor-spirit known—it is a natural anti-knock fuel. When blended with high-grade petrol—as it is in National Benzole Mixture—it controls combustion, brings smoother running, and liberates extra power. Each gallon takes you farther, yet costs you no more, because . . . **BENZOLE MAKES GOOD PETROL BETTER!'**

NATIONAL

BENZOLE MIXTURE

NATIONAL · BENZOLE · MIXTURE

FOR MORE MILES PER GALLON

BEWARE OF THREE-TRACK ROADS

By The Earl of Cardigan

WITH an enormous number of holiday-makers hurrying to and from the coast, it is inevitable that this month will see the road-accident statistics going up. What may prove distressing to the Ministry of Transport is that a large proportion of accidents will certainly occur on roads of supposedly modern type.

I am referring of course to those re-designed roads which have concrete kerbs on either side, with a profusion of white lines down the middle. The slow traffic in either direction is given a special lane in which to travel—and there is a central lane which may be used for overtaking.

Many important roads are nowadays laid out on this three-track plan; but really it is hardly surprising that accidents should occur on them. During periods when the traffic is heavy, they may permit of higher average speeds than the old two-track roads; but they have one inherent defect of the most dangerous kind.

In the old days, when one car wished to overtake another, there was never any doubt as to whether or not its driver was entitled to do so. If the road was clear, overtaking was permissible; but if another vehicle was seen to be approaching, or if there was a bend ahead, it was obligatory to remain in single file.

Of course a certain number of accidents occurred—but the plain man never had any difficulty in seeing the rights and wrongs of these cases. Lawyers and magistrates might quibble and argue; but it was always clear to the ordinary motorist that the overtaking vehicle was at fault. If there was any doubt as to the road being clear, its driver should have continued to play "follow-my-leader" with what patience he could muster.

To-day, on a three-track road, the position is much more obscure. In fact, it is about as obscure as it conceivably could be!

The point is—to whom does the centre track belong? Suppose that I am travelling east, with a lorry just ahead of me. Suppose that another motorist is travelling west, with another lorry just ahead of him. Which of us has the right to overtake?

IF I draw out into the centre lane, he may very well do the same. Then there we both are, facing each other and coming together at a combined speed which may be something like 100 m.p.h.! To save a smash, one of us must give way. But again, which one?

So far as I know, there is no answer to these questions. If we were both feeling cautious, neither of us would ever try to overtake in such circumstances. And yet there would be that inviting centre lane. . . .

Even when only three vehicles, instead of four, are on the road at the same time, the position is still rather unpleasant. Perhaps I am coming up behind a lorry, and there is a solitary car coming in the opposite direction. On the face of it, I am quite entitled to use the centre lane for overtaking.

There will be a time, however, when I am abreast of the lorry, and when the other car is momentarily abreast of me. All is well if all three of us pursue a steady course. But what if a dog runs out in front of the lorry?

The lorry driver may swerve to his right; but it is impossible for me to follow suit. I am in danger of being "squeezed" in my centre lane, with no means of giving ground in either direction. Nor indeed can the driver of the oncoming car do anything to help me. He has to consider his proximity to that concrete kerb!

(Observe that, on an ordinary two-track road, I should not be tempted into overtaking while another vehicle was approaching. Also that, when the lorry swerved, I could—at a pinch—use a few inches of the grass verge on my right.)

The three-track road is a danger again when one is approaching the brow of a hill. Doubtless it is wrong to consider overtaking at such a point—but the road is still of three-car width, and the temptation to use the centre of it is considerable. It is so very unlikely—although alas quite possible—that someone just over the brow is about to misbehave in the same way!

That is the trouble with the three-track road. It is always offering temptations—always giving rise to awkward situations. To my mind, it is of a type which should never have been built. When the old two-track road became obsolete, the old sensible alternative was the wide road with four tracks, preferably—although not necessarily—divided down the middle.

With four tracks, there is never any doubt as to what one is supposed to do. There is the near-side track in which, for the most part, one ought to drive. There is a track between that and the centre, which one is entitled to use at any time for overtaking. Both the two other tracks are "taboo," as belonging to traffic coming from the opposite direction.

WHILE the advantage of this should be obvious, we motorists have unfortunately been provided largely with main roads of the three-track type—and we have somehow got to make the best of them. In my own opinion, we ought to use them with very great precaution, and with an especially wary eye for dangerous situations.

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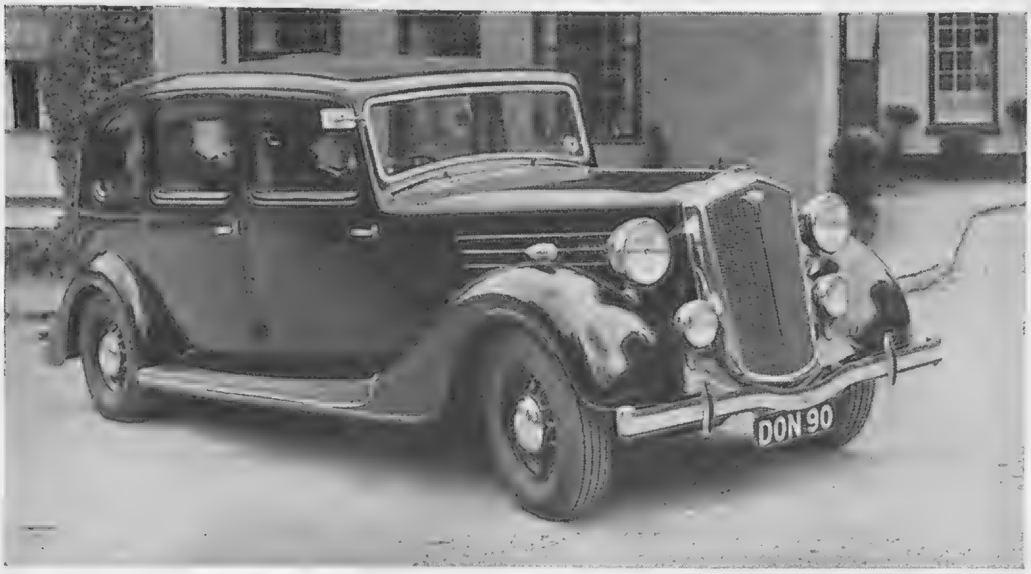
Motoring Section: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*



A Big Seven-Seater WOLSELEY

The 25 h.p. Limousine

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Wolseley Limousine in brief

Engine: Six cylinders, with overhead valves and twin carburettors; 25 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with the three highest ratios synchromesh.

Performance: Third gear 60 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h.

Steering: Accurate, with adjustable column.

Brakes: Hydraulic, with cable-operated hand brake.

Springing: Semi-elliptic springs of differing periodicity.

MANY years ago, for some reason which I have long since forgotten, I had to drive a limousine car on a prolonged journey. It was of a well-known type, often praised (by the interior passengers !) for its luxury.

What I remember very distinctly is that I then made a resolution to the effect that, even if I was rich enough to afford it, I would never own a limousine ! I was horrified to note the cramped conditions which existed in the front compartment.

If I had not already done so, however, I should certainly have rescinded that resolution after driving the latest seven-seater Wolseley. Not only is the driver not cramped : he actually enjoys a very high degree of comfort. Indeed, I predict that many people will buy this limousine, intending to let a chauffeur drive it, and will find that they prefer taking the wheel themselves !

I have stressed this point, because it ought to influence a lot of prospective purchasers. Apart from wishing their chauffeurs to be comfortable, many owners like to take an occasional turn at the wheel, or even to take the car out on their own account. They will find, in the case of the Wolseley, that the driving position is very little, if at all, inferior to that of an ordinary saloon.

Owing to the partition, the front seat is fixed, but the steering column is adjustable both for length and rake. A central armrest makes for comfort, and the amount of leg-room is ample—so much so indeed, that the dipper switch for the headlamps has to be mounted on a pad near the driver's left foot so as not to be too remote !

All the controls work lightly, although of necessity the steering at low speeds is not so light as in the smaller Wolseley models. Despite its length, the car is perfectly easy to manoeuvre, special care being required—again inevitably—only when it is being reversed.

THE rear compartment is most luxurious, and will accommodate five passengers with ease. There is sufficient width for three on the back seat, and the two occasional seats are so designed that their occupants have really comfortable space. Leather upholstery is used in front, with the choice of either leather or cloth behind.

To return however to the "chauffeur's" point of view—the extreme liveliness of the engine is a very attractive feature. Again the standard is above that of the conventional sort of limousine. The overhead-valve Wolseley power unit gives a generous response, even at very low speeds, and its acceleration does not begin to "tail off" until the car is moving at very nearly its maximum pace.

The gearbox is interesting—for it provides fairly high ratios, the top gear being about 4½ to 1. All gears except the lowest have synchromesh engagement—and "first," being a great deal lower than the other ratios, need seldom be used in ordinary driving. The car will easily start in second gear if the road is at all level.

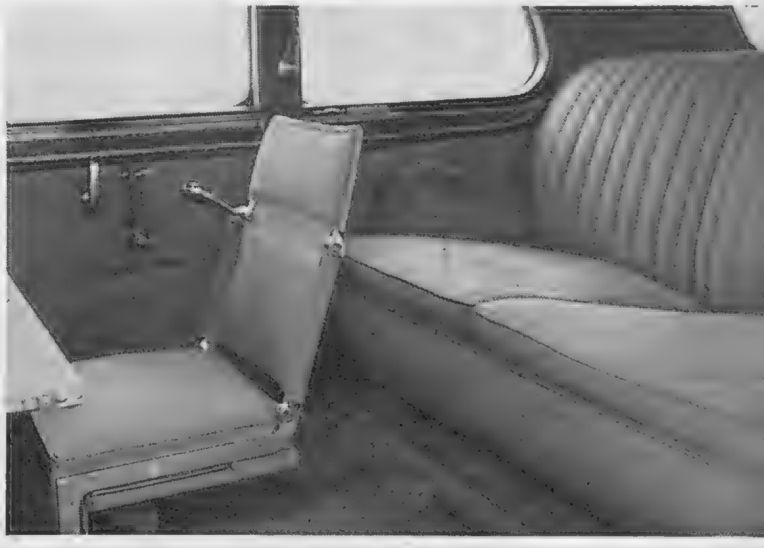
Third gear—at about 6½ to 1—provides plenty of speed for a long climb. The car will reach 60 m.p.h. before it is necessary to change "up." In top gear, 80 m.p.h. can be slightly exceeded. During my test run, I was able to maintain this speed against a distinct up-grade, which proves that I could have got beyond it if I had had a clear road while on the flat.

THE engine is very quiet, and the car "sits down" on the road with admirable steadiness. This is a great virtue, whether looked at from the driver's or the passengers' point of view. It must be largely due to the special Wolseley system of suspension. This—they call it "Phased Suspension"—employs conventional semi-elliptic springs at front and rear. The speciality is that these springs are of different lengths and periodicities, so that they resist any tendency to "pitching."

At the same time they are firm enough, with their shock absorbers, not to let the car "roll" on corners—so that again the size of the car does not make it seem cumbersome or "heavy in hand." At high speeds, there is no "tail-wag."

The brakes are hydraulic, and give a powerful action which at the same time is smooth. An engine feature which should be mentioned is that the twin carburettors have a thermostatic mixture control in place of the usual hand "choke." By this means, exactly the right mixture is automatically supplied, no matter whether the engine is hot, warm or stone cold.

There are many coachwork details to which I might refer; but the really outstanding point to my mind is the way in which the car combines great interior luxury with attractive driving qualities, so that all the seven occupants—and the driver not least—are able to appreciate the designer's craftsmanship. It is this happy combination which renders the Wolseley a rea value-for-money proposition at £775.



The rear compartment is most luxurious and will accommodate five passengers easily. Three on the back seat and two on the occasional seats. This picture shows one of the occasional seats in position

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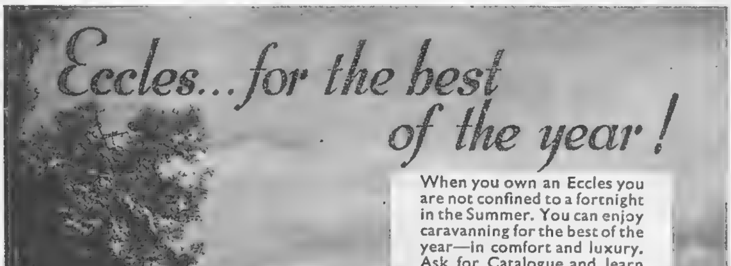
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CARAVANNING AND THE BROAD HIGHWAY

THE pursuit of happiness is a mission common to us all. Beyond this, generalisation is impossible, so devious, so varied, so complex are our ways, not always conscious, of attempting to gain the desired end.

Perhaps the happiest people are those who live close to the earth or the sea. The men who till the soil or sail the ocean derive a satisfaction all their own. Likewise the man who eschews the flamboyant and seeks something simpler, more in Nature's way, not seldom derives the major benefit.

For most of us who are city-bound for fifty weeks of the year simplicity of living is for the most part beyond our ken, and although this does not mean to say happiness is beyond our reach—far from it—it does mean that at least one avenue towards it is only open at holiday time.

It is during the holidays, therefore, that the opportunity should be taken. There are endless ways, and not the least of them lies in the open road. That is why, no doubt, hiking has in recent years achieved the status of a natural pastime and explains, too, why caravanning has a popularity these days that it has never before known.

An Eccles caravan in a delightful setting

For the man of moderate means, who owns a car, a trailer caravan can be a real delight, making it possible for him to go from place to place in comfort and at leisure, worrying never over the question of hotels, and enjoying from dawn to sunset, if he be so minded, the beauties of the countryside. Here is simplicity indeed, and a holiday spent in this way is one that will never be regretted.

For those really interested in the subject the firm of Eccles, of Stirchley, Birmingham, should certainly be approached, for they have a reputation born of long experience. They produce a number of types of caravan and their catalogue will be found most illuminating.

Let us quote a line or two from their catalogue. It is full of food for thought.

Have you ever wondered, it asks, why caravanning has become so popular, why each year the number of caravans on the road increases enormously? There are many reasons, not least important of which is the fact that it never, in any circumstances, becomes monotonous. It never palls. It never loses its interest, its fascination. It never loses its novelty! Is there another pastime in the world that so wholeheartedly embraces the whole family, that so completely provides for the health, happiness and enjoyment of all ages? Surely not. Add to these points the fact that caravanning is a very inexpensive hobby indeed and it is easy to understand why more and more car owners are becoming enthusiastic caravanners.

A Big Vauxhall—for £315

The 25 h.p. Saloon

By
The Earl of
Cardigan

IT is not often that I commence the review of a car by mentioning its price; but in the case of the big Vauxhall it seems inevitable to do so. When one first sees this 25 h.p. model, and again when one first drives it, a very favourable impression is created. This is however immensely strengthened if one happens to know in advance that the makers, in achieving so many good points, have barely exceeded the limit of £300.

To be exact, this car costs £315—which is a price that many people are willing to pay for a first-rate light car. In the case of the Vauxhall, the purchaser gets a really big car with an appropriately fine performance, having a full complement of "luxury" features. One cannot help being struck by the value-for-money aspect.

The specification is certainly not suggestive of a low-priced product. The six-cylinder engine is of overhead-valve type, giving high efficiency for its 25 rated h.p.

The gearbox gives only three forward speeds—but all these are synchromesh. A synchromesh bottom gear, it should be noted, is a rare feature—and a decidedly good one. In traffic, a driver often has occasion to engage his lowest gear while the car is just moving—and, with ordinary gearing, it may not be easy to do this without some noise. On a very steep hill, the foolproof bottom gear is of even more obvious advantage.

Another gearbox feature to be commended is that the Vauxhall "gate" does not place reverse gear opposite to "first." It is thus impossible to touch the wrong ratio when making a change "up" to second gear. In the same way, those who are accustomed to using four-speed 'boxes cannot make a mistake when starting from a standstill. In fact, it is hardly possible to go wrong at all.

The six-cylinder engine is so extremely flexible that the need for a fourth ratio never seems to arise. Almost everything can be done—and done very easily—in top gear. Acceleration is very fine indeed, a real surge of power being available whenever the driver requires it.

Moreover, the car has a really good turn of speed in its second gear, being able to climb at anything up to 55 m.p.h. in this ratio. In top gear, one has no difficulty in reaching 80 m.p.h., which means that a comfortable cruising pace can be found in the region of 60 or even 70 m.p.h.

The steering has a light action, and the column is adjustable for length. To my mind, this is almost as important for the driver as the adjustability of his sliding seat. If he wishes to vary the one, he should be able to vary the other correspondingly—and in the Vauxhall both operations are equally quick and simple.

It is noticeable also that the car has a good turning circle. In spite of its size, it is easy to manœuvre when reversing or parking. The brakes are hydraulic, having a very smooth action, and a valuable safety factor is that all four wheels are not braked by the fluid from one individual pipe line. Thus if the front brakes were to fail (a very remote, but just conceivable, possibility), the rear brakes would still function as before. In addition, there would always be the cable-operated hand-brake.

The springing is very comfortable, with independent torsion-bar suspension for the front wheels. It is one of the minor merits of this system that no front lubrication is called for. The rear springs are of the conventional semi-elliptic type.

An uncommon and interesting chassis feature is that the screen wipers are positively driven from the engine, instead of being part of the electrical equipment. In the ordinary way, I should have regarded it as a defect that the Vauxhall has a fixed windscreen—on the grounds that an ordinary wiper cannot deal with the combined effects of fog and frost. An engine-driven wiper, however, may be expected to attain a higher degree of efficiency, besides being more reliable.

The saloon coachwork of this big Vauxhall is naturally most (*Continued on page* 121)

The 25 h.p. Vauxhall in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with overhead valves; 25 h.p.

Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, all ratios synchromesh.

Performance: Second gear 55 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h.

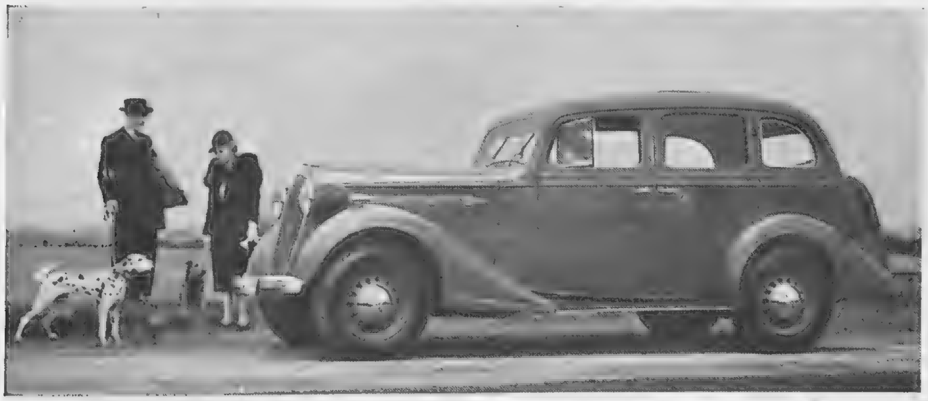
Steering: Adjustable for length, with good lock.

Springing: Independent in front, semi-elliptic at rear.

Brakes: Hydraulic, with special safety features.

Coachwork: Very comfortable and roomy.

Price: Saloon £315.



The Vauxhall 25 h.p. Saloon is so popular that no major changes are planned for next season. At £315 this saloon offers outstanding value for money

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Women Behind the International Scene

(*Continued from page* 9)

When, for instance, the Abyssinian question was under discussion at the recent private meeting of the Council, it would seem that all she had to do was to have available copies of documents submitted by the parties to the dispute and by any of the government members of the Council.

Actually, she had to be prepared to produce, at a moment's notice, any one of the multitude of documents, on the most obscure points, sent in to the League during that long drawn out dispute.

Nor did that by any means represent the limit of the call on her faculties. In many cases government delegates have their speeches multigraphed, before delivery, in the two official languages. Those copies of speeches must, as a rule, on no account be distributed to the meeting before their author has spoken. They may have to be radically altered at the last moment in the light of the observations of a previous speaker or in view of changes in the political situation. Instructions may even be given that the copies of a speech are to be handed personally only to the government delegates sitting at the Council table to the exclusion of their own personal advisers or of delegates of other countries attending the meeting.

Many and varied are the attempts made by unauthorised delegates and officials to obtain possession of such documents. But the Document officer must, without giving the slightest offence, withstand all the wiles of flattery and charm exercised to achieve such an end.

How many international secrets are safe for ever in the keeping of Dr. Dixon, no one will ever know. Those contained in copies of speeches modified or withdrawn at the last moment would alone fill a book—and perhaps precipitate a world war.

Another woman keeper of secrets is Miss Alexander, who is in charge of the League's corps of stenographers.

Seated in the middle of a circle of government delegates, her duty of recording their speeches seems to be a purely mechanical character.

That, however, is far from being the case. Let there be the slightest mistake in the transcript of thousands of words, and the offended delegate would be down on her like a ton of bricks.

Such a change in a phrase as from the past to the present tense, or vice versa, might be winged throughout the world before it was discovered and create international complications.

Accuracy of record and transcript is, however, by no means the sole responsibility the stenographers have to shoulder.

More than most people, government delegates at League meetings are prone to regret that the moving finger, having writ, moves on!

Sometimes their enthusiasm for their brief causes them to exceed their instructions. Maybe a subsequent speech reveals that they have unwarily walked into a political trap.

Efforts are then made to retract. Visits are made to the stenographer's office to induce her to modify the text. But she must remain adamant alike to persuasion, cajolery, corruption or even threats.

The stenographer must likewise display the same staunchness in the face of efforts made by unauthorised officials and agents to obtain possession of the records of secret meetings. I have known of the most ingenious attempts to secure such documents, backed up by extremely attractive proposals, frustrated by the loyalty of the stenographers.

Whenever the time arrives for Miss Ward to leave the League there will be much moaning at the journalists' bar in Geneva. For this small, slim, blonde secretary of the League Information Section has made herself the one indispensable official to the representatives of the world's press congregated at Geneva.

If any of the high officials of the League left Geneva, it would be merely a news item for the journalists. If Miss Ward left, it would be a calamity.

She is another woman who has been with the League since its infancy. She has grown up with the League and knows intimately all its history and happenings.

At a moment's notice, Miss Ward can satisfy the clamour of the most exacting press representative on even the most remote subject with which the League has dealt in its eighteen years' existence.

She has a fine political sense and is the soul of discretion. She will give the journalists just as much as it is considered good for them to know—and not a scrap more. Nor can their most artfully designed catechisms induce her to betray, by so much as a flicker of the eye, a single word not designed for publication.

The highest post in the League held by any woman was that occupied by Dame Rachel Crowdy as Chief of the Section of the Secretariat dealing with social questions and the opium traffic.

Dame Rachel was justifiably reputed to be one of the most intelligent and elegant of the many remarkable women who ever attended the Geneva Sessions. A *svelte* blonde, with long beautiful, hair, worn in a Grecian knot on her neck, I have heard her described by envious women as possessing a perfect, graceful carriage and comportment. Coupled with those attractions her taste in dress was regarded as well-nigh impeccable.

Dame Rachel Crowdy had a distinguished and varied career even before she took service with the League at the beginning of its operations.

She went through Guy's, and, at the outbreak of the war, joined the V.A.D. of which she was Principal Commandant in Belgium and France from 1914–1919. For those services she received, among other decorations, the coveted First Class of the Royal Red Cross and was awarded one of the highest orders available for women—that of Dame of the Order of the British Empire.

The high qualities of initiative and organising ability which she developed during the war found a wide field of application in the League.

The lax moral standards of the war and early post-war years provided happy hunting grounds for the white slave traffickers and the dope merchants.

Ironically enough, Switzerland, and even Geneva itself, by reason of their position as international clearing houses during the war, were important centres of those nefarious traffics.

Dame Rachel Crowdy grappled with the purveyors of those vices in no uncertain manner. She first obtained statistics of their activities; then she called together conferences of government representatives to whom proposals were submitted for the regulation and gradual suppression of the traffics.

It was by no means plain sailing. Those odious traders represented vast vested interests, which poured out their wealth unstintingly to sabotage the efforts designed to eliminate them.

Public debates disclosed that those vested interests had some strange and unexpected bed-fellows. Eminent government delegates, with world-wide reputations, often representing some of the most civilized countries, were not ashamed to defend, with plausible or facetious remarks, the maintenance of both opium trade and prostitutes.

By dint of great tenacity and by the marshalling of outraged world opinion, the opposition to the introduction of international agreements aimed at the suppression of the white slave and dope traffics was finally worn down.

Thanks to the courage and determination of Dame Rachel Crowdy, many thousands of human beings are yearly being spared the degradation and torment inevitably associated with prostitution and doping.

Needless to say, such attractive keepers of precious League secrets are much sought after in the social life of Geneva.

They are always the centre of attraction of admiring delegates at official receptions.

But, much as they appear to appreciate these attentions, they are immune to the wiles which inspire them.

They remain faithful to their trust.

END

The Woods Are Worth It

(*Continued from page* 11)

Before going further let me say that the ability to fish and shoot is a very definite and most important qualification for life in the woods. For about nine months in the year, on a place like Vancouver Island in British Columbia, these two more or less "worthless arts" can save you the money you would otherwise have to spend on your main food supply. And that's a big item—especially when your capital's running low. Bigger . . . when you haven't got any capital.

In British Columbia, in the early spring, before the trout would take a fly, I set the night lines before I went to bed. By using my house-boat as a base and setting a float far out, moored to a sunken piece of iron, I could pull in the night line and re-bait it in my pyjamas. I baited it with preserved salmon eggs. There was seldom a morning that I did not come out on deck to find two or three cut-throat trout hanging in the glass-clear water. More than enough for Eve's breakfast and mine. Enough for lunch and dinner too.

We never got tired of those trout because we fried them, we baked them with a parsley-bread-crumb stuffing and butter, we filleted them and ate them hot and crisp with mayonnaise sauce; and we boiled them and ate them cold the next morning. A two and a half pound rainbow, baked in butter, cannot be obtained in London. Not a fresh-caught rainbow. (Although in Norway this year I learned a new dodge; that is—big rainbow or sea trout are more tender and juicier if not cooked until the second day!)

There was a spring run of salmon and another in the autumn; but, in British Columbia, by the time the spawning salmon reaches the lake it is usually so rotted with the reproductive processes that it is uneatable. Nevertheless, a German woman I knew out there accepted my salmon, boiled them and canned them in Mason jars to feed her man during the winter. He had solved the problem of how to live in the woods by living on his wife's sewing for the other settlers. Sewing, except that they were sorry for her, that they could have done much more expertly themselves.

In the autumn came the ducks, grouse and deer. It is one of the tragedies of British Columbia that the ducks—even the fat mallards!—eat the dead salmon and are therefore uneatable. Point shooting at sunset I have knocked down half a dozen ducks, ripped back their feathers and smelt that fishy odour that made me throw them away with disgust.

Continued on page 84)

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Elizabeth Arden

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

After a time you hate to kill them. Widgeon, teal and butterballs apparently do not like dead salmon and were therefore always welcome in our larder. The livers of deer who had been feeding on the pungent salal berries were as good as *pâté de foie gras ;* pine grouse wait obligingly to be shot—the only difficulty is to find them afterwards in the thick jungle.

I was a man without any capital. When we landed in Vancouver we had just $30—and after a few days we owed that to the C.P.R. hotel. You can easily imagine what that food supply from fishing rods and guns meant to me. At the end of two years, when we counted the stubs in our cheque book, we found that our entire expenses for food, clothes, books and everything came to just under £10 a month.

When you have to row six miles to the only shop and then there is nothing in it that you really wish to buy it is quite easy to be economical. Burn the mail-order-house catalogues and you're safe.

BUT, from first day to last, we never hired a person to do a single thing for either of us—except a few dollars to Swanson to tow our house-boat up to a cove that we liked. The rent of that home was just £1 a month.

But I had to chop. Ye gods! how I had to chop. That is another essential qualification; if a man cannot swing an axe or hold his own on the end of a cross-cut saw then the forests of British Columbia are no place for him. And that stove by which we cooked, heated and bathed devoured wood insatiably.

Just cutting enough firewood for that one miserable stove all the year round meant about a good two day's steady work every week. I mean an all day's work. And if you haven't done it when the sun was shining, you must do it rain or snow. Of course it puts hair on your chest. But I have often felt I could do without that adornment.

THESE are some of the essentials—not at all the major ones. Temperament, for example, is most important. How self-contained are you? How much can reading (and you have the chance to do a lot of fine reading in the woods) make up for the movies, the restaurants, the crowded streets . . ? Can you stand your own company? Or, worse, can you stand merely your wife's—or she yours? That is a very important question. It may not in London be possible to get information on that in advance. but you won't be long finding out, once you get to the woods. Especially during the rainy season, when the rain rattles on the roof for six weeks without one break; when, nose to nose, even angels become homicidal. But, looking back, you can definitely state one thing: that two people who have put up with each other for two years of that—won't appear in the divorce court.

But if you have, or hope to have, children—don't go to the woods. It won't work, unless you are rich enough to send them away to boarding school or hire a governess. The problem of education cannot be solved.

I KNOW an Englishman who came out to the woods without any money and with no knowledge of shooting or fishing, who had never held an axe, who was weak in body and mind from a tropical fever—who made an astonishing success of that life.

But he had a French wife. And in that first winter, when they lived in a tent on a half-submerged island—a *tent,* mind you—she took the fish-ducks he shot and in her French way turned them into something you would have paid six shillings for at Foyot's. In the spring she found mushrooms that everyone else was afraid to touch and made good, rich, strong soup from them. Things the other settlers classed as weeds she made into salads.

But, of course, they required money even with such inventiveness. This man borrowed some traps from a professional trapper. He climbed a snow mountain and into a bit of country that even the old trappers thought too tough. Luck rewarded such courage; he caught two marten. For one, the finest pelt ever seen in that region, he got $80. For the other he got $50. And on that he and his frugal French helpmate lived for a year.

But he was not strong enough to go in for trapping seriously. The future was dismal. When I knew him I never could understand how they lived. He and his wife had a potty little house-boat, about twelve feet by eighteen, in which they had been living for six years. Owing to his lack of skill with both shot-gun and fishing rod they had become practically vegetarians—and this in a land where there weren't any vegetables. The little patch they had scraped clear on a bank couldn't grow enough potatoes and tomatoes to feed them. And they were eating a lot of wild plants.

They had a passion for these wild plants of British Columbia and read every pamphlet they could get free from the United States Department of Agriculture. We used to think that rather funny, as they were fond of using Latin nomenclature. But his studious reputation went about; he was offered the post, nearly honorary, of Game Warden, with a special part of the lake to be put aside for the purpose of trying to propagate musk-rats, of which there are no indigenous specimens on Vancouver Island. And there—I lost track of him.

But what has happened? He is no longer Game Warden. The musk-rats failed to make good. They appeared to practise birth-control. I heard he had gone back to live in England. And then, lo! I get word that he is back on the lake again. He and his wife are rolling in prosperity, according to lake standards—they are now selling wild plants from the lake all over Canada and the U.S. They are even raising these plants and taming them to grow in domesticity. All from pamphlets. . . .

A queer, courageous story, if ever there was one.

YET the rewards of those who risk this woodland adventure are sometimes splendid. I know of no greater contentment than reading by lamplight in the house-boat I lived in for nearly two years; reading thoughtfully, with the stillness of the woods all around me, and only the tempting splash of a passing salmon to take my mind from the book I was in.

It is the women who should think over this adventure most carefully, for it is they who will make or mar it. For them it will mean a good deal of work and a fair amount of loneliness when their man is off in the woods for hours at a time (as he will be), and unless they get fun out of it all the thing will be a wash-out. If the first snow, arrived in deadly silence during the night, and then the spring flowers, and the hot smell of the pines in the summer sun doesn't give them pleasure, if they can't make themselves busy with a hundred small, necessary jobs round the shack and garden, then for them the woods will be boredom unutterable.

WE came in contact with just three women on our lake—a Frenchwoman, an Englishwoman and a German—and a greater contrast you could not find, yet each in their different ways they made a huge success of their life in the woods.

The Frenchwoman I have already told you about. She was everything that the French really are, but that we are always surprised to find them—coldly practical, hard-boiled, realistic. During the war she never encountered the German woman, her only neighbour, without a revolver in her hand, and yet she once rowed four miles to a lumber camp where her husband was working and arrived in screaming hysterics because she had had a hunch that he had been killed.

The German woman was as stupid as the French was intelligent. She must have bored her well-educated husband almost past enduring, but she made a real home in those woods. Not for her the one-roomed, barren house-boat of her neighbours. Her home was a bit of Bavaria planted down in those virgin forests, fret-work, mottoes and

all. Everything in the kitchen had little embroidered bags with their names on them: "Lettuce," "Shoebrush," etc. Nothing that could be made, grown or concocted at home was ever bought. Her home was her life, and on the terrible night when it burned to the ground she rose, Phœnix-like from its ashes to start all over again and make another in the barn that was all that remained to them. And she did.

The Englishwoman was what the Frenchwoman would have called "impayable." She came of a well-known country family in Norfolk and she was only there at all because neither she nor her husband could contemplate for a moment being poor in England. British Columbia was different. To reign in hell is always the last resort of a lady, and British Columbia was very far from hell. Spiritually the Norfolk country house was transplanted and put down there, and not one whit of the grace and elegance of the Norfolk life would she relinquish. The early tea and thin bread and butter, the row of hot dishes on heaters at breakfast, the signed photographs of King Edward and Queen Alexandra in their repoussé silver frames, were essential to her and she maintained them at the cost of personal hard work that no one else of us on that lake would have thought worth while. But we could admire a standard of living when we saw it.

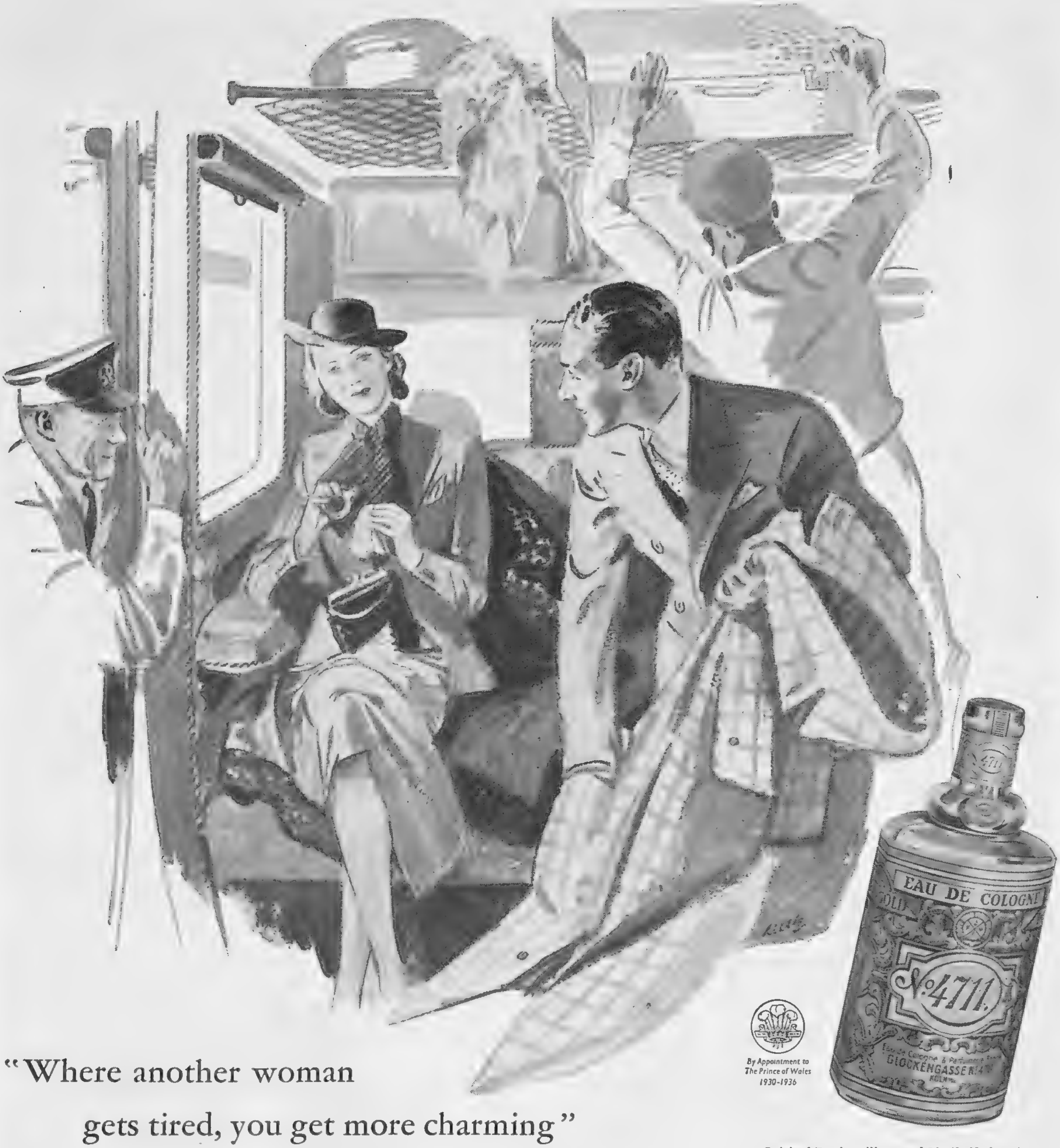
They were three admirable women.

I KNOW a young Norwegian who went and lived two years in the Nordland—just because he had read Knut Hamsun's *Pan.* The same book has also affected my life. The freedom and the loneliness that probably helped to drive Lieutenant Glahn mad—freed him from the rest of the world beforehand. People do become a bit fey from such lonely living. Out where I was there was an old French-Canadian trapper, an extinct type except in fiction; and Old Louis, who could neither read nor write, shunned at the same time all human companionship. Yet from their tracks and habits he followed the private lives of every deer or pine-grouse around him; and he, more than any other man I met out there, realised the tragedy of the west-coast salmon—born to spawn but once and then die—two or four years after it absorbs the egg-sac. Old Louis talked of the salmons' fight to get up those streams and rapids with as much feeling as if he had been swimming along with them. He knew what they *felt* . . . he put his hand on too many salmon noses in the shallow water, pushed them back, and then watched them fight their way round him again . . . obeying that terrible urge that drives the Red Host of the Pacific to come home and die.

It seems to me that no matter how long a genuine Englishman lives in the woods he always self-dramatises himself a little to himself—looks upon it all as a sporting adventure—or else pictures himself an outpost of Empire—whereas people like Old Louis, and most Scandinavians, accept it as a perfectly natural way of life.

Swedes and Norwegians with a forest background that is pre-natal, look upon wild, uncut forests as their natural habitat. They also look upon cutting those forests down as their natural mission in life. Perhaps that also is pre-natal. I'm sure Freud could explain that. Anyway, the way a Swede can settle down in the woods is exhilarating in the arrogance with which he can get along without the rest of the world.

SWANSON, a free-lance logger out in my neck of the woods, was a heroic example of this. When our cat was about to have kittens Swanson dropped in two or three sunsets a week to supervise the accouchement. His little house-boat, with a fat, blonde Mrs. Swanson and red geraniums in all its windows—"Yoost like in Sweden!"—was in a bay below mine. And one night when the Moze seemed very silent and thoughtful in the basket my wife and I had made her, Swanson (*Continued on page* 86)



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The Woods are Worth It

told us of how *he* knew a cat that had stopped a murder.

It was up on lonely Valdez Island, out in the misty Pacific. Swanson and a Finn had found an abandoned shack there and were living on that uninhabited rock all one winter while they pitched a rim of rich fir into the water.

Whoever had owned the cabin had been dead for years. Swanson and the Finn had too much loneliness—or too much of each other, to be exact. They got to a point where they would not speak to each other. This was a pretty pass, because, when they set to work one day, it appeared that each man had his own and a different opinion as to where they should begin to cut next.

"By yove!" said Swanson—"dot Finn and I was ready to cut each other's troat!"

Then Swanson solved their dilemma by giving his opinion to their cat. This was a large tortoise-shell animal they had picked up at the logging camp over on the mainland. And from then on the cat became their go-between.

"Yo," said the Finn, addressing the cat, "tink we'd better log dat north point dis morning—don't you?"

"Now Yo, you look here," said Swanson: "Dere's no use starting another cut when we ain't finished with the one we're on. Let's cut where we are for the next two weeks."

Said the Finn: "Okay, Yo."

"And den, by golly!" said Swanson—"one night we lost dat cat! Came morning—no cat. And without dat cat dat damn Finn yust wouldn't talk. Den we began to get worried about dat damn cat . . . maybe a coon had eat her. . . ."

So Swanson and the Finn declared a truce; and, while they still did not speak to each other, they both tacitly accepted the fact that no work should or could be done until Joe was found. Things, as Swanson put it, got tough. When in their mutual prowls for the cat, the Finn and the Swede bumped into each other in the mist-drenched woods the inclination to hit each other could hardly be kept in check. Each man, now, when he walked out, ostentatiously wore his knife. . . .

Then one taut night when they were sitting in the tumble-down cabin, facing each other across the lamplit table, they heard a faint mew. . . .

"An' by golly! What you tink . . . dere she was . . . walking at de head of four little kittens . . !"

"But I thought you said that cat's name was Joe?"

"Yeah, guess I did." Swanson grinned at my wife—"But, lady, we had to call her Yosephine after dat. . . ."

Minor among woodland rewards was certainly not Mr. Axel Swanson.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 37)

life of her husband, the young Lord Hertford.

Hertford was recalled from France not knowing anything of his wife's predicament. He was immediately arrested and sent to the Tower to await further enquiries. He was brought before the Archbishop of Canterbury and several other priests and seculars and submitted to a most rigorous fire of questions. Hertford proved more than a match for his inquisitors, swearing that he was lawfully married to Katherine and describing the priest who married them.

"Where, and who is this priest?" they asked, "Bring him forward that he may testify that what you say is true. Unfortunately he was forced to admit that he did not know the priest by name, for he was fetched by his sister who had since died. All that he could do was to describe the man, but the responsibility assumed by the man was such that he was not likely to come forward on his own account.

Before the enquiry was over, in September, 1561, Katherine gave birth to a son, who was christened Edward. And so there was born in the Tower another heir to the throne. There were no rejoicings, even the child's legitimacy was doubted, and in the following year, sentence was passed that no marriage existed between the Lady Katherine and the Earl of Hertford.

Elizabeth did not even then relent from persecuting her two prisoners. For a long time they were watched by spies, and it was very difficult for them to learn any news of each other.

The mere fact that Hertford sent some flowers to his wife by one of the attendants of the Tower was enough to excite the temper of the suspicious Queen.

One day some fresh news was whispered to Elizabeth. At first she refused to believe it. How could it be true when she had kept the two prisoners apart. Was it possible that a miracle had happened? The miracle was that there was another little inmate in the Tower who had not passed the sentry at the gate. He had exercised his lungs so well that it was inevitable that someone would inform the Queen of the new "menace."

It was discovered that the silent pleading of the lovers had touched a human chord in the heart of Sir Edward Warner. Often the heavy door of Katherine's prison had been silently opened, and as silently shut, to introduce the young husband, made more eager by the prohibition. Officially Sir Edward knew nothing. Unofficially, he was doing all he could to mend the tears of human cruelty.

In great rage, Elizabeth sent for the young husband, and attacked him in the most violent terms.

Hertford was seething at this attack on his wife, but he knew that it would be dangerous to answer in the same vein, and with a great effort he managed to keep calm.

"I am lawfully married to the Lady Katherine" he replied " and she has borne me a fair son of whom I am right proud."

"Lawfully married" scoffed the Queen, "how long will you go on lying to protect the harlot that you call wife? Nevertheless you will be punished; there is a law in England which will make you regret the day you ever saw Katherine, and you will pay dearly for the pride you have in your son."

In accordance with the old law passed by Henry VIII, Hertford had to pay a fine of fifteen thousand Marks. Five thousand were for "seducing a virgin of the Royal blood," another five were for visiting Katherine, which was termed "breaking prison," and a further fine was for the birth of the second child which was declared a "bastard."

The unfortunate father had not enough money to pay and his estates were forfeited instead.

In the same year the plague broke out in London, and Katherine sent a petition to the Queen that she might be allowed to leave the town, especially for the sake of the children.

For once Elizabeth was not so adamant, and ordered that Katherine should take the youngest child with her to her uncle's house at Pirgo, and that Hertford should take the young Edward to Hanworth to stay with his mother the Duchess of Suffolk.

So the doors of that building which had been fatal for so many, this time were opened to let pass the young mother, whose only crime had been to love, and her babies who had committed the grave offence of being born.

Unfortunately this act of clemency was far from being the beginning of more humane treatment, for Elizabeth was inexorable. She, who had enough superiority of mind to make light of serious affairs of state, whenever the name of Katherine was mentioned assumed the venomous expression of Medusa's mask, and anyone who saw that erect head, so handsomely framed by its huge lace collar might have guessed that the "Lioness" would not be persuaded from her relentless persecution.

It has been said that the motto of the Grey family should have been "Save me from my friends." How applicable this would have been was again demonstrated when a certain book was published by John Hales, who attempted to prove the validity of the marriage and asserted the lawfulness of the line of Lady Frances to the succession. The fiery Queen did not admit that such things could be done from any sense of justice or charity, but she believed that it evidenced the fighting spirit of Katherine. In reality the only fight that the unhappy mother was interested in, was to prove the legitimacy of her children, and the right to love her husband. To win this she would have been content to be forgotten by the world.

Four years passed, years of petty, endless persecution which completely broke down her health. Separated from her husband, isolated from any contact with her friends, she pined away, her spirit gone at last with the conviction that she would never again see Hertford or her elder child.

She was so clearly conscious of her decline, that only an hour before she closed her eyes for ever, she begged that a message should be conveyed from her to the Queen, beseeching her to be merciful to her children, and that she would not blame Hertford for her fault.

There was yet another act of moral cruelty for Elizabeth to commit. By order of her Majesty, the alleged husband was forbidden to attend his wife's funeral. He was not allowed to be near her, even after death.

Somewhere, unknown, there was a man who had a secret weighing on his conscience, a secret that he did not dare to divulge for nearly half a century. It was no less than forty six years later that he threw off his burden, and asked God to forgive him. He was the priest who had officiated at the secret marriage of Katherine and the Earl of Hertford.

Only then, five years after the death of Elizabeth, and when Hertford was seventy years old, did he have at least this satisfaction.

Having reached the end of this episode, one may be inclined to believe that this time Cupid was beaten. And yet Queen Elizabeth who, from her lofty position could juggle with happiness as she pleased, who wore the crown of a queen and played the part of a queen, in her long life, she never wore the crown of a woman. . . . Could that have been a revenge of Cupid?

END

The More Paris Changes

(*Continued from page* 23)

dance hall, the Bal Tabarin has lately revolutionised its technique and enjoyed a sensational success by carrying the methods and mass nudity of the Folies-Bergeres and the Casino de Paris into the more intimate environment of a cabaret.

But one Bal Tabarin does not suffice to restore to Montmartre the glories of its youth. And the old, circus-like, shabby but picturesque hillside is now abandoned to a permanent population of unsuccessful and ageing French artists, caricaturists, lyric-writers, retired vaudeville actresses, small *rentiers* of all conditions, cheap milliners and dressmakers and disillusioned *cocottes*. The older Montmartre, the village on the top of the hill whose three windmills were painted by Corot, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and a host of other artists down to the Utrillo of our own day, is equally neglected save by tourists who climb its steep streets to look at Paris from the steps of Sacre Coeur. And the once celebrated little inn-cabaret of the Lapin Agile, with its white-bearded proprietor Frédéric and the donkey whose paint-dipped tail burlesqued the vogue of Cubism, is frequented only by

(*Continued on page* 88)

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The More Paris Changes

a few elderly or rapidly ageing painters and poets who knew the inn in its youth and shunned it in its days of popularity.

The success of Montparnasse, whose belated discovery by tourists in the post-war years hammered the nails in the coffin-lid of Montmartre, has proved of longer duration. When the war ended the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail were wide and quiet and empty of any animation. After nightfall they had a village-like tranquillity. A few narrow cafés existed, like the Café Vavin and the Café du Dome, in which pre-war art students and writers of half a dozen different nationalities met to play cards or chess, and in which Trotsky's presence is still remembered by a few surviving habitués of pre-war days. But the modern Café du Dome and the Café de la Rotonde, with their crowded teraces and babel of languages, were unknown and unpredictable. Nor had any such right-bank importation as the Coupole, with its oyster-bar and restaurant and orchestra and roof-garden, yet appeared on the rustic scene. The jazz age, which finally destroyed the old-fashioned Montmartre, after giving it a brief artificial respiration, created the modern Montparnasse. The little cafés which had known the poet Guillaume Apollinaire and his disciples, and in which market-carters driving their great waggon-loads of vegetables to the Halles stopped at dawn for coffee and rum, were rebuilt and transformed and hung with neon lights. Dance cabarets and negro orchestras appeared on the scene. Montparnasse rivalled the rue Fontaine and the Place Pigalle in noise, light and midnight revelry. And the new phase of Left Bank life lasted until the depression drove the old generation of foreigners out of Paris, and Hitler filled their places by a new generation of expatriates, impoverished, melancholy and indifferent to jazz.

With Montmartre dead, and Montparnasse a colony of political exiles from Central Europe, the pleasure-seeking foreigner's Paris is restricted to the Boulevards. But even the Boulevards, or the activity, ferment and picturesque animation which are characteristic of them, have changed. The centre of social life in Paris is no longer between the Opera and the rue Montmartre, as in pre-war days, but between the Madeleine and the Arc de Triomphe. Maxim's remains in the rue Royale—the old, gay Maxim's of the beginning of the twentieth century, when Paris was full of kings and grand dukes.

But Maxim's is almost the last remaining vestige of the restaurant life which Edward VII knew and loved in Paris. One after another the great names have departed—Durand, the Maison Doree, Paillard and Voisin. Foyot's famous restaurant opposite the Senate on the Left Bank was sold recently, and its carefully stocked wine cellar dispersed at auction. The social citadels of modern Paris are being rebuilt farther westwards, around the Champs-Elysées and the Etoile. The new restaurants have not the spaciousness and the grandeur of the old —the gilted cornices and long mirrors and plush-upholstered seats. They have concealed lighting and walls not yet yellow with the golden patina of age. Nor have their wines mellowed in the same bin. No dancers from the Opera have performed a *pas seul* on their immaculate dinner-tables, nor have flushed and bearded gentlemen drunk champagne from the satin slipper of a Cora Pearl in these elegant but unhistoric modern establishments. Like much of modern Paris, they lack tradition.

This generation has seen the focal centre of Parisian life move a mile westwards of the Opera. The next will doubtless see it transported still farther west, to the environs of the Bois de Boulogne. The Bois is still one of the ornaments of the French capital, but the age of the automobile has robbed it of the leisured elegance, the colour and the charm that it possessed in the age of the victoria, the phæton and the *fiacre*.

Yet for all these changes of mood and manners, it is but the façade of Paris which seems unfamiliar to the Parisian or the Paris-lover of an earlier age. The externals of the scene have made way for others. The décor seems different. But the essential drama of Paris is unchanged. The Parisian spirit survives, cynical, gaiety-loving, capricious. The eternal background of Paris remains—the wide curve of the Seine, the bookstalls on its quays, the great graceful chestnuts and poplars overhanging them, the noble pile of Notre-Dame, the long low outline of the Louvre, old Paris with its two islands, its old houses leaning together over narrow streets, cool and shady in summer, the statues and trees of the Luxembourg Gardens, the lake and toy boats of the children in the Tuileries, the crowded Boulevards at noon and at six o'clock, the chestnut blossom, Punch and Judy show and sparkling fountains of the Champs-Elysées.

The life of Paris goes on. Its great cafés and restaurants fall upon a slow decline, and even vanish altogether, but others take their places. The art of French cooking remains unsurpassed, and the wines of great vintage come to their end only to give way to others. The Boulevards, Montmartre, Montparnasse—all that was Paris to an older generation—have had their day. But the enchanted and enchanting city is eternal. *Plus ça change* . . . the old paradox was never more true. The more Paris changes, the more it remains the same.

Books

(*Continued rom page* 30)

tremendous achievements: "The narrative is inspiring, enthralling and instructive—inspiring by reason of the courage and determination with which she undertook her historic flights, enthralling because of the epic story which she unfolds with its vivid descriptive passages, and instructive as showing that, given the good fortune of overcoming what we might call the major risks of weather and mechanical difficulties, she left nothing to chance in the way of inspection of her aeroplane and attention to the minor points of detail, which are the hall-mark of the good and experienced pilot. As a navigator she is in my judgment second to none."

At the early age of twenty-eight, Jean Batten is to-day the world's greatest airwoman and she may justly lay claim to more long-distance solo records than any other pilot of either sex.

In *My Life* she describes vividly each of her great flights and as we read what she has to tell us we find ourselves thrilling with pride at another's achievements.

This, surely, is the most that any autobiographer has a right to expect!

WE have already had the Stage and Autobiography before us this month, but now we turn to one book combining both—John van Druten's *The Way to the Present* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.).

In reality it is hardly fair to the author to say that his book is in any way concerned with the Stage, for it does not deal with the life of John van Druten the eminent playwright, but with John van Druten who was *becoming* the eminent playwright.

Only a perfectly sincere man who all his life has been most impressed by "the little things" could have given us this charmingly personal and personally charming record of his beginnings.

John van Druten has got to his present enviable position athwart the pinnacle of fame "just by the sheer process of wanting."

But there are many different ways of "wanting" and it is a humbling and humanising experience to read how young van Druten did it.

The Green Fool by Patrick Kavanagh is another Michael Joseph book in this month's batch. This, too, sells at half a guinea and by a coincidence this volume, also, deals autobiographically with a young man's adolescence.

In the case of Mr. Kavanagh's book, however, the young man is reared in a very different environment from the middle-class Hampstead home of Mr. van Druten's Dutch banker father.

In Mr. Kavanagh's case, his callow days were spent in a patriarchial society in an essentially rural community not far from Dublin.

The community retained its own conventions, its own beliefs and its own superstitions; they would fascinate the anthropologist, but what gives the author's picture its peculiar force and charm is that they are not translated analytically in deference to a theoretical code, but are described straightforwardly by someone in whose life they played a necessary part.

Country fairs, weddings, dances, poaching expeditions, political banditry, farming, gossip, religious pilgrimages—all are exquisitely described and serve as a delightfully varied background to the charming and vivid personality who portrays them with such artistry.

Just as women's fashions attract with their ever-changing variety, so does Miss Ethyle Campbell's book about them rivet the attention by reason of its kaleidoscopic restlessness.

In its title *Can I Help You Madam?* we see the whole temper of this volume which comes to us from R. Cobden-Sanderson Ltd., price 8s. 6d.

Miss Campbell has had an extensive experience of that enigmatic realm known as "The Rag-Trade," and in this instructive volume she lets us in on a number of intriguing secrets.

Among the many interesting facets of her work on which she dilates are sales, shoplifters, behind the scenes at the Paris Dress Shows and—perhaps most engaging of all—the "dressing" of Ascot, Henley, Paris, New York, Court Mourning and so on.

If it is true that Man's dress, like his Love, is "of his life a thing apart—'tis Woman's whole existence," how absorbing this book will prove to women, for even I found it fascinating.

Another book which succeeds in being helpful and informative and quite incidentally proves irresistibly interesting, is Dr. Fred Stoker's *A Gardener's Progress* (Putnam & Co., 15s.).

The author of this volume is a converted rather than a congenital gardener and in its pages he describes his horticultural evolution from its hesitant beginning in a northern industrial town, gaining strength as he passes by way of a couple of London suburbs until finally it reaches its present decorative maturity in the Home County of Essex.

Not the least attractive part of this book is the profusion of illustrations, while the author's very human and lucid treatment of his subject is in delightful contrast to those gardening books all too often written in terms of such a technical nature that the reader is utterly bemused unless he shares their authors' erudition.

After all, gardens and gardening are of the earth earthy, and I am only one of the many thousands to whom Dr. Stoker's simple and unaffected but extremely helpful book will always remain a joy.

Perhaps, instead of gardening, you spend your leisure hours motoring?

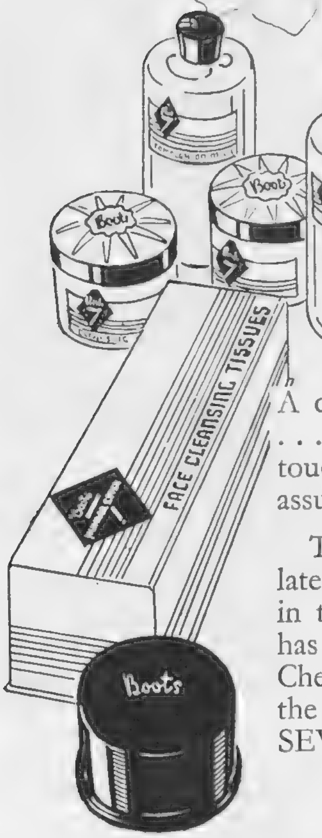
Then assuredly you will rejoice in *This England of Ours* by H. W. Eley (Geo. Newnes, 3s. 6d.).

Here we have our country shown to us county by county by one who makes us suddenly aware of our rich inheritance in a manner which shames us slightly for our previous unawareness.

Mr. Eley, plainly, loves every stick and stone of this England of ours. It is eternally to his credit that he has produced a book so obviously

(*Continued on page* 90)

Skin... *as* FLAWLESS *as a* ROSE...



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sincere that we cannot but share his enthusiasm as we read it.

These are days when it is unaccountably fashionable to tour abroad with your car.

I conceive it to be the joyous duty of every patriotic motorist to study Mr. Eley's enchanting book, for to read *This England of Ours* is to see this England of ours with the eyes of one who appreciates the humours and humanities of a peerless countryside.

A delightful examination of the West Coast of Britain north of *This England of Ours* is provided by Mr. John McLintock's knowledgeable *West Coast Cruising* (Blackie & Son, 10s. 6d.).

In this beautifully produced volume, with its many fine illustrations, Mr. McLintock provides us with an insight into the private lives of the variegated islets which nestle off the West Coast of Scotland.

The history, traditions and legends of these magic isles, the scenery, harbours and havens of this cruising man's paradise—this is Mr. McLintock's material; and from it he has contrived a most attractive document.

Three widely dissimilar novels go to complete this month's reading.

In *The Silver Fox* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) Réné Hansard has given us a macabre tale of re-incarnation.

Like Priestley's two "Time" plays *Time and the Conways* and *I Have Been Here Before*, this novel is a story "out of time," but it is, also, a swiftly moving narrative set in present-day England and Bavaria and its descriptions of Munich, seen from a fresh angle, will awaken many memories of that lovely city.

With an exciting espionage *motif* running through it, the main interest of this most gripping and original book nevertheless remains the tragic figure of Mary Queen of Scots, her loves, her destiny and her death.

Joan Sutherland, author of *Silver Mist* and *Challenge*, has broken a two-year's silence in giving us *Thirsty Land* (Cassell & Co., 8s. 6d.).

This is the story of two brothers, of Leon Carson who, invalided home from India and deserted by his wife, struggles to run a big farm in Gloucestershire; and of Rupert Carson who, as District Officer on the North-West Frontier, strives to bring order to that gaunt, forbidding land.

How Rupert comes home on leave and falls in love, only to find Nicola has already promised to marry Leon; how he returns to the Border, determined to forget; how life treats the two brothers and finally solves their problems, forms the theme of this powerful novel which, in the popular vogue, runs to 376 pages.

In my opinion the best of these three novels is *Late Harvest* by George Blake (Collins & Co., 8s. 6d.).

This absorbing story, exquisitely written, is concerned centrally with two young people and their love; but in their story the author builds up, as a background, a full and rich picture of life in a Scottish seaport town and of its changing social conditions.

Still felt, but fast receding out of the picture, there is the old and gracious order to which Roddy Melvin belongs by right of birth—the world of mansion houses, of grooms and gardeners—a world still represented by Roddy's fragile and wholly charming grandmother.

This old order is represented, too, on its more Dickensian side, by the old-fashioned lawyer's office to which Roddy is apprenticed —"Writers and Notaries Public" is their style—and by his cherub-faced uncles who still, on any provocation, get up in the drawing-room and sing duets!

Mr. Blake is completely master of the period atmosphere he employs. He even contrives to evoke in his reader a subconscious yearning for "those sweet things irrecapturable."

It is against this mellow backcloth with its dim lighting that the limelight of modernity picks out another period atmosphere—that of the cocktails-and-golf order of wealth, and the mushroom production of of cars and bungalows.

Late Harvest is crowded with characters all richly and humorously alive.

Characterisation is yet another of the author's many strong points and much of wit and much of condemnation of parochial snobbery and hypocrisy are to be found in the pages of this delightful novel which I recommend heartily.

END

Desert Passion

(Continued from page 21)

amused him or the model who posed for him; was, instead, woman—vibrant, vital, elemental.

So different, in everything, from the women back home. From Marie Peyton. An alien creature who seemed a challenge to all he had formerly believed in; whose riddle he, being a New Englander, reckoned it his duty to read.

In this he failed. So he became jealous. It was not jealousy of the flesh, since she evidently knew nobody here in Tugurt. But jealousy of the mind—because he was unable to reach down into hers, to discover what was in it.

He appeared to be always on the point of finding out. Surely, the next turn would reveal. And then—when he came to the next turn—nothing! A light laugh, a caress, that was all—and her secret self would glide away from his probing Anglo-Saxon brain—viewless, voiceless, faintly mocking.

He would try to draw her into arguments, about this and that thing: religion, race, customs. But she would agree to whatever he said. Would smilingly agree. Not with the simple smile of a child, but with the wise, patient smile of a woman—who was *talking* to a child.

A barrier in this smile and past it he could not break.

"Well," he would say to himself, "I don't care. Who is she, anyway? Just a little harlot of a desert-girl whom I picked up in a bazaar. Rather, who picked me up."

The next second, he would realise that he was lying to himself. Once more he would endeavour to reach down into her soul; to—oh—dig out her soul and strip it naked.

Her soul?

Why—had she a soul? And, suppose she had, suppose he found it, might it not be dangerous? Might he not become enmeshed in it, emotionally trapped?

Better not find out. There was nothing he wished to know about her. Nothing—but that her lips were soft and her arms generous. Let there be—he reflected violently—no involutions of mind and heart. Let him not make the mistake of allowing her to become spiritually important to him. He had made this mistake once—with Marie Peyton. He would not repeat it.

Thus his decision. He did not keep it. Could not.

For again and again, as his tenderness grew, as he discovered that more and more he needed her, he probed. Asked her one day, straight out:

"Tell me about yourself."

"Myself?"

"Yes."

"I am—oh—me. The Musk Grain."

"Tell me about this Musk Grain."

"What is there to tell—except that I love you?" She embraced him; went on, extravagantly, in a mixture of French and Arabic and the smattering of English he had taught her: "I love you so! O piece of my soul! O hero! O light shining in a dark house!"

"That's the same way," he reproached her, with a twisted smile, "you talk to your pet monkey, to the flowers, the birds."

"But," she said gravely, with no answering smile, "I also love the monkey, the flowers, the birds."

She plucked a tiny bud and pressed it to her lips. He was silent for a while; then went on:

"And still you haven't told me—about yourself."

He frowned; and she whispered:

"Are you angry?"

"Very angry."

"All right. I'll tell you."

SHE broke into a lengthy, rambling story, terribly confused, with innumerable, unimportant details, and the important details flatly contradicting each other. All about a quite impossible adventure in which the main actors were a princess, daughter of the Bey of Tunis; a jealous Moroccan who was called Ali one moment and Hossayn the next; a faithless wife; and a Jewish merchant who, at the beginning of the tale, had been killed in a long and humorous fashion, but who, at the end, seemed to be still alive and doing a profitable business.

Lowell gave a sigh of relief when the account was finished. It was days before he asked her again—when she told him another lengthy story which differed from the first in every single particular.

He shrugged his shoulders then. She lied. Of course. He would never find out about her. Her past life was like her soul: cloaked, hidden. But what did it matter? Perhaps she was right. Perhaps there was—as she told him once—no truth but that of the senses, God-given.

He laughed as he reflected how scandalised Marie Peyton would be if she could know, could see him and the Musk Grain. . . .

Well—Marie Peyton mattered no longer. Rock-ribbed New England conscience mattered no longer. He was through with it all; had seen a brighter, keener light.

For here—he told himself defiantly—was what he wanted, as a painter and as a man. Here was colour and drama. Here a rich palette. Here the packed, shouting alleys. Here the twisting bazaars. Here the feathery carob-trees. Here the hush-hush of the excellent cedars. Here the sparkling sapphire of the sky. Here the sun and the moon and the stars like great spangles. Here—when, on an afternoon, he saddled his little Arab stallion and rode out beyond the town's limits—the enormous, vaulted silences of the Sahara that came to him with a mighty sweep, a triumphant elation, a falling away of the burden of useless thoughts, useless imaginings and worries.

Here, too, his own quiet house with the patio and the tinkling fountain, the rugs on the walls, the little orange-trees in their square, peacock-blue pots.

And here the Musk Grain. . . .

A child, a toy, a lovely model. But, in the dusk and the dark, a woman who brought to him the magic of her touch, the burning, thrilling message of her young body.

And if, occasionally, he felt the same jealous, nagging wonder as to her past life, her secret self—if, at those moments, he grew conscious of a certain uneasiness, even a certain hurt and, always, a deep, frustrated longing—then he would reflect that it was the price he had to pay.

The price for love.

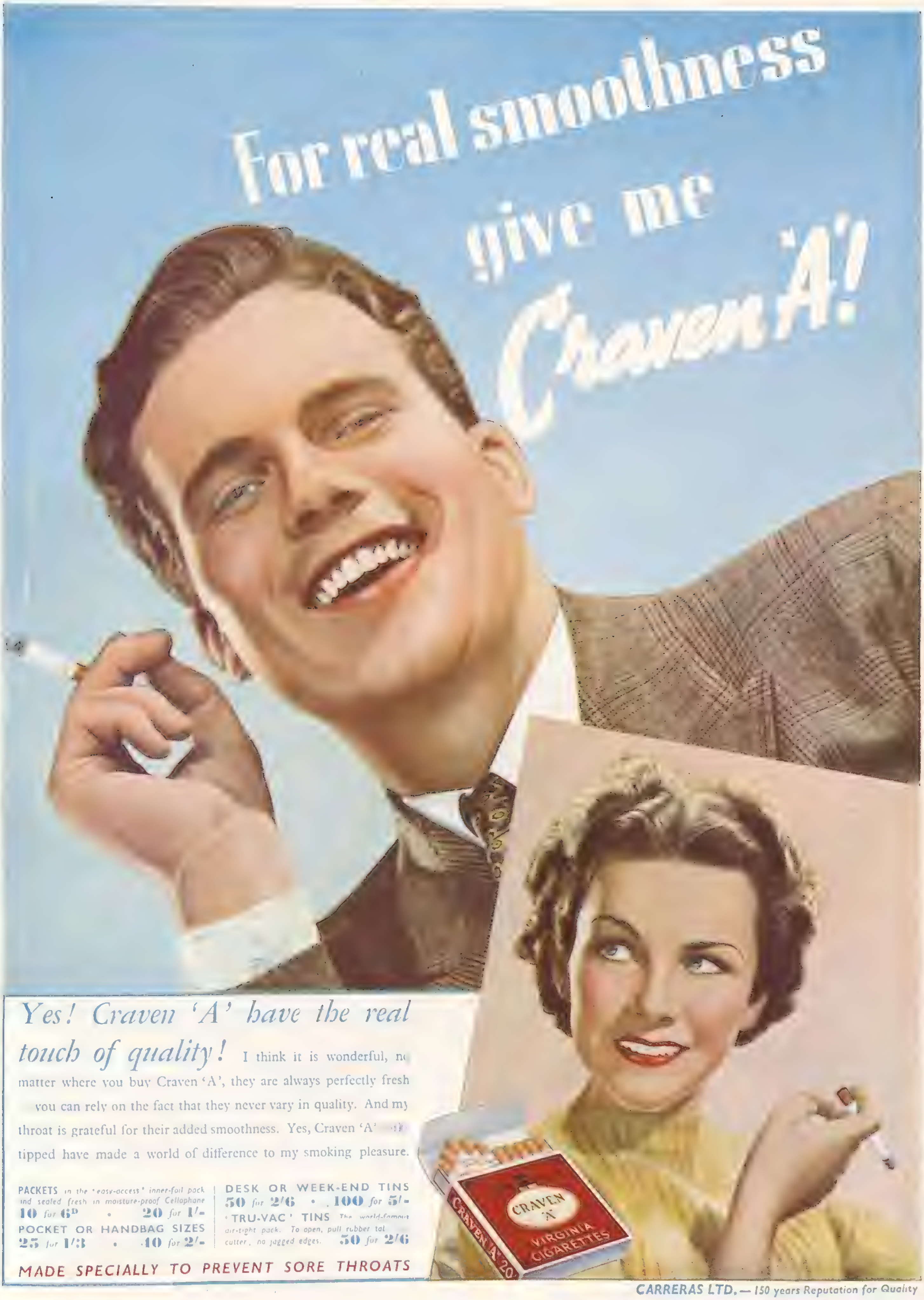
For, suddenly, one day, the knowledge had come to him that he had not kept his heart free after all. He loved her—as he had not loved Marie Peyton. His passion had enmeshed him; and—was his queer thought—it seemed that he loved her the more, the less he knew about her.

It was a love—he was convinced—that could not die, ever; could not be exorcised nor reasoned out of existence.

Surely—he thought in his artist's soul—the Shulamite of whom Solomon the King had sung, had not been fairer than the Musk Grain. And he opened the Bible. He read:

"How beautiful are thy feet with shoes,
O prince's daughter!
The joints of thy thighs are like jewels,
The work of the hands of a cunning
workman. . . ."

He laughed exultantly—and she looked up from her embroidery. *(Continued on page 93)*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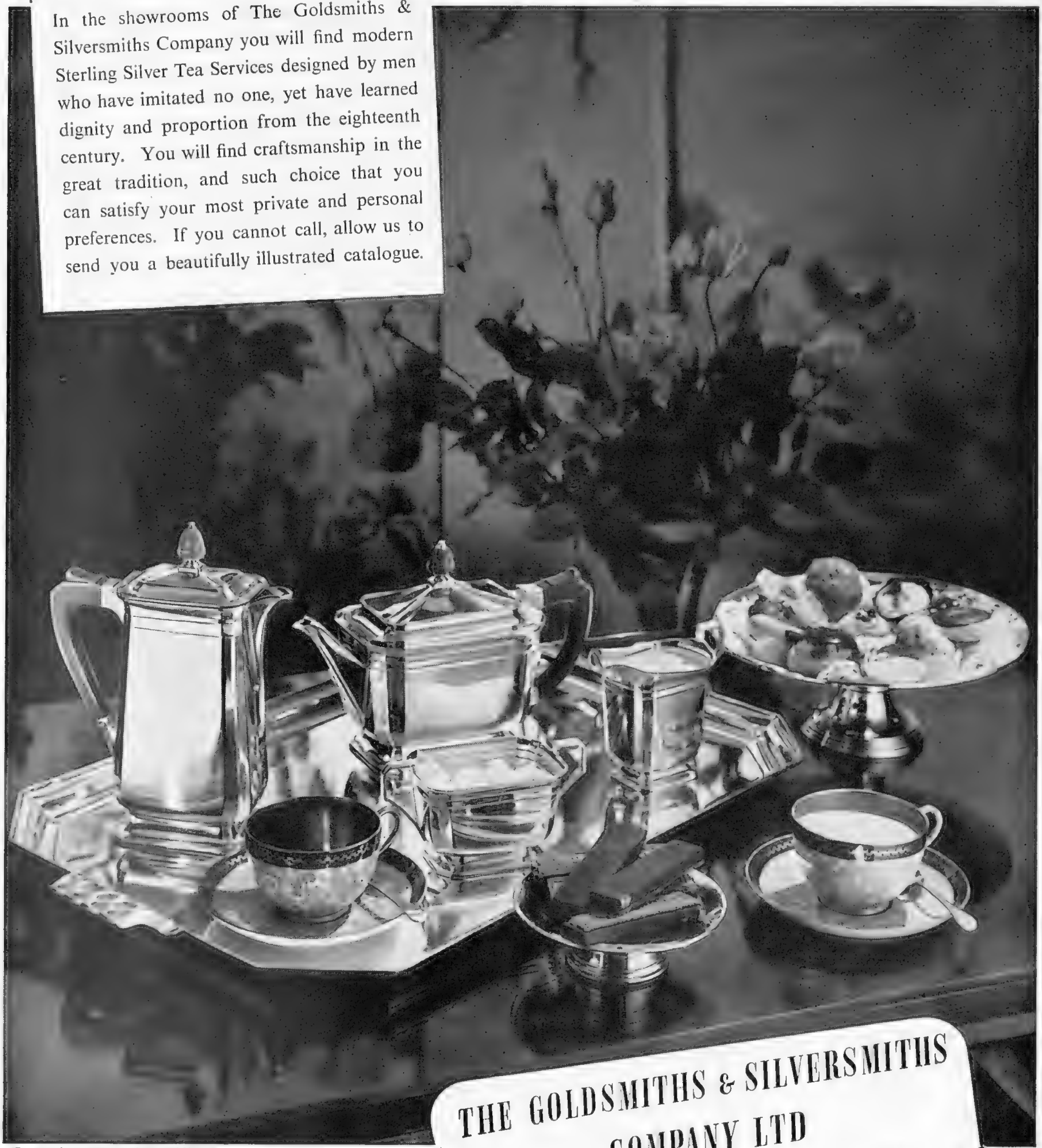

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"Why do you laugh?" she asked.

"Because I have discovered the secret of living. Because," and he was amused at the notion that she did not understand what he was saying, "I have found the perfect equation of life. Beauty—in my work as a painter. And beauty—in the woman I love."

These last were words that meant something to her.

"I am glad that you love me," she exclaimed. "And I love you, too, *yah aini*—O my soul!"

Then she picked up her pet monkey, called it "Flower in the turban of my heart!" And when the little beast clawed at her arm, she bit its ear and kicked it into a bush of damask roses—and Lowell was amused. These Arabs—he reflected—were right. They did not think when they felt, when they loved or hated. They did not consider the human heart a problem in abstract dynamics, like his own people back home in Boston.

Oh yes—a wise race. . . .

He watched the Musk Grain fondly; turned as Mehmet came into the garden with home mail and newspapers.

"There are plenty other letters on your table, Mister," said the Algerian. "You have not opened them for a long time."

"Oh," Lowell yawned, "I'll look at them some time."

"But. . . ."

"Well. . . ?"

"Maybe there is money in them."

"All right, old greedy-guts. Let's have the lot."

Shortly afterwards, Lowell looked at letters and papers, some of them months old. And he read in one that Cabot Peyton had died, in another that Marie had remarried. John Minot was her new husband. . . .

Lowell lit a cigarette. He felt not even the faintest memory of a heartache. Again he laughed. Again the Musk Grain asked:

"Why do you laugh?"

"Because of the might-have-been—a certain Fate which, luckily, I escaped. . . ."

SO the weeks passed. Summer was over. There were now chilly nights and great winds; and new strength came to Lowell. It seemed to him that he had been purged of his past, his too complex New England past; and he was strangely grateful to the Musk Grain because of the very traits—rather, lack of traits—for which formerly he had blamed her: her silences, her unwillingness or inability to speak of herself, to dissect her emotions and analyse her actions and reactions.

His own former life seemed but a flash of drab remembrances—Boston, his studio-apartment on Chestnut Street, his stodgy, respectable relatives and friends—he seldom thought of them. They represented yesterday. A yesterday which was rapidly fading to a thin, prosy dream. This, here, was to-day. This was Tugurt. This was the desert. This was the Musk Grain.

Why did he love her? Why did she love him?

What did it matter? Nothing mattered but the fact of his happiness; and his happiness grew, became glorious and stainless and radiant, as winter, too, passed, and December brought the beginning of the Saharan spring. Spring in the garden, where the palm trees were putting out their shining, green spikes and plumes of white blossoms and where the birds laced the bushes with golden song. Spring in the desert where—going on all-day trips to sketch—his eyes marvelled to behold the wasteland clothed in the pale pinks and mauves of innumerable, tiny flowers. Spring in his heart when, with the sun dropping below the horizon, he spurred his stallion to a furious gallop to cover the last few miles, eager to see the Musk Grain, to kiss her red lips, to smell the warm, sweet scent of her body.

And then, one day, he returned a couple of hours earlier than usual. He dismounted at the patio gate, smilingly waiting for the patter of her little feet across the marble mosaic. But he waited in vain. She did not hurry out to meet him. Hadn't she heard the clatter of his horse's hooves. . . ?

He felt vaguely uneasy. He crossed the patio towards her bedroom. Then, suddenly, he stood quite still, as a voice drifted through the curtain that hid the arched doorway. Not Mehmet's squeaky falsetto, but rumbling, deep-throated accents — in Arabic — and Lowell had learned enough of the language to understand, to know that they were words of passion . . . and passion, too, in the other voice, the Musk Grain's, which chimed in a moment later:

"*Yah amri*—O my life! *Yah aini*—O my soul. . . ."

He took a step forward.

The girl—he thought—the girl he loved—in there—with another man! Speaking to this other man of love! Perhaps kissing him! Perhaps . . .

His brain, hate scabbed, telegraphed to his body. He rushed through the curtain. Saw the Musk Grain, held close in the embrace of a young, burnoosed Bedaw.

They gave a start; turned. He advanced—slowly now, inexorably.

There was, on a taboret, a jewelled Turkish dagger. Instinctively he took it. He saw nothing. Heard nothing. Only the vibrations in his own heart. They surged up immensely, chokingly, echoing with a terrible rhythm:

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

He lunged at the stranger—and "No, no!" cried the Musk Grain—and, at the very last, just as the blade swished through the air, she picked up a heavy copper pot—she threw it at the American—it struck his temple—he felt a dull jar as he dropped on his knees and rolled over. . . .

WHEN he came to, he found himself in the patio on a rattan couch. He opened his eyes; saw Mehmet; asked dully:

"This man—who was he. . . ?"

"Her husband, elegant Mister. Who else?"

"Eh. . . ?" Lowell jumped up. "Her husband? She is . . . ?"

"Married. Of course." Mehmet spoke as if he were explaining something obvious known to all the world. "It is the custom of the Ouled-Nayl. Their women come to Tugurt each year, as dancers—or. . ." He shrugged his shoulders; continued: "In spring, always, they return to their husbands. For a woman *is* a woman—and spring *is* spring. But—ah—a woman remains a woman, and spring is soon over. Six weeks. Perhaps two months. The Musk Grain will return—with summer. . . ."

He smiled, added:

"Besides, there are other women in Tugurt. I know many. So if you—during the Musk Grain's absence. . . ."

Lowell did not reply. He went into the house, the bedroom.

He stared at the couch.

On that white pillow had laid her head, her dark, darling head for the last time. Had seen her smiling in her sleep; then awakening; holding out her arms to him. . . .

Last night!

Last night was no more. It was dead.

He sat for hours, knitting his riven heart to hold the pain.

Happiness—he told himself—had been his. Eight months of happiness. Now he knew that these eight months had been a mirage, a lie—every day, every minute. And what was he going to do? How was he going to rebuild his shattered existence?

It was hours before there came to him the knowledge, rather an instinct like that of a wounded dog dragging itself to its kennel, that he must go home, to Boston. For these eight months, these eight eternities, were wiped out. They were not. Never had been. But Boston—was. New England—was. It was a fact. A harsh fact which he must find again; must fit into again, as he had fitted in the past—before Marie Peyton. . .

He laughed then, harshly.

Marie was Boston-cold. Sure enough. But—by God!—she was Boston-clean.

Marie had remarried. . . ?

Well — there were other Maries — in Boston. . . .

So he called out:

"Mehmet!"

The latter came; and Lowell went on:

"Get me a railroad ticket to Algiers—for this afternoon. And find out when the next ship leaves there."

Mehmet bowed.

"I listen and obey, elegant Mister. . . ."

IT was on his way back from the travel bureau, that Mehmet stopped at the bazaar and had talk with Mordecai Ezra, the Moroccan Jew from whom Lowell had rented the house.

"The Musk Grain," he said, "has returned to the desert. Therefore the Amerikani leaves for his own country—to-day." A pause. He added: "And yet. . . ."

"And yet. . . ?"

"What," was the surprising question, "do you think of money, Jew?"

"Money," bluntly, "is on the lips of the liar, Moslem!"

"Is it not also the key which opens the lock of trust?"

"Whose trust, O brother to the horse-leech?"

"Mine—in you. And yours—in me."

"Hm . . ."

"The rent you charged for the house was . . ?"

"Five hundred francs a month. You know it. Was not your commission ten per cent?"

"Suppose that, next year, I can get you eight hundred a month?"

"None but a fool would pay it."

"Suppose I find such a fool?"

"The same commission to you."

"No. Twenty-five per cent."

"Fifteen."

"Nineteen."

"Good!"

"Your hand on it, Jew?"

"Here, Moslem!" They clasped fingers. "Tell me—who is this fool?"

"The Amerikani."

"But you said . . ."

"That he is off to his own country. To be sure. On the other hand, is it not possible that he will be back here next year, when spring is over in the desert—and when, belike, a certain girl of the Ouled-Nayl will . . ." He interrupted himself; exclaimed hypocritically: "Allah alone knoweth!"

"Allah," rejoined Mordecai Ezra, "and the seething passion in a man's soul!"

And he bent over his ledger, while Mehmet returned to the little house in the Arab quarter and began packing Lowell Riverton's trunk. . .

Behind the Scenes with a Big Orchestra

(*Continued from page* 29)

concentration required of them. I have been at rehearsals under conductors who have rehearsed without a score and have made the most amazing corrections with perfect accuracy.

On one occasion a whole concert was saved for Beecham through his conducting without a score. The work performed was Delius's *Mass of Life*—an immense work, requiring not only a very full orchestra but chorus and soloists as well.

Unfortunately, Sir Thomas had sustained a painful attack of gout—indeed, there was some fear that he might not be able to appear. However, by wearing what looked like a very old pair of evening shoes and hobbling painfully on to the platform, he managed to take his place in the rostrum. There was a sympathetic tension in the hall, for it was obvious he was suffering. Marie Wilson, who was leading the Promenade concerts for Sir Henry Wood at that time, told me afterwards that Beecham's face was grey with pain.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Behind the Scenes With a Big Orchestra

The act of conducting from memory saved him, because, two minutes after he had begun, he was raising himself on the affected foot and evidently without discomfort. At the end of each movement he became conscious of the pain and clutched the rostrum rail for support. As soon as he began again he seemed to forget his sufferings, but at the conclusion Roy Henderson had practically to lift him down from the rostrum and he hobbled away in agony.

This story is worth telling, because it points to the superlatively high concentration needed to convey every *nuance* to an orchestra. Had Beecham succumbed to his physical discomfiture, almost anything might have happened.

It is many years now since I last watched a concerto being rehearsed with Paderewski as the soloist, but I have never forgotten the complete dignity of the man who was great enough to lock his piano for two years and become the first President of the Polish Republic. What he wanted he politely asked for, and it was the conductor's business to convey his wishes to the orchestra. Ysaye, the great Belgian violinist, was another I watched at a concerto rehearsal. He talked to the orchestra on his fiddle the whole time, playing passages as he wanted them rendered, begging the orchestra to copy him.

A cynic has said it is the conductor's business not to upset the orchestra more than is avoidable. In a sense that remark is true, but the real truth is that the conductor's business is not to interfere with the composer whose music-thoughts should slip off the end of his baton.

Smokers Only

(Continued from page 31)

given about smoking it; how I had to wipe the bowl with a silk handkerchief after I had smoked the pipe; how I had to be careful not to smoke a second pipe until the bowl was absolutely cold again. It was not a carved pipe, but just a plain one. I was very delighted when I looked at the beautiful shining pipe in its velvet case, but after a while I became very bored with it. I like a pipe to be a pipe and not a museum piece. Frankly, I do not remember how I came to lose the pipe; perhaps I broke it. I really do not know, but I do know this: I never had another.

I OWN about a dozen pipes, but, like most people, I think, rarely do I have more than two in use, and out of the dozen I do not suppose I ever smoke four in a year.

To sit by a friend's fireside, puffing a pipe, brings perfect content, friendship and understanding. It is not difficult to gather what is meant by the expression: "To smoke the pipe of peace." This custom came from the Red Indians of North America, but although we hear quite a lot about pipes of peace, we know far less about the pipes of war which meant death.

The Omahas were undoubtedly the most war-like tribe of North American Indians. This tribe had two sacred pipes which were only smoked in Council. One was a peace pipe, the other the pipe of war. The latter was a long stemmed pipe, and both the bowl and the stem were perfectly plain. The pipe of peace was much more decorative and elaborate.

So far as I know, the Omahas were the only Indian people who were divided into two distinct groups: one group was called the Sky people, and the other the Earth people. They represented the Father and the Mother. Each group had a peace pipe and a war pipe, but only on very rare occasions were all four pipes brought into Council. According to the American Bureau of Ethnology, each group of the Omahas had a keeper of the sacred pipe. When the tribe met in Council, it was the keeper of the pipes who filled the bowls with native tobacco, and while doing so he intoned the ritual words.

Every schoolboy knows that Sir Walter Raleigh was responsible for the introduction of tobacco into England, but how many people know that Sir Walter was himself a pipe smoker and a man who had quite a collection of pipes. There is a tradition which says that Sir Walter went to the scaffold puffing a pipe. His pipe-smoking brought him into disgrace with King James I who, the first year of his reign, issued a statement which reads in part: "What honour or policie can move us to imitate the barbarous and beastly maners [sic] of the wilde, godlesse, and slavish Indians, especially in so vile and stinking a custom?"

Perhaps Sir Walter did not use a pipe cleaner, and those of us who are pipe smokers do know that a foul pipe can be very foul indeed. It is the bad habit of not cleaning our pipes which makes enemies for them, so I think.

SCATTERED about in England are some remarkably fine collections of old pipes. I have seen some of them, but I have never been tempted to beg the trial of any specimen. Yet, once upon a time, men did smoke silver pipes, and pipes made of porcelain, to say nothing of others, in the days of Elizabeth, which were made from nothing more elaborate than the half shell of a walnut stuck on a stem. In the Bavarian Alps, I have come across peasants smoking very remarkable contraptions. They are made partly of wood and partly of porcelain, and are considered heirlooms.

I have sat in Arabian cafés and watched solemn-faced men huddled round a table, taking turns to puff in silence from what we call a hubble-bubble, a water pipe. Much could be written about this curious pipe, perhaps the oldest form of smoking in the whole world.

Learned people affirm, perhaps with considerable reason, that tobacco and smoking were carried to America from Africa, and that this happened before Columbus ever landed on the shores of America. There are, in fact, several pieces of evidence which support this theory.

How old the hubble-bubble form of smoking is, I do not know, but it is possible that the very elaborate pipes of this nature which one finds in some of the Arab cafés are not so very old, although the custom of smoking the water pipe is in itself centuries old. Then again, is there not something in common between the smoking of the hubble-bubble in the Arab cafés and the smoking of the pipe of peace or war among the North American Indian tribes?

It is true that among the Red Indian tribes there was some sort of ritual when the pipes were filled, but what the keeper of the pipes actually said when he was loading them, we shall never know. Perhaps it was a prayer, but I like to think that the question of smoking in company is one which leads to a sort of universal mind. Perhaps I can explain this a little better if I ask my readers to form a mental picture of the Red Indians sitting round on their haunches and taking turns at puffing a pipe; then try and get another picture in your minds: the picture of men in white burnous sitting in a circle and taking turns to puff at a water pipe.

Thousands of miles separate these two pictures, but there seems to me to be some sort of affinity between the East and the West which, although it is something cloudy with smoke, remains clear as an idea. Tobacco soothes the nerves and perhaps allows a smoker to concentrate. Maybe the Arabs are not thinking of any great problem, even though the Red Indians on their reservations were dealing with matters of life and death.

I come back to my idea of the smoking of pipes being beneficial to the mind, and therefore beneficial to mankind. Lastly, I would like you to dwell on the picture of friends sitting round the fireside, puffing at their pipes and thinking of friendship and unity.

These Escaped—To Live

(Continued from page 13)

striding the universe. The great pianist-composer left Russia at the same time as did his friend and fellow-master, Chaliapin, and he has never been back in the seventeen years since then. A loss to the Soviet, a gain to the world. So, it is, all the time, with this story. So pleased are the Americans with the calibre of some of the refugees that gravitate in their direction, that they now and then trot out the commentary: "Thank you, Dictators!"

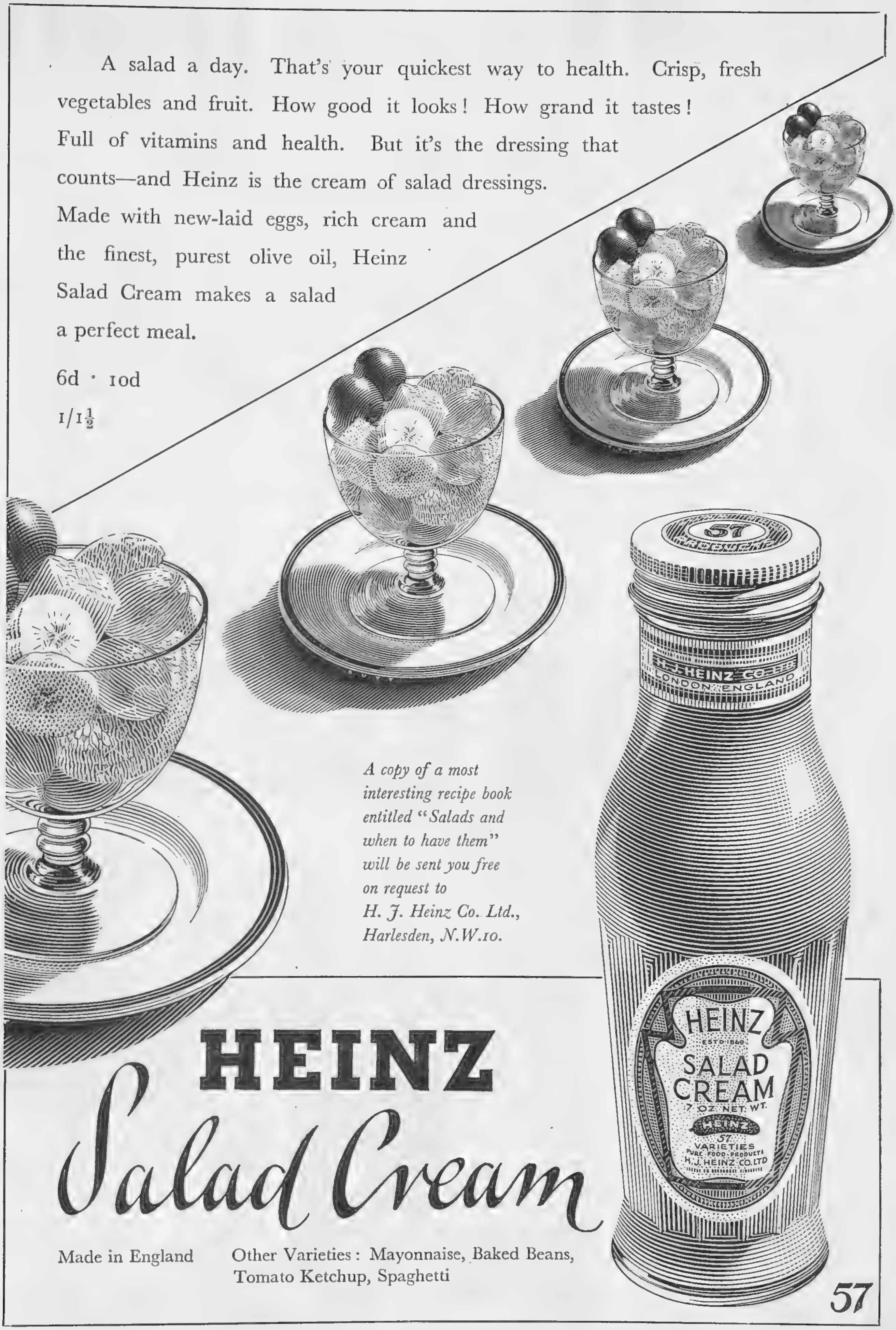
Arnold Zweig, author of celebrated *Sergeant Grischa*, is a third Lake Zürich high-light, and one who works at possibly greater pressure than had he remained on in a—Nazi-less—Fatherland. Zweig probably burns with greater indignation than any other major artist, with regard to what has happened to his race which, he holds, was responsible for Germany's greatest social and intellectual achievements in the past two or three generations. He produces a list covering every sphere of activity: Hertz, the physicist; Ludwig Boerne, the great journalist; Husserl, the philosopher; Max Warburg the banker and Ballin the ship-owner; Rathenau the industrialist; Samuel Fischer the greatest of publishers.

Zweig is the utter individualist as opposed to the community call. It is easy to see why such as he, even if they were not Jews, could never turn even half into Hitlerism. For Zweig boldly declares that it is non-German influences that have kept Germany in the main stream of European and cultural development. The gulf is, indeed, complete. If the instinctive part of man, that which "is swayed by the blood and fed by the soil," mean everything to the Nazi, in Arnold Zweig's eyes they are man's hereditary enemy, the enemy of all progress.

In the Italian part of Switzerland, Tessino, is a second of the pen whose war book will live down the decades: Erich Maria Remarque of *All Quiet* fame. Recently he had another big film success with *After*. Creative artists of the first magnitude such as Thomas Mann, Zweig and Remarque can command pretty well what they like, refugees or not. The only question is—in the case of the two last—whether their subject will not give out: war and after. Remarque's big friend is Rudolph Sieber, husband of Marlene, and all three are at this moment stopping along the lake, at Lausanne (this is from Geneva). Marlene's daughter is "finishing" there. Herr Sieber is, I believe, based principally on Paris where Frau Marlene visits him twice a year, he periodically returning the compliment, at Hollywood. Can Marlene be included in this galley of "refugees of fortune" (*und wie*)? It is said she is taking out final American nationalisation in September (the process takes two years). In that case, how would husband Rudolph figure? Can a wife be of one nationality, and a husband of a second? Maybe so, in Hollywood.

Now that Austria has been deleted, there can be no further doubt as to the position of Luise Rainer, widely voted the finest actress of her emotional type, on the screen to-day. Luise Rainer, Viennese Jewess, had to struggle much harder than most others before setting foot on the ladder of success. All through the 'twenties and into the 'thirties she had to work like a trouper in every sort of part on the Vienna, Berlin and provincial stages. Her great ability became increasingly recognised, but that was about as far as it got: no wand-wafted fortune. Then, three or four years ago, came the big screen chance. Had things gone on indefinitely, Luise

(Continued on page 96)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Other Varieties: Mayonnaise, Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup, Spaghetti might never have emerged, as she was no longer young. The fates decreed she should get away in time, almost from beneath the menacing, deadening totalitarian artistic hand, and no doubt this great artist will not delay in likewise becoming American.

Something of a duplicating tale could be related of that other brilliant Jewish actress, Lucie Mannheim, whose London début in a part that was nearly all the play, fascinated even the dramatic critics. Fraulein Mannheim (shall it soon be "Miss"?) hailed from Berlin. Then there is Vicki Baum, of *Grand Hotel*, and any-royalties-she-wants over Hollywood way, where this ex-Berlin journalist is settled. Vicki is a rover, loving to travel the world sometimes for half the year.

While we are in America, we may as well get along with it. As a fact, much of our story rests there. For example, Europe has developed nothing like the University of Exile, of New York. This was conceived five years ago, primarily to offer refuge to scholars and philosophers driven out of Germany and Italy on account of their political faith or race, and to-day the institution counts a group of sixteen, best known of whom is perhaps Dr. Frieda Wunderlich, of Labour expertism. The group recently produced a first opus *Political and Economic Democracy*.

Of course the best known of refugees, the world over, is Albert Einstein, who has a Swiss passport—he was originally a Swiss citizen. There is rather more tendency to challenge his revolutionary conception of time and space or relativity or whatever it is, for I never pretended to even the remotest understanding, I do not yet know what even algebra is for, not being built that way. However, Einstein himself disarms the pursuing and no doubt puny "knocker" by calmly announcing that quite possibly he *is* all wrong himself, and as no one seems capable of deciding at present, save the Creator, we may leave it at that. What I wished to say was that Einstein is loved for his humility, and that he commutes between Harvard and the Sorbonne, when he is not touring the States addressing learned societies, or working out further super-hyper-posers in his study.

The Nazis wanted no one more than they did Einstein, so much so that the latter was advised by the Belgians to leave the coastal villa he first took on his flight from Germany. So many holiday-makers were all around that the great scientist could not be guaranteed from a possible kidnapping coup by flushed young Nazis so near their own frontier. So the world was spared that, too.

Professor Salvemini, of Chicago University, has assumed a status of the very front rank in America. Comparatively early on, he could not stand Fascism, and to-day this liberty-loving Italian, true disciple of Mazzini, watches from afar the impressing into a common mould of what was once the liveliest intelligence in Christendom. The good professor is better off in Chicago, climate and all, than on one of the Sicilian islands of *Confino*, whither he would otherwise most certainly have been sent to languish and decay. The worst thing of all on those islands is the decay of fine brains. A second Italian of consequence "over there" is Count Sforza, Foreign Minister for several years during and after the War and now a publicist and lecturer. Sforza also could not stand the plenary divorce from liberty that the Fascist regime enforces. Liberty and Italy are one, says Sforza, thinking back to Garibaldi. A third Americo-Italian refugee, and one who has my vote, is G. A. Borgese who in his day was Italy's greatest journalist. Borgese insists that Mussolini is beating England and France mainly by studiously following the precepts of Machiavelli, and that we haven't rumbled it.

IGNACY PADEREWSKI, first Premier of independant Poland though he was slightly known prior to that, still ventures periodically into politics from his exile retreat at Riond-Bosson, on Lake Geneva. When the great pianist lost his wife some years ago, it was feared he was breaking up, but he has made a remarkable physical come-back and if, at 77, he but rarely now plays in public, he remains right "in" on the political game. Paderewski realises he is too old for anything himself, even he was a success formerly at Warsaw, which is debated. Essentially, what he recommends Marshal Smigly-Rydz is to have back the former Premier and peasant leader, Wincenty Witos, long a refugee in Prague. Without Witos, Paderewski considers Polish unity to be impossible and he dreads the German hand on his country, so much of which was former German territory, in the event of internal trouble.

From Geneva to Oxford. Major escape from Hitlerism was indubitably Dr. Heinrich Bruening, former chancellor of the Reich and probably the best of post-war Germans, Stresemann not excepted. Bruening, an ascetic, devout Catholic, won the Iron Cross, first class, but far from that leaving a bellicose heritage, it spurred him on genuinely to chase peace in post-war times. The curse always was that when Germany had the right man on top, France would invariably have the worst. Bruening had Poincaré, Tardieu and Laval to contend with, calamitous three who, above all others, put France, the League, ourselves, and a lot of others, where they currently find themselves. Had Bruening been working opposite a Daladier . . . but let us forget it. The point is that this fine German, to whom Britain might and probably would have conceded so much, is safe and sound and will remain so, as a fellow of Queen's, where he lectures on political theory. This fellowship he divides with a similar one at Harvard.

While by the Isis, do not let us overlook the truant Soviet scientists, Professors Chichibabin and Ipatieff. The trouble with the professors is that they refuse to go home, though whether this attitude arises from the excellence of their Oxford laboratory or because they have heard Stalin is on the warpath to include scientists in his file of wreckers and Trotskyist plotters, I am not advised. Anyway, I see from my latest notes that it is too late now—the professors *can't* go home. They've been deprived of Soviet citizenship and exiled in perpetuity "for failing to do their duty to the Fatherland," though just how that duty might have been conceived by the Kremlin (a shot in the back of the neck?) is another matter.

Toscanini offers a curious case. I expect he could go into Italy to-morrow but he mostly prefers to stay outside, and he has finally said good-bye to the Salzburg upon which he shed greatest lustre since its inception. Toscanini, as imperious as Bonaparte, is quite clear how he stands with respect to the Fascist and the Nazi conceptions. Let men do what they please with law-giving and politics and the whole caboodle, but interference with the role of the musician shall not be tolerated. The projected turning of his Salzburg into a Wagnerian orgy, all Wotan and belly-bellowing, his Salzburg of Mozart, sends the fiery Signor Arturo away to such places as Palestine, precisely to signify that there must be no creed or race in music, for there he conjures from nowhere a first-rate Jewish orchestra. This the veteran of seventy-two conducts like a young enthusiast. The late musical Mecca lost its second pillar in Bruno Walther, now working for "a new Salzburg" in Provence. Some years ago it mislaid Max Reinhardt whose august castle parties, in the schloss rising high from the centre of the town, were the magnet for Europe's fashionable intelligentsia. Reinhardt is settled in Hollywood. Greatest stage producer of his day.

Music reminds that recent events have turned into a refugee the hostess of Vienna's last great salon. I refer to Frau Wersel, wife of the author mentioned earlier, who is a daughter of Gustav Mahler, the composer. Her salon was visited by personages of almost every political complexion, including the hapless Schuschnigg.

So seldom do engineers or inventors seem to find themselves refugees, that special mention may be made of Igor Sigorsky, creator of the first giant aeroplane. Sigorsky runs a vast factory in the United States.

Can Titulescu, Romania's dynamic spark and man extraordinary, both in appearance and character, be classed as a refugee? Sometimes he is, sometimes he is not. I don't know what he is just at the moment. At all events, he is one of the lucky ones, choc-a-bloc with money as well as brains, the partner of a charming wife, and able to divide his leisure between St. Moritz and Cap Martin; though one is quite sure T. would infinitely prefer an embassy to either, let alone the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Bucharest. He is that way: positively drenched in international politics, in the whole labyrinthine maze.

Emil Ludwig is one whose refugee life takes the shape of roaming far and wide. He had more or less left Germany even before he would have had to flee. His real name is Cohn, and he was born fifty-five years ago, the son of a Breslau oculist. A large-headed, lithe man, he started after the War by writing heavy dramas for pleasure and by doing desultory journalism for bread. One day his "Napoleon" clicked, and he was made. Ludwig rose to fame because he could apply elementary psycho-analytical methods to his subjects. His latest effort, *The Nile*, took him up to the waterfall source of the White Nile. The story recounts the struggle between man and the river which flows for 2,750 miles without tributary, through a vast desert and provides water for an ancient civilisation.

In addition to Paul Czinner and Conrad Veidt, each seeking British nationality, Alexander Korda has been driven first from Germany and now from the late Austria. So much gain for others. In passing, the one British refugee of note I can think of is Madeleine Carroll who, according to her own story, is refugeeing from Sir John Simon, not wishing to pay alarming income tax both here and in the States. Her husband being domiciled in England, that would be the demand did she land, so poor Madeleine on her last visit did not dare go ashore at Southampton. Captain Astley went aboard and took her across to Havre in the *Normandie*; and so briefly to Paris.

Paris boasts a dozen or more front rank refugees. Kerensky has come a little into fortune again after his newspaper had closed down. He has been lecturing in the United States. The man who compelled the utmost attention for a brief but dramatic spell twenty years ago is the "king" of his own café circle, and how they do chew the rag. Next best-known Russian is Miliukoff, now an old man of eighty but still editing his *Dernières Nouvelles* for Whitish Russians. I met Miliukoff when he was head of the crucial Zemtsvos, in 1914. He came to our Red Cross train before Warsaw—I was war corresponding—and how everyone turned out at the salute. Previously, Miliukoff had been president of the farcical Duma that the Tsar never meant should succeed.

Comfortably placed refugees of a different hue, often to be seen in the French capital, are ex-Chancellor Wirth and "Putzi" Hanfstaengel. The first lives in Paris where he does occasional writing. Germany's one-time "premier" is a big, rubicund, jovial man, fond of his beer and of a good time. As for "Putzi," big and monocled, he, too, is of the good time persuasion. No one seems to know just in what circumstances came the breach with the Fuehrer, whose intimate friendship Hanfstaengel so long enjoyed. May "Putzi" have been too free with his confidences? Anyhow, I'm told he still plays his fiddle, but that he is not so keen as of yore on pressmen, following a certain incident. He used to be hand in glove with them, that having been his main asset to the party.

Spain's leading civil refugee, ex-Foreign Minister and philosopher Salvador de Madariaga, also favours Paris when he is not writing or lecturing in America. Madariaga cannot go back to either side in Spain. Madrid warned him off eighteen months ago, when he was living in

(*Continued on page* 98)

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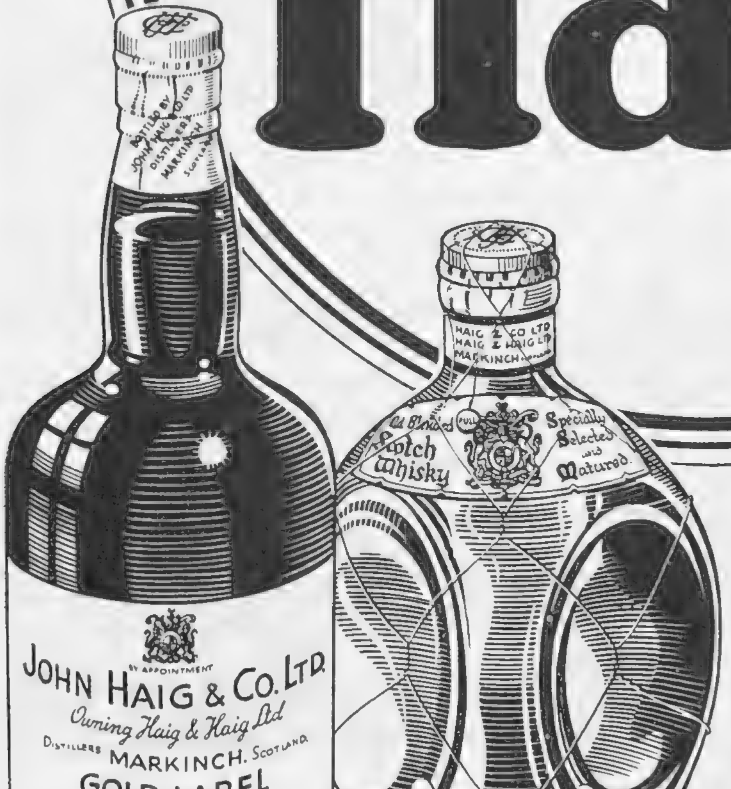
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Switzerland, and of course Franco would make short shrift of him. I should say M. is the only prominent Spaniard so isolated.

Madariaga holds that two world phenomena dominate our times: the coming of age of the world commonwealth and the rise of the masses to economic power through political power. The world struggle is between extremism and moderation. "Ultimately democracy is the application to collective use of the method of trial and error inaugurated in science by the era of freedom of thought, and if at times it is irritating because of its stress on error, it must be maintained at all costs because of the importance of trial."

Unique as refugee is Prince Hubertus Loewenstein. This relatively young scion of the German nobility is about as "Left" as one can get, short of Communism. He loathes everything to do with the present Germany, and lives mainly in the United States.

These Escaped—To Live

And so it goes on, with our neon-lit company not yet exhausted although my space is. I could write more of such leading refugee writers as Lion Feuchtwanger (*Jew Süss*), Stefan Zweig, Heinrich Mann, Ernst Toller, Bruno Frank. What a literary constellation has been booted out of Germany, to be sure! Can any front rank writer be left in the Reich?

END

Weather—With a Vengeance

(*Continued from page* 17)

in Central China in summer life is one long torment.

Nor does that exhaust the weather eccentricities one meets travelling up and down farthest Asia. At Christmas dinner, complete with plum pudding, eaten in Java at 100 degrees in the shade, is a severe test for all but the fittest. Kobe, in Japan, specialises in fogs of genuine London vintage. While for thunder that sways houses and lightning that curls your hair, the seeker after experience should visit British Malaya. Singapore has an average of one roof-lifting thunderstorm per day throughout the whole year. Other up-country districts in Malaya easily beat this score with an average of three a day.

WHILE being driven by car from Singapore to Kuala Lumpur a few months ago, I was caught in a typical Malayan thunderstorm. It had been a sultry morning—around 90 degrees. Suddenly black clouds gathered and the first jagged ribbon of lightning zig-zagged earthward directly ahead of the car. Then came the rain—a solid curtain of falling water such as Britain never knew. It came down at the rate of two inches an hour, turning roads into rivers and leaving one to guess where the ditches were. My Chinese driver, fortunately, guessed right (he hadn't been born and reared in Malaya for nothing). For five hours of continuous deluge he maintained an unerring thirty-five miles an hour, heedless alike of flooded roads, thunder that threatened to burst our eardrums and the lightning that sizzled around. His only remark, when he deposited at Kuala Lumpur a passenger who had long given up all hope of completing that nightmare journey alive, was: "Plenty cool after rain."

Earthquakes aren't caused by weather. At least, scientists have not yet been able definitely to establish any direct connection between "earthquake seasons" and climate. But in the Orient earthquakes rank with typhoons among the major disasters which afflict humanity.

The whole Pacific region lies within the Eastern earthquake belt. The Californian coast has been shattered by "tremblors" while Shanghai, built on a mud bank, is not completely immune, and other regions of China experience quakes from time to time. But for the earthquake terror at its worst one must go to Japan.

Between 100,000 and 160,000 people (no accurate count was possible) were killed in the earthquake which destroyed half of Tokyo and all of Yokohama in 1923. Thirty-three thousand people were burnt alive in one open space in the Japanese capital city in that greatest natural disaster of all time.

During the fifteen years that have since passed, there have been more than 30,000 quakes strong enough to be felt in Japan. An average of more than four a day! But earthquakes come in seasons. After a spell without a single tremor being recorded on the most delicate instruments, fifty will occur within a week or two. No man knows why—not even my friend, Professor Ishimoto, head of the Earthquake Department of Tokyo Imperial University, who has investigated thousands of them in his efforts to learn why they happen and when. Still he doesn't know, for quakes occur on calm sunny days, in the middle of gales, during hot nights in summer and when Japan lies under snow.

I experienced three within a few hours at Tokyo recently. The first woke me up at 5.30 a.m. The second caused me hurriedly to complete my dressing at 7.30.; the third spoilt my breakfast at 9 a.m. As it happened they were only small trembles, causing electric lights to sway, floors to creak and tall buildings to tremble as though someone had pushed them. Tokyo is so used to that sort of thing that the Japanese newspapers devoted only ten lines to the three of them. But while they were happening one couldn't be sure! Any one of those shakes might have been the beginning of a great disaster which would have buried me and my Japanese neighbours deep under the ruins of our homes. More than four a day; ten fair-sized quakes at Tokyo in a lifetime; one great disaster, on average, every sixty years. When the house begins to shake in Japan one wonders which it is this time. There is nothing to be done about it. In the grip of the earthquake peril humanity is helpless. One can only get out into the open—up a tree for preference—and trust to luck.

Taken all in all, the Far East can show the adventurous the worst weather and the greatest disasters known to the human family. In fact, to those who object to being boiled by torrid suns, frozen by sub-arctic temperatures, blown to glory by typhoons, half-drowned by tropical deluges or tossed about in cities which have a habit of suddenly developing St. Vitus' dance, the glamorous East isn't so glamorous after all. Having sampled all varieties of "weather" that part of the world provides, I can understand why many of my friends prefer Brighton or Margate—even if a gentle summer rain is not absolutely unknown there during the holiday months!

END

The Bath

(*Continued from page* 45)

roused him from his reverie. He started and turned round to see Paddy beckoning to him from the corner of the corridor. Paddy's face was creased with laughter.

"For God's sake, will you come and see what's coming out of the spout?" he cried. "I never in my life saw the like."

"What is it?" said Mr. Campbell.

"Come and look at it, sir," said Paddy.

In spite of his rather gloomy reverie, Mr. Campbell was beginning to feel unaccountably pleased with himself. As he crossed the hall, he thought:

"This Paddy is rather an amusing dog. Might be fun to spend a day or two in this place with him."

HE followed Paddy into the bathroom. It had formerly been a bedroom and the bath, which was a cheap affair of enamelled tin, was perched on wooden trestles in one corner. The water entered from a rusty iron tank near the roof and the pipes, reaching down from the tank, were also very rusty. The enamel had worn away from nearly all the bottom of the tub, giving the impression of a small black lake, surrounded by a smooth white precipitous cliff. Into this black lake there now flowed a thin stream of black water from the cold water tap. It did not flow regularly or in volume. It would rumble in the pipe, like a man clearing his throat, a large bubble would form at the mouth of the tap, the bubble would burst, a heavy black clot would drop, followed by a dark ripple, that wound its way around the rim of the tap on emerging, sometimes making a semi-circular fan, like the upshoot in a gaudy, artificial fountain.

"Did you ever see the like of that?" said Paddy.

Mr. Campbell laughed and said:

"Why is the water black?"

"The Lord alone knows," said Paddy. "It might be from the brewery. Then again, on the other hand, the plumber might have entangled this pipe with some unmentionable pipe and he fixing the broken pipe. The one that was broken by Mr. Crump."

"Pretty poor chance of my getting a bath," said Mr. Campbell.

"Oh! Don't worry," said Paddy. "We'll let it run for a while and it will soon clear itself. Let nature take its course, as the saying goes. Sure, there's no hurry. Aren't we nice and comfortable! Don't be fretting, sir, about wasting my time, because you are very pleasant company, a well-informed gentleman like yourself, if I may say so. We'll go on back to the bar and let this black water run itself clear."

Mr. Campbell made no complaint. Instead of feeling annoyed by the delay and the foul condition of the water, he felt greatly amused. Now he was quite unconscious of being practically naked, standing there at the bar in full view of anybody who might care to come in from the public street. And Paddy was quite as amusing as the insidious Buck Flanagan. Mr. Campbell could never resist good company. And why should he? Or any man?

"Look here," he said to Paddy, when they had returned to the bar, "what did you say about Royalty staying here once? Were you trying to pull my leg?"

"Upon my soul, I was not," said Paddy. "There was a Royal Duke that stayed here once. Ages ago, that was. He was in bad with his mother at the time and he wandering around the country, gallivanting to beat the band. His name was written in a book, but the last man that owned the hotel sold the book to an American that goes around the world buying names that are written in books. Drink up, sir and all the very best."

Mr. Campbell took a pull at his third tumbler. Then he laughed. He was beginning to get pleasantly intoxicated once more.

"Did the Royal Duke use the bath tub?" he said.

"Oh! No," said Paddy. "The bath has only been in a few years and it's more trouble than it's worth. Except for an occasional gentleman like yourself, it's hardly ever used. What's the use of a bath anyway? Will you tell me that now? Seems to me people got on very well without them. Take the insides of a person, saving your presence Miss Tierney, that's a different thing entirely. The insides of a person need to get a good

(*Continued on page* 100)

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Sat.: 10 to 1

rinsing and scouring every day, with fine ale or whisky; but the outsides should be let alone. Sure, isn't there enough rain in the country tormenting us, without throwing ourselves like suicidal lunatics into big tanks full of water? To my mind, sir, a man lying in a bath is a helpless specimen of humanity. Drink up, sir, and here's wishing you long life."

THEY both emptied their measures. Mr. Campbell was now becoming definitely groggy.

"There is a great deal in what you say, Paddy," he said, "but at the same time I insist on having my bath, even though it turns me into a negro. Just one more drink and we'll tackle the problem of purifying the water. What did you say the Englishman's name was?"

"Same again, Miss Tierney," said Paddy. "His name was Crump, the Englishman from Birmingham."

"Crump," said Mr. Campbell, "is a ludicrous name. What?"

Here they both laughed uproariously. Mr. Campbell, ordinarily very aloof in his attitude towards workpeople, slapped Paddy on the back. Laughter made them thirsty. The fourth measure vanished quickly, between peals of merry laughter and many repetitions of the idiotic name borne by the Englishman from Birmingham. They ordered another round. They drank that also. Mr. Campbell suddenly changed his attitude towards the boots. He became arrogant, as he always did when fully intoxicated.

"Come along," he snapped at Paddy. "Go and look at that bath. See is the water right yet. I can't spend the day here, damn it. I must telephone at once. Are you aware that I'm due in court at three o'clock this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir," said Paddy, surprised by the sudden change in Mr. Campbell's manner. He touched his hat in a humble fashion. "Yes, sir. I'll go right away."

He took a furtive sip at his fresh pint and then moved away on tip-toe towards the bathroom. When he was half way across the floor, he paused, turned his head and whispered in an insidiously gentle tone:

"I wouldn't worry about the court, sir, if I were you. A gentleman with the genius of yourself can get cartloads of people to defend and they willing to pay a shovelful of gold for the great power of oratory you gave me a sample of last night."

He moved away, raised his hands before his face and continued in a louder tone, full of admiring wonder:

"BEGOB, the great counciller Daniel O'Connell himself couldn't hold a candle to the flow of talk I heard last night."

The barmaid raised her eyes from her magazine, snorted contemptuously towards the boots and then moved away to the far end of the counter, to wait on two men who had just entered the bar from the street. Mr. Campbell noticed her gesture, followed her with his eyes and saw the two new customers. They were smiling, whispering to one another and staring at his naked shins surreptitiously. He heard one of them mumble something about the French Riviera. This increased his arrogance, instead of making him feel ashamed of being a public spectacle.

"Low fellows!" he growled, after sipping at his tumbler. "The country is becoming infested with vulgar louts. Bah! Democracy! Humanity is becoming one vast herd of Crumps."

Paddy came back and said that the bath water was coming on very nicely.

"It's almost a brown colour now, sir," he said. "'Faith, you wouldn't notice it atall if you weren't particular. But sure, a gentleman like yourself has a right to be particular and small blame to you."

"Paddy," said Mr. Campbell, raising his voice, in order to be heard by the men at the far end of the counter, "you are an unscrupulous fellow but I like you."

"That's right, sir," said Paddy with a genial smile. "I have my points as the saying goes."

"Drink, you ruffian," said Mr. Campbell in a louder and more arrogant tone. "Here. I drink to you. Good health."

They clinked their glasses and drained them. Then Mr. Campbell banged on the counter and ordered a fresh round.

"That's the ticket, sir," said Paddy. "Better not give the thirst a chance to get a foot in."

"Civilisation," said Mr. Campbell, in the same loud tone, "is largely, one may say, the art of being graciously insincere. Your flattery, for instance, does not deceive me in the least, but I accept it with pleasure, since it is a thing well done. That is something that common people cannot understand."

Here he glared arrogantly towards the men at the far end of the counter. Then he turned back towards Paddy and continued:

"For them, successful living means being clever like precocious guttersnipes, getting together in a herd and sniggering at the caprices of their betters. My good man, you must realise that the most difficult thing in life is to learn how to be capricious without being coarse."

"Don't I know it, sir?" said Paddy. "All the very best."

They drank once more. Paddy was also getting a little intoxicated. Three more men had by now entered the bar. There was quite a little crowd at the far end, amusedly watching Mr. Campbell. Paddy decided that it was time to bring the bout to a finish. Mr. Campbell might become pugnacious at any moment. There might be a scene, or even blows; in which case Paddy's situation at the hotel might be prejudiced.

"Suppose we go in now, the two of us," he whispered in Mr. Campbell's ear, "and fix up the bath? It must be running clear by now."

Mr. Campbell took a step away from the counter, swayed a little and then grasped Paddy roughly by the shoulder.

"Look here, my man," he cried. "Don't overstep the mark. See to the bath and report to me here at once. See if the water is in proper condition. Look alive now."

"Yes, sir," said Paddy, making a humble bow.

"One moment," said Mr. Campbell, as Paddy was about to depart. "You must finish your drink first. Bottoms up."

Paddy drained his pint and smiled foolishly. Then he walked to the bathroom, rather loose and uncertain in his movements. Mr. Campbell shouted for another round. The barmaid appeared to be uncertain about the advisability of serving him, so he repeated the order.

"Yes, sir," she said. "I heard you first time."

"Impertinent wench," muttered Mr. Campbell.

Now he leaned his elbows against the counter, dropped his head and lapsed into a sadly pleasant mood of self pity. He told himself that he was "slipping," that his conduct during recent months was attracting public attention, that the end would come soon unless he called a halt, that his wife whom he loved very dearly was being miserably unhappy owing to his laxity. Having enjoyed these gloomy thoughts for a few moments, he roused himself and reverted to his arrogant mood defiantly.

"The whole system of modern life," he cried aloud, addressing the bottles behind the bar, "is a futile bore. What people call duty and decent living are a disgusting form of middle-class hypocrisy, the barrack-room discipline of mediocrity. All this horde of guttersnipes, unable to stand on their own feet and shine out by virtue of their individual talents, band together in order to deprive the more intelligent and forceful individuals of their joy in life. Pride! They lack that glorious pride that made Lucifer contemptuous of Heaven. By Gad. I have a good mind to . . ."

He was about to address the group in an offensive manner, when he heard a shout from the hotel entrance. He turned round and saw Buck Flanagan, followed by Dr. Reilly, approach hurriedly.

"Here he is, Jack," said Flanagan. "We've run him to earth at last. Alex, we've hunted all over the town for you. What do you mean by running away? Honestly, we had a dreadful job finding you. How did you get to this place?"

Flanagan seemed to think it perfectly natural that Mr. Campbell should be standing in a public bar, practically naked and obviously quite drunk. A former Rugby football international, he was a powerfully strong man, tall and well built, with a handsome, jovial face. His blue eyes seemed to be continually laughing. With the unattached manner of a big, friendly dog, he slapped Mr. Campbell on the back and then wandered around the bar, as if to sniff it and examine the contents of this new place. He opened his waistcoat as he strode about, tightened his braces, buttoned his waistcoat once more and then stood in front of a mirror to arrange his tie, while he winked at the barmaid, who was ogling him shamelessly.

Dr. Reilly, on the other hand, was completely distraught at Mr. Campbell's condition. He stared at Mr. Campbell, with tears in his eyes and with quivering lips, holding his hands palms inwards in front of his face and rubbing each thumb against the other fingers. He was a tubby little man with secretive grey eyes. He came from the city of Cork and he was in Dublin about a lawsuit. It concerned his late uncle's will, which his aunt was contesting. The case was coming up in court at three o'clock that afternoon. Mr. Campbell held the brief for him. That was why he was distraught.

"What do you fellows want?" said Mr. Campbell. "A drink?"

"My God! Alex, do you know it's half-past twelve?" said Dr. Reilly. "My case comes on at three. For God's sake, man, why did you leave the dance? I swore I wouldn't let you get out of my sight and here you are. It's not fair, Alex. It's not fair. A great deal depends on the verdict. A great deal. Oh! Please get dressed and come along. With a little luck we might make it. Please get dressed and hurry."

"I'll come along when I've had my bath," said Mr. Campbell. "If you are so concerned about your wretched case, why didn't you come for me sooner, you silly ass? Now, there's no hurry. Is there, Buck? You always maintain . . ."

"In this case," said Flanagan, approaching with a smile and drawling in his attractive deep voice, "there is a slight need for hurry. I've got to get back to town. I have a horse running at the Park in the three-thirty. I want to see it run. What's the number of your room?"

"He's in number twenty-seven, sir," said the barmaid. "Third door on the right down that corridor. Will I show you the way?"

"Not now," said Flanagan, winking and waving his fingers at her. "I'll find it."

"I'm not going until I have my bath," Mr. Campbell called after Flanagan. "Reilly, your uncle's will can go to the devil for all I care. Where is the boots? Paddy, you ruffian, what about the water?"

"Here I am, sir," said Paddy, coming forward and touching his hat. "I have it gathering nicely now. There is a fair depth of water in it and it would be a suspicious class of a man would say it was too brown. I often saw Mr. Crump go into darker water."

"Could you make out this gentleman's bill?" Dr. Reilly said to the barmaid.

Mr. Campbell began to laugh hysterically. Then he pointed a finger at Paddy and said:

"Let's get hold of Crump and have some fun with him. Come along."

"What about the bath first, sir?" said Paddy.

"Certainly," said Mr. Campbell, taking Paddy confidentially by the arm and drawing him aside. "I have something very important to tell you."

(Continued on page 102)

The Egg

I said to my egg
"Can you stand on one leg?"
I knew that it wouldn't,
I knew that it couldn't,
But said I to my egg,
"Can you stand on one leg?"

I said to my egg
"Can you sit up and beg?"
You're getting much fatter,
That's just what's the matter,
And that's why my egg,
Cannot sit up and beg.

My egg said to me,
"It's as plain as can be,
You must cut off my head,
And then when I'm dead,
Just eat me with salt.
For I cannot beg,
Or stand on one leg,
And it isn't my fault,
But with Cerebos Salt
I think you'll agree
You'll enjoy me".

CEREBOS SALT

for children of all ages

Sally was Pale and "Nervy"
WHISPERS: JOHN, I'M WORRIED ABOUT SALLY. SHE LOOKS PALE AND GETS TIRED-OUT SO EASILY
WHISPERS: SALLY'S A 'NERVY,' HIGHLY-STRUNG CHILD, BETTY. THAT'S HER TROUBLE
DINNER TIME
DO EAT UP, SALLY. YOU'RE SO FINICKY
THINKS: WE OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR WITH HER. I WONDER IF BETTY'LL AGREE?
AT THE DOCTOR'S
YES, LOTS OF CHILDREN GET 'NERVY' LIKE THAT, MRS. KEMP, AND IT'S DUE TO NIGHT STARVATION. YOU SEE, DAY AND NIGHT CHILDREN USE UP FAR MORE ENERGY FOR THEIR SIZE THAN ADULTS
DURING SLEEP THEY GO ON USING UP ENERGY IN HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING, LIKE YOU AND I... AND THEY ALSO GROW DURING SLEEP. IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED DURING SLEEP OF COURSE SALLY GETS 'NERVY,' FADDY AND PALE. SHE NEEDS HORLICKS FOR THAT
AND SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT
SIX WEEKS LATER
SALLY'S A DIFFERENT CHILD. SHE'S NEVER TIRED OR PALE NOW
AND, YOU KNOW, SHE ASKED FOR TWO EXTRA SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH – THIS HORLICKS WORKS WONDERS

Is your child highly strung, 'nervy'?

SO OFTEN when a child tires easily, looks pale, is 'nervy,' food-faddy, or restless at night, the trouble is Night Starvation. Get Horlicks today. Plain or chocolate-flavoured. Use the Mixer, it makes Horlicks even nicer. Horlicks prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

at bedtime builds appetite, and strengthens nerves by guarding children against Night Starvation

He took Paddy into the corner and began to whisper with great effort into his ear. Dr. Reilly paid for all the drinks consumed by Mr. Campbell and the boots. Then he went to settle for the room. Flanagan emerged carrying all Mr. Campbell's clothes in a bundle under his arm. One of the men at the far end of the counter came over to him and said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Flanagan, but has your mare got a chance in the three-thirty?"

Flanagan was supposed to hold an executive position in his father's coal importing business, but he mostly rode to hounds and attended race meetings. As a sportsman and man about town, he was known all over the country.

"The mare said nothing to me about it," he said to the man, "but I wouldn't be surprised at anything she might do."

He laughed and strode out towards the street, while the group at the counter jeered at the questioner. He put Mr. Campbell's clothes in the back of a new and expensive car that was parked outside with the engine running. Dr. Reilly beckoned to him from the office window as he returned.

"This is a nice kettle of fish," said Dr. Reilly. "Half past twelve and we a hundred miles from Dublin and he roaring drunk."

Flanagan pushed his hat to the back of his head, put his elbow on the window-sill and grasped Dr. Reilly's shoulder.

"You don't know Alex as well as I do," he drawled. "He can only win a difficult case when he's roaring drunk. Then he's a genius. Otherwise he's too shy and mild. That's his nature, you see? I know the exact condition in which he's at the top of his form. I'll get him into it by the time we reach Dublin. You leave it to me, Jack. We'll get back in time, because I don't want to miss that race. My bus can do eighty. Listen. We'll bundle him into the car as he is. He can dress in the car. Then I'll take down the hood and we'll blow his heavy jag off him. I'll fix up the required tonic at the bar and take it along. I've seen him go into court worse than this and perform miracles. He's one of the greatest barristers of all times. Come along."

Dr. Reilly took his change and they returned to the bar, where the barmaid made up a mixture in a small bottle and gave it to Flanagan. Flanagan marched over to Mr. Campbell, who was now making a speech to the boots, gesturing as if he were in a court of law. Flanagan seized Mr. Campbell suddenly, picked him up in his arms and hurried towards the door. Mr. Campbell struggled and shouted:

"Let me go, Buck. I'm not going until I have had my bath."

"In due course," said Flanagan, striding to the door and swaying under his heavy burden. "Come along, Jack. Open the door of the car."

Mr. Campbell swung his naked legs to and fro. He tried to grab the door jamb as they passed into the street.

"My bath," he shouted. "I must have my bath."

The group of men at the bar now cheered and ran to the door to watch the departure.

"It's a disgrace," said the barmaid in a severe tone to the office girl, who had her head stuck through her window, "the way some people carry on and they supposed to be gentlemen. Standing here half naked in the presence of ladies."

Paddy took off his hat, scratched his head and moved towards the bathroom.

"After all my trouble," he muttered, "the bath was never used in the heel of the hunt."

END

Let "Ranee" read your character from your handwriting

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 110

In the Grand Manner

(*Continued from page 70*)

Before reaching your picnic place—or you could take some with you in a large thermos—get some vanilla ice-cream, putting it in a dish just before you are to serve it. Dispose the peaches on top and pour over your raspberry or strawberry sauce.

St. Ivel Savoury

One packet of St. Ivel cheese.
Spring onions, salt, Worcester sauce.

A savoury is always an agreeable finish so you can make a very good cheese paste with St. Ivel cheese mashed with chopped spring onions, a little pinch of salt and a good dash of Worcester sauce.

Work to a smooth paste and take this wrapped in grease-proof paper to be spread on crunchy Ryvitas at the last minute.

Ryvita is particularly useful for picnics as it is always fresh and crisp and of course, so easy to pack.

Drinks

You must have plenty of good, cooling drinks, both soft and otherwise, and I would suggest beer and a light dry white wine besides the usual lemonade or Schweppes grapefruit juice and, of course, Robinson's lemon barley water. Do try and have the drinks properly cold.

If you don't think you are going to find a nice, cold stream in which you put the bottles to cool, get one of those large-sized Thermos carriers in which you can easily take a good supply of pieces of ice.

Fingers Only

(*Continued from page 71*)

Have ready some flaky pastry rolled out thinly and cut into squares of about four inches. Spread these (not quite to the edges) with the mixture, roll them sausage fashion, sealing the paste with cold water. Paint the rolls with milk or beaten egg and bake in a quick oven until the rolls are nicely browned.

Devilled Eggs

For each person, one egg, one small onion, two tomatoes, butter, curry powder, salt.

Why not take another leaf out of the American book and do what is commonly done by American picnickers—that is cook one hot dish in the open? Apart from the old-fashioned camp fire there are so many fool-proof camp gadgets nowadays, that it is really quite easy. Here is a lovely spicy hot dish, the ingredients for which can be bought on the way and which take literally no time to make.

Peel the onions and cut them up roughly (you can cut them straight into the pan) and cook them in a frying-pan with a good piece of butter. When they are about half done add the tomatoes, also cut roughly into pieces, and cook together until soft.

Add salt and curry powder to taste and fry for another five minutes or so. Just before serving break in the eggs and beat them into the vegetables with a fork. Cook until the eggs are set and well mixed. I can guarantee the success of this stimulating dish.

Jelly de luxe

I have said that sweets are rather difficult, but a jelly is always cool and appetising and can be so easily prepared overnight and slipped into your basket in the dish in which it is made.

Bird's Jelly-de-luxe is made in several delicious flavours and has the great advantage of dissolving completely in forty seconds. So having chosen your flavour and dissolved the jelly, throw in a few slices of banana to make it look more interesting, and, when cool, but before it sets, add a wineglassful of sherry or marsala to give it a party flavour.

●WARNING. *Ask for and insist upon a Eugene Wave given with genuine Eugene Sachets. Do not accept cheap substitutes, however closely in appearance they may resemble the Eugene Sachets. Look for the figure of the Little Green Goddess printed boldly on each Sachet. Unless these are used on your hair, both back and front, you are* not *getting a genuine Eugene Wave.*

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PERMANENT WAVE

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Note how it leaves the scalp delightfully refreshed; how your hair glistens with a new sheen. Choose your own individual Friction from several distinctive perfumes.

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Write for Specimen Sachet and Free Booklet, "Hairdressing Styles," written by the former Beauty Editor of Vogue, to: Eugene, Ltd., Hendon, London, N.W.9

cvs—81

The Tenderest of Handling
but . . .

-THE TENDEREST OF SKIN needs *more protection!*

You may take the utmost pains to keep your baby's skin smooth and healthy—change nappies ever so often; do everything you know to keep him dry; use all kinds of soothing treatments, but if the soap you bath him with doesn't suit him, his skin will still get red, chafed and sore. And you cannot wonder at it, because nothing is more sensitive to harshness than the skin of a young baby. So choose the mildest soap you can buy.

If you have never used Cuticura Soap you will find its soothing creaminess a revelation. Milder soap was never made. Introduced as a safe soap for sufferers from eczema and other skin affections it is impossible to imagine a better baby soap. As soothing and cooling to hot smarting skin as fresh dairy cream, yet perfectly cleansing, it makes a rough skin as soft and smooth as silk. Moreover, Cuticura Soap contains the special virtues which make Cuticura Ointment unrivalled as a healer of skin affections.

You will enjoy using Cuticura Soap for its delightful fragrance. And notice how it whitens and refines the hands. Buy a tablet of Cuticura Soap and try it today.

For baby's dusting powder be sure to try Cuticura Talcum. It is deliciously perfumed and a sheer joy to use, and being highly absorbent, it helps to counteract the dampness which causes baby's skin troubles.

In case of pimples, heat spots, rashes and such distressing eruptions as Eczema, Cuticura brand Ointment instantly relieves itching and quickly heals.

Cuticura
SOAP

Cuticura
SOAP
MEDICINAL AND TOILET

Sacrifice

(*Continued from page 51*)

"They seemed very friendly," Stehl added, in the same annoying tone.

Franz tried to decide if it were true, and if so, what it might mean. And he wondered how much Borford might know about it.

He worked late one afternoon at some statistics on the grain harvest. It was after seven before he could think that he was finished and everyone in the office except a night man was gone. The telephone rang and he answered it.

"Is Mr. Borford in?" a woman asked.

Franz knew the voice at once and he tried to keep all surprise from his voice. "He is not in."

"This is Mrs. Borford." She sounded under a strain. "Do you know if he had an appointment somewhere?"

As steadily as he could, Franz answered, "I think he is on an appointment and will be back any minute."

"Please have him call me."

That was all. Franz put the telephone down slowly. Then he hurried into his overcoat. He had no time to analyse his own reactions, to decide why he had lied to the woman again. He rushed to a taxicab. "The Adlon," he said curtly.

Borford had been at the bar but he was not there now.

Franz walked up to the Bristol, feeling that it was desperately important to find Borford somewhere, important not only to Mrs. Borford but to himself. But the man was not at the Bristol. Brown, the correspondent of a Chicago paper said, "He went over to the Quellenhof, in Potsdamer Platz."

With nervousness as keen as if his own future depended on it, Franz went there. He smiled happily when he saw Borford sitting alone, with four or five empty glasses before him.

"Well, well—! My expert on how the mind develops—! Sit down. Have a drink?"

Franz shook his head. "Your wife telephoned. I told her that you were out on an appointment and would soon be back."

"Why should you bother?" Borford laughed. Then the seriousness and the insistence in Franz' voice registered, and he looked up startled and suddenly understanding. "I'm glad you did," he said and he took Franz' hand. "I'll get home at once."

From that time on, Borford's attitude to Franz changed. He noticed him in the office. Now and then he asked him to lunch or to join him for a drink in the late afternoon. For Franz it was unimagined pleasure. As if Borford were glad to find so unexpectedly someone to talk to, a new audience, he told of life in America, of assignments in London and Paris and Franz felt that he was suddenly being drawn close to what he had wished all his life that he might be.

Only once did Borford mention anything personal. After a silence at lunch one day, when Borford seemed particularly irritable, he suddenly turned to Franz. "You know, my wife doesn't understand me. Greatest tragedy of my life!"

Franz only nodded, sure that it was something on which he should not have an opinion, let alone any comment. But he was pleased that Borford did not suspect why Franz always insisted on leaving at seven o'clock whenever they went out late in the afternoon, and why Franz always said, "I've got an eneagement. I'll drop you at your apartment."

Less and less often Franz went to Hoffman's. One evening he explained to that large fat pleasant man: "I'm working very closely these days with Herr Borford. We are often in conference." He picked that phrase up from Borford.

"He will make you a foreign correspondent yet!"

Franz took the compliment modestly. "I help with his stories, I bring him a suggestion now and then."

Hoffman smiled broadly. "There is no

limit to which a man with your intelligence can go!"

Then Franz smiled. It was better than shining in reflected glory, it was like having a little glory of one's own.

There was no change in Borford's mood that Franz did not notice. He studied him carefully, knew every gesture, every tone of voice.

Late one afternoon he said to Franz, "I'd like you to go with me to the Central Hotel." Franz could only nod, sure that something unknown lay behind that invitation. He went along and asked no question. Borford seemed unusually moody, with nothing to say, and he drank heavily. Several times Franz wanted to stop him but he never quite dared that.

Then two men entered, and at a glance Franz knew that Borford had picked this hotel purposely, without a doubt, that he knew these men would be here. One of them Franz did not know. The other one was von Morgel, of the Press Bureau, a tall rod-like man, whose thin face had copper-plate lines. He nodded coldly to Borford, then went to a table in the rear.

"Do you see that man?" Borford asked sharply. "I'd like to break his neck."

"He's a very important man," Franz mumbled.

Without answering Borford stood up, as if undecided what to do. Then, with a sudden turn, he went back to von Morgel and talked to him. Franz could see the German's face slowly flush. As if to sum up his remarks, Borford's fist jerked out and von Morgel fell back against the table, his hand clamped to his jaw.

With his mouth drawn tight and his lips white, Borford returned to his table. "I was sure that would happen," he said bluntly. "I wanted you here for a witness." He did not look at von Morgel again. "He had that coming—now, let's get out of here."

"I think you should go home," Franz stammered. All he could think was that von Morgel was an important man and that Borford had done a terribly dangerous thing.

"I'm not going home until later," Borford said, and they began a tour of bars.

Three or four times in the evening Franz asked timidly: "Should you not telephone Mrs. Borford?"

"Why should you be interested in that?" Borford asked sharply. He was in an uglier mood now. "I'm sure that she isn't interested."

Franz could only sit quiet. He wished that he might call her and tell her that her husband was all right, but that might be impertinent and, worse, it might be pointless. Possibly Borford was right and she did not care.

Not until nearly midnight did Borford say, "I'm going home now. And if I find von Morgel there, I'm going to kill him."

Without considering consequences Franz said, "I'll go with you." He was horrified as soon as he had said it, lest he be drawn into some more unpleasant scenes. Borford was becoming unmanageable, yet that was all the more reason for staying with him. He led Borford to a cab. On the way home Franz tried to regain some steadiness. Already Borford was involved in scandal—the story of that fight would get around the city fast and do Borford no good. He wondered whether Mrs. Borford knew of it yet. He even accused himself—there should have been some way by which he might have prevented it.

"My frien'," Borford was saying. "My only frien'."

With his face set, his hands clenched hard, Franz sat still, as if he were passing through a series of situations incredible in life, real only in nightmare. The cab came to the apartment and Franz helped Borford out, holding tight to his arm. He did not think he could hold the man back if he decided to rush forward now, but he could make the attempt.

Then they were in the vestibule and the entrance to the living-room was ahead of them. And in the entrance stood Mrs. Borford, her (*Continued on page* 106)

"Sir William is here, Madam!"

As a matter of fact, Sir William has been here pretty often of late! That discreet Rolls of his whispers up to her door—and out come orchids and chocolates—with the gay young William behind them! For there's something about this girl that's driving him pleasantly crazy, yet he's no idea what that enchanting 'something' is! For she's a "Mischief" girl. To her own chic and charm she adds the magic breath of "Mischief"—the newest, most frightfully swagger perfume that's causing a flutter in the Mayfair dovecotes. Exciting, disturbing, subtle! In its own bewitching way it makes of Madam a romantic Personality—instead of just another attractive girl. So that heavenly Rolls rolls up again for the third time this week. And the Butler coughs discreetly as he announces "Sir William is here, Madam"—trying hard not to add "again!"

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Look inside

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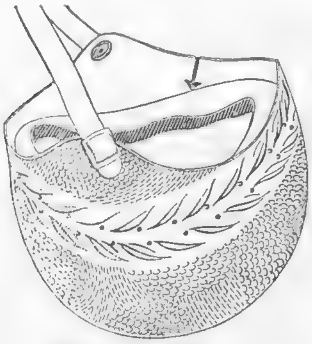

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face as pale as the chalky white négligé that she wore.

"Has von Morgel been here?" Borford asked angrily.

"No," the woman said quietly. "Oh, Joe——!"

"Well—!" Borford wavered back and forth. He obviously did not know what to say now. "It's a good thing." Then, as if to imply that there was nothing special in his manner after all, he stammered, "This is Dr. Tietel—from the office. Brought me home. Good frien'! Cultured gen'leman!" He said that almost defiantly. "I gotta go to bed." And he stumbled on down the corridor.

Franz knew he could not say, "I'm very sorry," but there was nothing else he dared to say. Mrs. Borford seemed embarrassed, too. But she said, "Won't you come in and sit down for a moment?" When she was seated in the light of a little ivory-shaded lamp, she began, "I wanted to ask, Doctor, if you were with my husband to-night when he fought——?"

Angry at whatever it was that blocked any attempt to put together a sensible sentence, Franz nodded. He tried to guess how she had heard of the quarrel. If von Morgel had told her, then perhaps some of the gossip about her was true.

"How did it begin?"

Franz stammered through some explanation. "I should have tried to stop it. Mr. Borford went up to him and something was said—I didn't hear what—and the next think Herr von Morgel was on the floor." Then, more embarrassed than ever, he could not continue. He was sure the woman was studying him closely.

"You have been with my husband frequently in the past week?" Mrs. Borford said. "He seems upset, doesn't he?"

"He does." Desperately, Franz added, "I tried to bring him home early to-night." Then, even weaker, "He has been so good to me."

"I am glad you came with him to-night," she continued, "I want to thank you for it."

His loyalty to Borford wavered. No woman like this could carry on behind his back, no woman like this would do anything that her husband did not force her to do. The way she spoke of her husband was proof of that, in the tone of voice that was like crinkling flower petals.

A few minutes later he was walking home with long steps, through the cool night. It was tragedy to be in the middle, between a man like that, a woman like that—! He went to bed at once, the tone of her voice still in his ears.

He felt heart-sick at the office next day when he heard the staff talking about the quarrel, emphasising their nasty insinuations with wise nods and broad winks.

Borford came in before noon with a banging of doors, with great clatter and fuss in his own inner office. After five minutes of it, the stenographer came to Franz and said, "He wants to see you."

Borford's manner took him by surprise, and his first question made Franz blink. "See here, what did you talk about with my wife last night?"

"Talk about?" Franz repeated dumbly. "I——!"

"About me, I suppose? I won't be treated as a clinical case or as a problem in mental development." Borford spoke loudly and Franz was sure that the whole staff outside were listening.

"Yes, sir."

"I won't have any employee poking his nose into my personal affairs. You hear me? Now, get your pay—you're fired!"

Franz reached forward and felt the edge of the desk sharp against his hand. "But, Herr Borford——"

"Do what I say!" Borford pounded the desk. "I ought to have known that a man with a nosy face like yours——"

"I don't think my face——" Franz began weakly, feeling that everything around him was collapsing, quite unable to believe what he was hearing.

"Do what I say—get out!"

Franz went out, unable to look any of the people in the office in the face. As if another person were doing these things, taking these steps, putting on this coat, and he were only standing by, watching, he got his money and left the office.

Someone laughed behind him.

HE walked home slowly, trying at first to make some excuse for Borford, in the hope of understanding what had happened. Perhaps the man's nerves had collapsed, perhaps he was suddenly sick—! But no explanation could quite excuse his behaviour. With each successive wave of thought darker than the last, he decided to go to Hoffman's. He sat alone at a table, refusing to join in any conversation, and he soon got up and went away. Until he had gone there, he had not faced the most ominous thought of all, of his own future.

Yet, in the morning, he was awake at the usual time and he began to dress mechanically. Then he remembered that it was useless. He had no work now, no place to go, no routine to wrap around himself.

All day he walked about. Because the warmth of Hoffman's was a mocking thing and because the streets were cold, because he did not want to go anywhere that might mean spending money, he stayed in his room that night. From the whole experience, the one pleasant thing was that Mrs Borford had been grateful to him. He could understand now how she might have acquired a dislike of Borford, almost a hatred, how, in revenge, she could go to von Morgel—! But possibly Borford was a sick man, a man needing some sort of cure— Then, angry at himself, for trying to find excuses for the man, Franz looked over the packet of letters of recommendation in his pocket. He had better think about his own future. He went over the letters wistfully, wondering where he could next present them. They never failed to revive his confidence in himself—those letters and the visiting cards. A man with such qualifications would not be out of work long——

He was startled by the sound of steps. No one ever climbed the six flights to his room and he was sure at first that he had only imagined the noise. But he went to the door and the shaft of light that fell down the stairs showed a man ascending. He looked up and the light fell on his face.

"Herr Doctor Tietel?"

"*Ja. Bitte?*" Franz was wholly confused. The man's face was clear now. It was Herr von Morgel.

"You will excuse me for disturbing you," von Morgel was obsequiously polite. "I should not have disturbed you if it had not been important."

Franz blinked. He did not know how he could be important to such an important man. But, as von Morgel began to talk, not even bothering to take off his coat and to sit down, Franz suddenly felt that the man had come only to torment him, to push him harder against a rough wall.

"I have come to ask your help," von Morgel was saying, still short of breath. "You ought to have an elevator in this building." He paused. "I think we share a common dislike, *nicht wahr*, of Herr Borford?"

Franz only smiled inanely.

Von Morgel took out a gold cigarette case but Franz refused to smoke. The cigarettes were gold-tipped.

"I have heard that he considered you very valuable and trustworthy, Herr Doctor." He smiled. "You have even given him suggestions for stories from time to time."

Franz could only suppose that some of his boasts had gone too far beyond the walls of Hoffman's cellar. He should have been more careful.

"I want to ask a favour," von Morgel continued, "and I assure you that there will be a nice position open for you in a few days in my office."

"That is very nice," Franz said, his suspicions no less alive.

"To-morrow you will go to him, to-morrow evening preferably, after other correspondents have left their offices, and you will say that you know of an inside story."

"He will not believe me."

"You must make

(*Continued on page* 108)

Strength was required, it must be said,
To get young Bobby out of bed:
But *now*—he's washed (behind his ears!)
When Mother with a glass appears—
KIA-ORA!

He's full of beans—he's mighty tough—
None of that 'whining schoolboy' stuff!
He knocks up 'sixes' for the school—
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him believe you," von Morgel said calmly. "You will tell him that there has been a fight on the Czechisg border, and that German planes have crossed the border and have bombed Czechisg villages."

Franz revolted. "That is nonsense!"

"You will tell Borford that you have it from an excellent source. He will believe you. It is what these Americans call a scoop—if it were true!"

Franz could not find objections quickly enough. "Even if he believes it and tries to cable it, your censor, Herr von Morgel——"

"I shall take care of the censor. It will pass. And there will be a few hours' sensation in New York!"

As if it were something impersonal, Franz agreed solemnly. "It would be a sensational story."

"But it will be at once denied here. And then what happens to our dear friend Borford?" The smile on von Morgel's face was broad and unpleasant. "Whenever we have had to expel correspondents in the past there has always been a lot of unfortunate chatter abroad about the freedom of the press. And what chatter can there be when Borford's own newspaper recalls him?"

Franz nodded vacantly. "They would recall him?"

"They would have to, after as ridiculous a canard as that. And then dismiss him." That summed up everything and von Morgel added bluntly, "I shall expect you to take that story to him to-morrow night."

"No, no, I can't—we are not friends."

"Nonsense." That was dismissed with a wave of the hand. "He will forget when you tell such an exclusive story."

"He will be suspicious," Franz said desperately.

"Why should he be suspicious of you? You are small, unimportant, and quite liable to run across such a piece of news in getting around town. What would be more natural than bringing it to him?"

"But if he suspects me?"

"You must make it sound genuine!"

To have to give the last push to a man, even to a man like Borford— "I am sorry," Franz said firmly, "but I do not think I can do it."

Von Morgel had no use for politeness. "You will do it, Tietel. And to-morrow night, too. If you refuse——"

Franz knew in advance the threat that was coming.

"The *Gestapo*—and some years in jail!

"And, may I say," von Morgel prepared to leave, "that if there should be a mistake somewhere—should you change your mind or give a hint to Borford, the *Gestapo* will still wait, and the years in jail will be longer——"

He was gone and his steps down the stairs were like hammer blows, closing shackles.

The room seemed so small now and its walls were coming in closer. For ten minutes Franz tried to endure it, then he left and almost ran to the street.

HE came to Borford's office at seven the next evening, hoping for some miracle; perhaps Borford was sick, perhaps he had gone abroad. Perhaps he could not be found anywhere this night—Franz had waited purposely, until it was late—and he could call von Morgel and say so. Then Franz knew that these hopes were only self-delusion. He had to find him.

The office was deserted except for the night clerk. He knew nothing of Borford's whereabouts. Joe had not been in the office all day. At the thought of having to hunt him in bars and hotels, Franz felt unhappier. He decided to start the search by calling the house, and he trembled when he heard Borford answer.

"This is Tietel——"

"Well?" Borford did not sound unfriendly.

"I have something to tell you that is very important." Borford would not think that the hesitation and the embarrassment in his voice was unnatural.

"What is it?"

"I can't talk over the telephone."

"Then come down to my apartment."

Franz had not foreseen that he might have to tell his fanciful story in the presence of Mrs. Borford, with her eyes on him. Yet he could not say, "Meet me somewhere," and be sure that Borford would come. For a second he was again undecided; it might be better not to go through with this, better to face von Morgel and his police, better to have Mrs. Borford never know about the trap for her husband. He realised that those were childish suppositions; he had to go through with it.

"I shall be right down," he said firmly.

When he faced Borford at the apartment door, he saw that the man seemed changed, even in the forty-eight hours since they had separated. His jowls hung slablike on his face, his eyes were red and heavily circled, his hair was more mussed than usual. And he was surprised that he felt no hatred or even dislike for Borford. The man's face was so empty of strength, so tired.

He had to begin somewhere. "I called to give you a story."

Tangled in some thought of his own, Borford showed no interest.

"There was a fight on the Czechisg border this morning and German planes flew across the border and bombed several villages." It was said, every word, just as von Morgel had ordered!

Borford only blinked. "What of it?"

"It is a sensation story." He had not expected a lack of response.

As if he were coming back from some great distance, Borford slowly agreed: "Yes. But is it true?"

"A Government official told me," Franz said. That, at least, was true.

"Can it be corroborated?"

"No Government official would dare." Franz was in a hurry now. At any moment Mrs. Borford might appear and that would mean more explanations and he was not sure how convincing they might be. "I brought the story right to you."

"Supposing it is just a rumour?"

"If some other correspondent gets it and beats you to it——" Franz was surprised at his boldness. "If you'll write it, I'll take it to the cable office."

"But the censors——" Borford hesitated, mechanically.

"I can try to get it past them. If not, I can telephone it to London."

Borford stood up and, like a man in a trance, he went to a desk. "Tell me the details——"

A dozen times Franz wanted to cry, "No, no—it is a trap." Yet when he had the completed cable in his pocket, ten minutes later, he felt relieved. The sooner he got away now, the better.

Borford looked up wearily. "Thanks for the story. By the way, I'm sorry that I was unfair to you the other day. If you'll come to my office to-morrow——"

"Thank you." That was all Franz could say and something choked his voice as he said it.

In the same dull tone Borford continued, "By the way, my wife left me this evening—for good." He sat down suddenly. "It was my fault. I found out I was wrong about von Morgel at first, but I've pushed her right at him now." His face was grey and the rings under his eyes were purple. "I suppose I deserved it." His hand passed wearily over his forehead. "Well, I've still got my job——"

Franz winced. "Can nothing be done?" he asked huskily.

"It would take a miracle to bring us together again," Borford said.

Impulsively, Franz reached to the pocket where he had put the cable. He could not go through life remembering that he had given this last blow to the man. Yet, even if he were to hand the cable over, that would not bring Mrs. Borford back. Nothing had ever seemed so important as doing that. But nothing he could do would do it. Then, suddenly, he was not so sure. Coming up before him he saw a decision, a decision he would have liked to avoid. To have to face it would demand strength. Then, as he faced it, he felt a greater sense of strength than he had ever known.

"Where has Mrs. Borford gone?"

"She's taking to-night's train to Paris——"

He ran on to (Continued on page 110)

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the platform at Frederichstrasse, dodging clusters of travellers, wondering what hat she would be wearing, what coat, if she were alone, if he would recognise her. What he was doing was reckless, perhaps the first reckless thing he had ever done in his life, but its recklessness was thrilling and made him think only the more of finding the woman. If she were not here, he told himself, he would take the train and stay on it until he found her.

Then, at the end of the platform, he saw her, standing alone, beside two bags.

"Mrs. Borford—excuse me—" He took off his hat and bowed and almost reached for his card case. "I am Dr. Tietel. I came to tell you—you must go back to Herr Borford!" He could not stop to think of the impression he was making nor of the words he chose. "This cable is false," he handed her the paper. "I was to send it so that he would be recalled."

She took the paper mechanically. "I do not understand."

Again Franz explained, trying to keep everything except persuasion from his voice, trying to talk as tactfully as possible. "You must take this back to him and tell him."

An announcer was calling the train and the woman did not move. "Why don't you take it?"

"I haven't time." He winced at the truth of that. "You must take it—he would be recalled, and then what would happen to him?"

She did not move.

He could think of one more argument. "Herr von Morgel arranged this." He could not know if she was planning to meet von Morgel in Paris later, or what had passed between them. But that would tell her what sort of man he was.

"He arranged that?" She acted quickly. "Bring my bags if you will be so kind. And take me to a cab."

He put her in a cab without a word. Then she said, "I am really grateful to you." She smiled. The door closed and she drove off.

For a moment Franz did not move. It was enough to remember that the last time he had seen her, he had seen her smiling.

HE walked aimlessly down Frederichstrasse and he began to be afraid for himself now. He told himself that he had done what he wanted to do, that he had not acted foolishly, that he had done what any strong and decent person would have done. But von Morgel and his police would be hunting him very soon. Then, in a flood, fear and panic submerged him. He had never known he could be so afraid.

He had to think coolly, about himself. He could not stay in Berlin, he could not stay in Germany; the *Gestapo* would find him, no matter what corner he might choose. It would be best to take a train to the Czechisg border, to try to sneak across and to get to Prague. That was a safe place for German exiles.

He would have to cross the city to another railroad station and he hurried down the street. In a few short minutes the police would begin to search for Franz Tietel, Ph.D. (Leipzig). He stopped short. The *Gestapo* has long arms. They could find him in Prague and then—a shot in the back in some dark street— He might even be stopped before he got across the border. Wherever Franz Tietel, Ph.D. (Leipzig) went, he was marked.

Impulsively, he reached in his pocket for his letters of recommendation. He thumbed them nervously for a moment, then tore them across the middle. It took greater will power to go through his card case. He destroyed all identification papers. Four visiting cards remained. He read one of them carefully. Then, affectionately, almost tenderly, he tore the cards to pieces and threw them in a rubbish receptacle.

He would have to hurry for the train south. He went down the street, with long swinging steps, repeating "Hans Schmidt, Hans Schmidt." It was as good a name as any and he would get used to it in time.

END

A Guest in the House

(*Continued from page* 15)

Kit stared across at his mother, her whole unscrupulous scheme unfolding itself to him. "He does?" Kit said softly. "That's extremely civil of him."

"I thought so too," she said, settling herself smugly in her chair for a wee comfortable chat.

"And after he had shown me his bank?"

"And all the workings of it. . . ."

"Including the combinations of his safes and strongrooms. You have visions, no doubt, of your son wandering about like Alice in a financial wonderland . . . come on, darling, spit it out. You've written to Schilder asking him to give me a job in his bank and you've had a letter saying he'll be quite happy to give me a trial. Yes?"

"More or less."

"Well, I've had another story accepted this morning for five guineas."

"Five guineas!"

For two days and the greater part of two nights they argued. It was the chance of a lifetime, Lady Seabrook kept on. It was the sort of opportunity that every young man but her half-wit son would give the ears off his head for.

Kit's point of view was simply that he preferred to plough his own furrow. It wasn't, he said, that he despised material success—he wasn't that kind of fool—but a man must achieve his success in his own way.

Lady Seabrook said that that, of course, was utter nonsense. In fact, every point that Kit raised was feebler and more far-fetched than the last. Let him come down to brass tacks. Under Stephen Schilder's wing the whole world of finance was open to him. He could make money by the flick of a wrist, by the sort of sleight of mind which was second nature to bankers. In a few years he could endow himself—and her—very comfortably for the rest of his life, and then there would be nothing to stop his writing if so quixotic a hobby still appealed to him, which she doubted.

In the end she won. And before Kit had time to sit down and flavour the full bitterness of his surrender, he was being motored down to Southampton in a hired Rolls with his mother seated beside him in luxurious anticipation, one affectionate hand resting on his knee.

To all appearance his crossing was without incident. But with the writer's sixth sense for copy he nosed out three of his fellow passengers and round them he staked his claim. One was a Jewish scientist in flight from Germany, the other was an apparently naïve middle-aged widow bubbling over with first-hand anecdote. She was one of those people to whom things were always happening, and after one evening's conversation with her he was richer by two excellent short stories. The third was a young English actress en route for her first part on Broadway.

She was twenty-four and very lovely. Slim, reddish-haired, brown-eyed, with a smattering of freckles over her nose which fascinated him. She was Madeleine Hart.

She wasn't copy nor was his interest in her a detached one. But she quickened in his mind a play that had been dormant there for months. It suddenly leapt to life and he spent the last night of the voyage sitting up in his bunk feverishly drafting the skeleton of his theme. He would write it for Madeleine. Heaven send him a few quiet moments to get down to it out of this banking chaos. When he reached New York he was richer by three unborn short stories and an embryo play. Moreover he had met a girl. He had met girls before but this was an impact. This, he felt, was the ultimate in women as far as he was concerned.

They separated at the dock with the arrangement to meet forty-eight hours hence. To both it was going to be a long time, but they had each their separate bearings to find in this new bewildering city. Kit was not met at the dock. The Schilders had never seen him neither had he met them, and it was considered

(*Continued on page* 112)

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a better idea that he should get into a cab and come straight to their address.

Their address was Park Avenue and their apartment was overwhelmingly impressive. Following an English butler across the wide hall Kit felt as if he were walking in snowdrifts in the deep muffled silence that has neither beginning nor end. If people lived here there was no trace of them.

Then after interminable walking, at the end of a long room he found the Schilders, Stephen and Virginia. They were both in their fifties and equally well-preserved. They weren't given to smiling much. It was obvious that for them life was an affair of prodigious importance and the cathedral-like grandeur of their home had determined the Olympian rôle that they both seemed to play. If this was banking, Kit thought, he himself was a grievous a case of miscasting as had ever crossed the Atlantic.

They talked over a blazing wood fire; but flippancies, Kit found, died at birth and there was little chit-chat. Two highly-bred white Pekes came and went escorted by a footman. They were like a couple of exquisitely mannered children brought down for an hour between tea and dinner to say how-do-you-do to their parents. Over them Virginia melted. They were her darlings, they were mother's brown-eyed babies, they were her boofuls and her whatnots. Then they were taken out and Virginia was herself again. He sensed, gradually, that it was the sort of house where good conversation was expected. He did his best at dinner. Schilder was interested in Eton and Oxford and English politics, but his preconceived ideas had to be approached with such care that Kit grew taut with the strain.

He discovered that they worshipped their house and their possessions. They spent a fortune on its upkeep. Virginia was as methodical in her care of it as Stephen might be with his bank. Servants were chosen and trained as film-stars are groomed. The place looked to Kit as if it were smoothed and massaged daily to blot out any trace of human occupation. It was all a little unnerving.

He was glad when he could say good night and retire to his room. It was early, but the crossing had been none too smooth, so they excused him. It was like running to earth.

The room was large and palatial. Kit had seen such rooms in films and had never been able quite to believe in them. It was almost entirely white. White walls, white carpet, white bed, white chairs. Magnificent was the only word for it.

In an enormous mirror he caught sight of himself in his new setting. He felt unaccustomedly inferior. A phrase flashed facetiously across his mind: "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." He looked at his toilet things on the white dressing-table; they were not in the mode, not by a long way. They had been his father's and he had a sudden nostalgic desire to tuck them away somewhere, where they might feel more at home. His eyes wandered round to his dressing-gown. After a few seconds' contemplation, he decided that it was a disgusting-looking garment which had no business there. He blushed for it. Three years ago, at Oxford, it had been a very grand affair. So grand, he remembered, that he had never been able to bring himself to work in it. It had seemed too festive; it had put him off. Now it wasn't difficult to imagine Stephen Schilder's valet lifting it gingerly between a finger and thumb. His pyjamas, he felt, looked pretty offensive, too, in all this virgin whiteness. They should have been white satin, monogrammed and silk-braided and God-knew-what. Their blue and white stripes, laundered countless times, looked like bits of bunting left over from a gala.

Then suddenly he forgot it all. His eyes ceased to focus themselves on things, but were lost in space as Madeleine and the play came back to him. That first act. He would get down to it now, this very night, while his mind was hot with the idea.

He stripped off his clothes as if he hadn't another moment to live, tossed them into a chair, pulled on his pyjamas and dived across to the writing-table for paper and a pen. There were several dozen sheets and he took the lot. No good wasting precious time looking for his own writing paper which must have been secreted in one of the hundred drawers around him.

The ink-bottle was an absurd outsize in solid crystal, holding at least a pint of ink. They must, he estimated, have expected William Shakespeare. He carried it with enormous carefulness across to the bedside table, his two hands cupped round it.

Until two o'clock he worked at white heat. For the first time in his life he felt sure of himself as a writer . . . dead sure. This was his work. It had just needed the extra stimulus of Madeleine Hart to bring him fully to life.

He settled down to sleep in a state of minor ecstasy. The future was a rainbow stretching across an unimaginable arc of living sky. He forgot about the bank and the Schilders. He and Madeleine were caught up in the theme and the spirit and the characters of his play. It was going to write itself, it was so quick with life.

He had been asleep for about an hour when a wave of elation must have broken loose from his subconscious. He gave a smothered shout and lashed out with his arm in a rip-roaring semicircle. It hit something. There was a soft thud in the darkness and his fingers were wet. . . .

It took him a few seconds to come out of his sleep. A few seconds in which awareness stirred guiltily in the darkness and rose in a sure crescendo of horror to a realisation of what he had done . . . the inkpot! The giant crystal inkpot holding enough ink for the whole city of London.

He lay quite still with his fingers dripping their odious wetness over the side. His heart, he thought, had stopped. There was a woman once who had turned into a pillar of salt. Something equally petrifying had happened to him. When he was able to move, he pulled his long legs up from the bottom of the bed. They were numb and heavy with apprehension. Something had got to be faced as soon as he had sufficient nerve to switch on a light, but the full extent of what that something was had still to be ascertained.

He groped for a light. Surely to God there was a switch somewhere about the head of the bed! In any other house but this there would be a switch that one could feel, but here in this white sepulchre, in this—this white elephant of a room where everything was concealed or plumb with the wall, a man might be ready to give his immortal soul for a light and nothing would happen.

At the door at least there was a switch. Still numb with a fear not yet fully crystallised he jerked himself out of bed. One bare foot squelched on the cold wet carpet. He stood rigid. His eyes were popping in their sockets and a damp sweat had broken out on his forehead.

He pulled himself together. This mortal funk belonged to the fifth form. He was a grown man, he reminded himself. The affair was an accident, a regrettable accident for which he would most humbly and sincerely apologise to his host and hostess. He wasn't a murderer treading in his victim's blood. . . .

Slowly he groped his way across the room until he reached the switch by the door. The pearly subtlety of concealed lighting came upon the room like a sudden dawn. Kit stared. This was frightful. Never, he thought, had any man found himself in such a hellish predicament.

There, across the white carpet, were his footprints in the blackest ink. Ink dripped from the side table and ran in loathsome rivulets down the white walls. The counterpane was splashed like a Dalmatian dog. The place was a shambles. It looked like the scene of a murder without a corpse, unless Kit was the corpse.

His first impulse was to waken Stephen and Virginia. This sort of thing couldn't keep. The mental torture of waiting until morning would be too much.

(*Continued on page* 114)

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Then he thought of their detached immobile faces, and panic took hold of him. He couldn't tell them, he just couldn't. He couldn't lead them into this room and show them what he had done. He felt lower than a worm, a Judas, a tormentor of little children. He had desecrated the virgin whiteness of this exquisite room like a Goth or a Hun. Of all the crimes being perpetrated in New York this night, his was surely the most inexcusable.

His imagination, over-lively at the best of times, flicked pictures at him of Stephen's face. Then Virginia's face. The affront to their cherished possessions. The barbarous behaviour of the penniless young man whom they had received as a guest. The things they would leave unsaid in his presence . . . no, he couldn't face it.

Hastily he seized a piece of paper and scribbled on it, "This was entirely an accident for which, I feel, all the apologies I might make are inadequate. You will understand that under the circumstances I cannot trespass further on your hospitality." He paused for a second and then he added with a flourish, "I am taking the coward's way out."

The bulk of his luggage was still at the docks. He threw everything he had into a suitcase, crushed it down feverishly and crept out.

An hotel was out of the question. He had so fouled his nest, literally and figuratively, that the problem of how to exist here in New York with little money and no job was a painfully pressing one. He walked and walked because he had no choice, and about half-past four he turned into an all-night snack bar and sat there till morning, trying not to feel the most lamentable failure that England had ever sent across the Atlantic.

Through a chance conversation with a little square head in the café he found lodgings in the Bronx, with a large German widow from Westphalia. He was no æsthete. He could write amongst Christmas trees and antimacassars and ball-fringe as obliviously as in his attic in Essex, and within half an hour of finding the room he was submerged in his first act.

The play engulfed him. He lived in it, stopping only for meals and telephone conversations with Madeleine. They couldn't see each other very often. Madeleine was up to the eyes in rehearsals, but when they met it was to forget both plays and banks and talk about the enthralling course of true love. At first she had tried to persuade him not to miss the golden opportunity of Schilders, but she had given that up. She would make a hit on Broadway. His play would make a hit and then they could get married.

They didn't know that cables about Kit were crossing and re-crossing the ocean. Stephen and Virginia were literal people to whom a spade was a spade. They had come across the phrase before, "I am taking the coward's way out." They had read it often enough and it invariably preceded the finding of the body.

In Essex, Lady Seabrook was distraught. After three days of tearing anxiety, she rushed down to Tilbury and boarded the *American Farmer* two minutes before the gangplank went up. In mid-Atlantic she passed a letter from Kit giving her details of what had happened, his address in the Bronx, his plans, a eulogy on Madeleine and his sudden increased enthusaism for life. Only she didn't know it.

Blissfully unaware, he went about his business. It was a week later when Madeleine, seated at her dressing-table with her eyes popping out of their sockets, read the whole story in an evening paper. She all but screamed out loud. Christopher Seabrook, missing from the Schilder home for nearly two weeks! Pictures of Lady Seabrook, leaning on Stephen Schilder's arm, picking her way down the gangplank of the *American Farmer!* It was beyond a joke. It was frightful of Kit—frightful!

She seized the telephone with one hand, while she lit a cigarette with the other to prevent herself having hysterics. Mr. Seabrook was not in the house, the German woman told her. He had for a half hour to walk gone out. Just a half-hour to breathe the air.

Out breathing the air while people were in a panic about him! What was the man thinking of? Madeleine puffed violently at her cigarette while she hunted for the Schilder number and snatched the telephone again. It was impossible, she was told, to talk to Lady Seabrook. Mr. Schilder had already issued a statement to the Press on her behalf.

"I'm not the Press," Madeleine shouted, "I've nothing to do with the Press. I'm engaged to her son. I know where he is!"

The imperturbable one at the other end asked her to hold on and in a few moments a thin feminine voice came quavering over the line. "Lady Seabrook speaking!"

"Good afternoon, Lady Seabrook!"

"Good afternoon!"

"I'm Madeleine Hart. I met your son Christopher on the boat coming over and got engaged to him."

"Oh!" It came over very faintly, like a last gasp.

"I'm sorry to spring it on you like this but I had to establish my connection with him—if you understand what I mean."

"Quite."

"Don't you want to know where he is?"

"Do you know?"

"Of course I do. I see him every day—almost."

"Oh dear!" It was relief, tempered by a plaintive sort of petulance that touched Madeleine's heart.

"Here is his address—and his telephone number—have you got a pencil there?"

Madeleine spelt it slowly and repeated it. "I should go there now if I were you. It's no good telephoning because he's out. He's just gone out for half-an-hour's walk."

"Thank you. Thank you . . . do you always know all his movements?"

"Heavens no! But I've just rung up and his landlady told me. Don't be shocked at the place where he's staying because he's writing a play and he hasn't much money."

"He had twenty pounds!"

"I know but that has to keep him till he sells his play."

"Not if I can help it, Miss . . . Miss . . . er . . ."

"Hart."

So it was that when Kit returned from his walk he opened the door of his room and, after a second's dazed incredulity, gave a loud triumphant shout "Mother!" She tottered into his arms, sobbing and laughing and clinging on to him. "Kit! Oh Kit. Oh God, what a relief to see you again."

Even as he hugged her it occurred to him that all this was a trifle exaggerated. He had been away at school and college for years—she was used to it. Whatever was the matter with her?

"I nearly died," she wept, "I had to come."

"But darling . . ."

"They thought it was suicide. Thought your mind was unbalanced . . . oh dear . . . oh dear."

"Suicide?"

"Yes. The coward's way out."

Kit stared. "Oh God . . . oh my gosh, darling, I'm most frightfully sorry. I never dreamt . . . I never . . . oh lord, what a fool I was to put that in!"

"It's in all the papers."

"WHAT?"

"A young woman telephoned me . . . seemed to know all about you. Even to your going out for half an hour."

A flicker of a smile touched Kit's face. "There now, darling, you're beginning to talk a little more like yourself."

For hours they talked and talked until the little German room in the Bronx took on something of the atmosphere of the Essex farmhouse. Slowly Lady Seabrook got back to fighting form. After a quarter of an hour spent in telling Kit how very deeply she loved him and how his disappearance had taken the heart out of her and made an old woman of her with nothing

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Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight, will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

A certain brand of magnesia will do this, and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth enamel. The new type of toothpaste, called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from the time you begin to use this on your teeth, they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly. Your friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia' causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

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left to live for, she snapped into a lively commentary on his behaviour.

"Never in my life," she pronounced, "have I heard of anything more foolish. Never! It's quite fantastic!"

"You've never seen that room."

"Indeed? It's the room they've given to me."

"Where's the ink?"

"No trace of ink anywhere. Virginia had an army of cleaning experts in the next day. She was laughing about your being upset about such a trivial thing. Hooting with laughter, she was."

Kit looked at her dubiously. "Now mother . . . let's just have the truth."

"Well she didn't exactly laugh. But she was quite philosophical. So was Stephen. They're willing to have you back. They said they . . ."

"Listen, mother, whose suggestion was it that I should go back? Yours or theirs?"

"It was quite mutual . . . as far as I remember."

"Yes?"

"Oh yes. You must go back, Kit. You simply must. Think what this has cost me. Two journeys to America. Heaven knows how much in cables. It's eaten up practically my whole year's income.

"Well listen, darling—I'm writing a play. Another three weeks and I shall have finished it. And what a play! There's been nothing like it this century!"

"Three weeks will be too late to go back to the Schilders'. It's now or never, while I'm here to back you up. You can get on with your play as a hobby. Your young woman is of exactly the same opinion—we discussed it."

"Mother, is that true? Did Madeleine say that? Honest?"

Lady Seabrook patted her hair. "I'm not sure that she said that exactly but she implied it—as any sensible woman would. You can't get out of it, Kit. You owe it to me, and to her if you like, not to mention yourself. Come back to-morrow morning about twelve o'clock. I shall keep out of the way. Stephen will be out and you can have a nice talk with Virginia . . . Virginia was always a one for confidential talks with young men."

At twelve o'clock sharp a reluctant and shamefaced Kit rang the Schilders' door bell. Again he followed the butler over ankle-deep carpets to the long room where he had had his first encounter with his host and hostess. But this time there was no one there.

"Madame," he was told, "will be with you at 12.30. Will you kindly wait."

He asked humbly for Lady Seabrook.

"Her ladyship has just gone out. She will return at one for luncheon."

The man withdrew and closed the double doors behind him. Kit wandered restlessly about the room. He felt angry and frustrated and incredibly foolish. What a position! Why in hell didn't people leave him to run his own life. Furiously, he flung himself into the nearest chair.

He heard a sudden stifled squeak—like a mouse. He looked round. There was nothing in the room, not even one of the Pekes. Horrible things, those Pekes were.

He lit a cigarette, finished it, and lit another. It was now twenty-past twelve. In ten minutes Virginia would be here. Oh, lord, he thought, with anxiety beginning to gnaw into his stomach. He got up restlessly and walked to the window.

He stood there for a moment and walked back to his chair. And there he suddenly stopped with gooseflesh coming out all over his body, and his hair standing up on end.

He had been sitting on one of the Pekes!

"Dear God," he muttered, and the sweat broke out in horror on his forehead.

It lay there motionless. Smothered! Murdered! And he was the murderer.

There was a malicious influence at work, he thought wildly. There was a curse upon him! Without a glance to left or right, he turned and rushed from the house. In the hall he ran into the butler and pushed him aside. "The Peke," he gasped as he ran. "Get a vet, quick!" *(Continued on page 116)*

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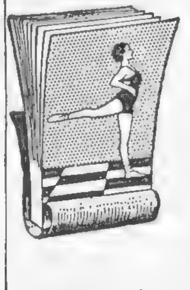

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A Guest in the House

So it was that at the first night of Christopher Seabrook's play with Madeleine Hart starring, two notable socialites were conspicuously absent. Its acclaim by both critics and public was followed up by gossip as to where and how the play was written. The ink-story came out, but no one got hold of the one about the Peke. Kit didn't dare ring up until the night before his marriage, when he told Madeleine there was just one point which he would like to discuss with his conscience before he took his stand in front of an altar.

"Ring up the Schilders," he begged her, "and ask to speak to the butler."

"Why should I do your dirty work, Kit? Ring up yourself."

"Madeleine, I'm a moral coward. I can't help it. It's the way I was brought up. Ring him up and ask how the two white Pekes are. Then, just as a long shot, ask whether the one that was ill has recovered from its illness."

Madeleine rang up.

"The Peke that was ill," she reported, "has recovered fortunately. But it had to be sent to Florida to convalesce. . . . Don't shriek like that, Kit. Am I marrying a maniac or am I marrying a maniac?"

END

Hot Weather Wisdom

(Continued from page 40)

film of good talc powder, and a generous splash of 4711 Eau de Cologne under the arms, 4711 also behind the ears, and about the temples, will keep you cool. You can continue moistening the brow with Eau de Cologne throughout the day, that touch behind the ears never fails to give new energy. Yardley's lavender in the palms of the hands, on the neck, behind the ears, is wonderfully refreshing.

Eau de Cologne is of course, one of the finest hair-setting lotions there is. And as everyone's hair becomes dank during hot weather, nothing could be so freshening as a scalp friction with 4711. It is the great stand-by, and even relieves headaches before a thunderstorm.

Now about sun-bathing. Inured as you may be to it, if the day is a scorcher, do not expose your body to the sun between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. Exercise under a torrid sun, in the form of tennis, is nothing short of madness.

If you have to take a walk wear a shady hat and throw a woolly jumper down your back, knotting the sleeves in front about your neck. Half the cases of sun collapse, are due to sun-rays striking on too thinly-clad a back. Moreover, you will keep cooler, padded. Pad against cold, pad against heat. Pad to keep the weather out.

Wool is the safest clothing to wear during a heat-wave. A child will be more coolly clad in a thin woollen vest and knickers, than in knickers alone. The vest will absorb perspiration, and also guard him from sudden draughts. Sudden draughts are responsible for more chills during hot weather than ever arise during a Buchan cold-blast.

Always dry-down and change after a sweat; do not let the clothes dry on you, or you will head into a first-class cold. Wear wool or silk somewhere. Just as a silk and wool combination keeps out the cold in winter, the same combination keeps out the heat in summer, and in order to keep the mind functioning you cannot allow the body to be prostrated by extremes of temperature, so dress to keep the weather out.

Incidentally it is more dangerous and detrimental to the health to sit under an electric fan to keep cool, than it is to sit over a roaring fire to keep warm.

An electric fan is best directed onto a bowl of ice in a part of the room where no direct air-current can reach any one, but from which the cool air is evenly distributed.

If you neither possess electric fans nor ice, throw wide the windows and draw the blinds, only letting chinks of light filter through.

END

THE TRUST YOU *will not* FAIL

Sincere and helpful books planned to help the expectant mother and the mother of young children. Free, in plain envelope.

M. Maternity Wear. *Frocks, coats, corsets, etc.*
A. Everything for the event. *Cots, layettes, etc.*
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Sound teeth are essential to good health and good health is essential to beauty. Brush your teeth with Euthymol and you help to guard your health, for Euthymol keeps clean your mouth, teeth and gums. It is an antiseptic tooth paste that dentists have been recommending for over forty years. Buy a large 1s. 3d. tube from your chemist or send for a 7-day free sample.

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SHORT
HEADS
in six
colours

Tek's the shorthead with the long life, the brush that fits the arch of your teeth, routs out decaying accumulations and leaves your teeth white and polished and healthy Dentists all over Britain have given Tek their signed approval. Next time you want a toothbrush, buy a Tek. After that you'll find you'll always buy Tek. ★ *Sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Hard and medium—6 colours and crystal. Extra hard—white and crystal only.*

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Tek 2/-

and worth it!

FOR THE CHILDREN—**TEK JUNIOR 1/3**

IT FITS THE ARCH

Hermits of the Third Floor

(Continued from page 27)

He tried to make the clatter that a large man would make as he reached the landing. His effort had the desired effect. The door of Miss Warren's flat opened an inch or two and she peeped out.

Henry Tingle took off his hat and wished her good evening. "Oh, it's you!" she cried. "I thought—I thought it was Mr. Nelson."

Henry glanced carelessly at his watch. "Hasn't he come?" he asked. "He is always so punctual."

"Yes, yes, he is!" cried the girl. "He is always here on the tick! And to-night—to-night is a special. It's strange that he isn't here."

She turned and looked with startled eyes at Henry. "Do you think—do you think anything could have happened to him?"

Henry Tingle gulped. His plan called for silence regarding the crash, but it required quite an effort to control himself. For an instant there came before his mental eyes a picture of himself breaking the news to her, holding her hands as he spoke, comforting her, possibly bringing her shapely head against his shoulder.

"No, I don't think anything has happened to him," he said. "Some piece of business has kept him back. He'll telephone in a minute, you'll see."

"He never telephones," she murmured. And I never telephone to him."

Clever Mr. Ackroyd, alias Will Nelson! He never telephoned and he did not permit the girl to telephone him.

"But—but you know where his office is?" demanded Henry.

"No, I don't," she whispered. "It's—it's some sort of a secret because he's—because he's connected with politics. You know. They do a lot of things quietly because they don't wish the papers to know. Will says reporters are beastly. That is why—that is why we don't go out in the evening. We have little dinners here."

Riding home Henry had come to the conclusion that he, Henry Tingle, was the only person in London who knew that Mr. Ackroyd visited Grace Warren under an assumed name. Now the words of the girl strengthened this conclusion. He and she might be the only two in the city who had ever heard the name "Will Nelson."

"But his home?" asked Henry. "You know where he lives?"

"No," she breathed. She paused for a long moment, then she added: "I did think that he lived at the Cordovan Hotel, but—but he doesn't."

"Did you ask?"

"I wrote him, and—and the letter came back marked 'Not known.' I didn't tell Will that I wrote to him there. He would have been angry with me."

There came the sound of footsteps from a lower landing. The girl ran to the stairhead and looked down. Henry did not move. Henry knew that Will Nelson would never again climb those stairs.

The knowledge that he possessed thrilled him. It was, so he thought, a sort of "scoop." No other person in the city knew that a masquerading person known to a pretty girl as "Will Nelson," had been wiped out by the death of a Mr. William Ackroyd, a respectable tea merchant, who was, according to the uniformed porter, the "most generous man in all Lunnon."

Henry Tingle reviewed his plan. For the moment there was nothing to do but offer polite assurance that all would be well. This he did before moving on to his own door. With the key in his hand he turned and spoke a farewell word. "If I can do anything please call me," he said. "Just tap at the door."

HENRY TINGLE was awake and listening long before the morning paper was placed at his door. He clawed through the journal till he found the paragraph. It was brief, but very

(Continued on page 118)

Beauty goes back to nature

IT is not fashionable to smear your lips with garish scarlet . . . to colour up your cheeks to a feverish flush. Discriminating women have said goodbye to all that, and welcome Tangee because it makes them look fresh and young and natural again . . . deliciously in tune with 1938's feminine frills and furbelows.

Tangee is utterly unlike most cosmetics because of its wonderful Colour-Change Principle. When you touch your lips and cheeks with Tangee Natural Lipstick and Rouge you will see how its original orange-colour changes immediately to your own natural colouring. It's sheer magic . . . lovely magic too, because it reveals to admiring eyes the beauty that is really you.

For dinner or dance, use Tangee Theatrical, a richer colour for brighter lights.

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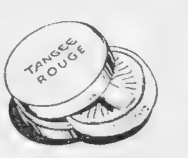

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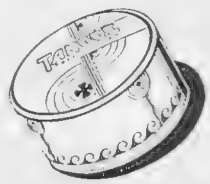

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Summer will show...

the most distinguished women under the sun, confident in their choice of these intriguing lipstick shades dictated infallibly by

ROUGE ANGELUS

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Lipstick 4/6
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NO 415 SUNORANGE
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All with the "Petal-Moist" principle

To complement these summer shades in Lipstick, Louis Philippe presents his face powder and foundation cream — the face powder in Suntan and Sungold, the cream in Sunburst and Sungold.

CROOKED HEELS

If the heels of your shoes tend to turn over, correct the cause by wearing **Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates.** Small cost repaid many times by preservation of shoe and reduction in repair-bills. Equalize body's weight; take strain off ankles, and correct faulty walking. Obtainable from Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price 1/- per pair

Dr Scholl's Walk-Strates

BEFORE
AFTER

informative. Mr. Ackroyd, who was well dead, was a junior partner in the tea-importing firm of Masters, Lorne and Ackroyd. He was unmarried. He was a member of several clubs, lived in Clarges Street, and was esteemed by all who came in contact with him. Henry grinned as he read the kindly remark of the reporter.

Henry thought that he might see Grace Warren before he went to business, but she didn't appear. He told himself that there was no hurry anyhow. No hurry at all.

He broke his journey into the city and called at the apartment house in Clarges Street. He had a desire to hear further details. It was nice to know that Will Nelson was dead. He spoke to the porter.

"Yes, sir," said the porter. "It sure was Mr. Ackroyd. Best tenant in the house, sir. No, he's in a mortuary chapel. Goin' to be buried to-morrow at Kingston Cemetery. Thank you, sir."

During the lunch-hour Henry was possessed of a desire to call up Miss Warren and ask if she had heard any news, but he controlled the impulse. He would wait till the evening.

Hours later he knocked at the door of Miss Warren's flat. Grace appeared red-eyed and apparently distressed. She invited Henry to enter. No, she had no news. She had passed a miserable day.

Henry Tingle suggested she should call up a woman friend who would sit with her.

"I have no friends," she said. "Will is the only person I know in London."

"Where is your home?" asked Henry.

"In Kent."

"And—and your people?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "I came to London with the idea that I would make a hit on the stage," she confessed. "Lots of girls think that. I had a small engagement for some weeks." After a long pause she added: "I met Will when I was dancing. He helped me."

Henry Tingle didn't ask for further information. It was all quite plain to him. Mr. Nelson was the prop, and now that Mr. Nelson was no more the affair would crumble unless someone succeeded William.

She asserted her faith in Nelson. He had not run out. He was not that kind of a man. He kept his word always. He was punctual, honest, and trustworthy.

Henry Tingle bobbed his head and said "Yes, yes," as she showered praises on Will. He knew that it would be injudicious to contradict. The girl believed that Nelson would not leave her high and dry without a word of explanation. No, something had happened. Something that made it impossible for him to come to see her or to write to her.

She approached Henry Tingle and whispered a word. "Politics!" she gasped.

"Politics?" repeated Henry.

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "Listen! I know Will Nelson. He's been kidnapped. It's politics! He's up against foreigners that have got killers in their employ. Kidnapped or murdered. That's the answer. Don't you ever think that Will Nelson would run out! He wouldn't! He wouldn't!"

Henry was startled by her vehemence. This was in variance with his plan. Hurriedly he assured her that he was not suggesting that Mr. Nelson had run out.

"He insulted you," she said, "and it might have got into your head that he would do a rotten thing like that, but he wouldn't."

HENRY TINGLE asked to be excused from work on the day of Mr. William Ackroyd's funeral. Henry attended the ceremony. During the morning the hate produced by the memory of that word "Hunchback" suggested that he should buy a wreath and send it with the words "From the Hunchback with love," but fearful that it might bring about inquiries he put the idea aside.

That evening he knocked at the door of Miss Warren's flat. Again she invited him within.

He was pleased that she looked to him

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Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

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Twice the Confidence with Eucryl White* Teeth

"Eucryl White" is that intense whiteness that makes teeth a sparkling contrast to your whole make-up. It is Eucryl Tooth Powder that gives to teeth this additional charm. Use Eucryl night and morning.

EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER
WHITENS & PRESERVES THE TEETH
Fragrant Antiseptic Cleansing

EUCRYL
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TOOTH POWDER
3d 7½d & 1/-

HE HELD HER IN HIS ARMS
but only once...

One embrace and only one. It might have carried them to the altar. Instead, it parted them for ever. For, in the instant that he held her close, he knew she was not the woman for him. He knew the reason. But she didn't . . .

You may be sure, if you perspire even a little under the arms, people notice the odour. The easiest and quickest way to guard against this is to use Arrid, the new cream deodorant. Because it's a *cream*, it's easier to use; no waiting for it to dry; just smooth it in and it vanishes; can't rot dresses. No stinging either, can be used straight after shaving. Stops perspiration instantly—removes odour completely for 1 to 3 days. Ask for Arrid at Boots, Chemists and Department Stores.

Arrid 6d. *and* 1/11 *a jar*

Mothersills
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS *by* SEA, AIR *and* TRAIN
2

for sympathy in her grief. The manner in which she listened to his words brought a sort of drunken delight to him. No woman had ever hearkened to Henry Tingle, none had ever thought that his words were worth listening to. Now a very beautiful girl listened to him with glowing cheeks, asking him again and again to reassure her that the absent Will Nelson would return. . . .

Henry Tingle examined his bank book that evening. He had in the bank the savings of some twenty years. They amounted to three hundred and seven pounds nine shillings and eight pence. Not a great amount it is true, but it pleased him to think that he possessed it.

There was, of course, no Will Nelson on the following Friday night. Henry Tingle had arrived home at seven so that he could be close to Miss Warren when Nelson's regular arrival hour came round. He waited with her at the door of her flatlet from seven o'clock to within a few minutes of eight. She broke down then. She sobbed loudly, and Henry comforted her.

She was terrified at her position. Tearfully she confessed that she had no money. She had been absolutely dependent on Will.

Henry Tingle took out his pocket book. He offered its contents. She refused, politely and firmly, to accept a loan. There was no possibility that she could repay any money that she borrowed. Henry was hurt. Evidently she did not regard him as a substitute for Will.

"Then what can you do?" asked Henry.

"I—I don't know," she sobbed. "There is a man I once knew who would lend me a little money. I will write to him now."

Henry Tingle offered to take out the letter and post it. At the corner he tore it into scraps and placed the bits of paper in a convenient ash can. Henry had no idea of letting Grace Warren go back to another man. He had in his mind a pleasant picture of the future.

On the day following, Henry Tingle covered many sheets of paper with figures that had nothing to do with the firm for which he worked. It was strange and unusual work for Henry. He was trying to figure out how much money a girl of Miss Warren's class would require for expenses!

If he could guess exactly the sum that Will Nelson allowed her it would be nothing short of the miraculous. He had put forward clever probes to the girl but they had not brought forth the concrete figure that he desired.

In the late afternoon, a few minutes before closing time, he fixed on a definite sum. He typed a short note and placed it in an envelope with a ten pound note. He addressed the envelope to Miss Grace Warren "courtesy of Mr. Tingle."

He ate in the city. That was in the plan, then, at a little after ten, he rode home to Shepherd's Bush.

He came up the stairs at a run. He was all excited as he banged at her door. He swept her off her feet with his story. She gasped as she heard his words. He had seen Nelson! Yes, yes! He had met him at the little restaurant where he, Henry, was dining. Nelson had walked up to his, Henry's, table and had asked him to deliver a letter to Miss Warren! And here was the letter!

Grace tore the envelope open. Clutching the ten pound note she glanced at the letter. She read and re-read it. She sobbed wildly and pressed the sheet of paper to her bosom. Henry Tingle, regarding her with keen watchful eyes, was certain that he had done a good job. A very good job.

"Everything's all right?" he hazarded.

"Yes, yes!" cried the girl. "He says—he says he is sending it by you. I—I can't show you the letter. You'll—you'll understand, won't you?"

Henry understood. He had typed the note in such a way that it would not be shown to him. It was a note to kill suspicion, and it required much thought. It ran:

"Grace dear: For the moment I am not appearing in public. There are reasons, mostly political. And I am not mailing letters to friends (*Continued on page 120*)

For PURE Enjoyment smoke
ARDATH
CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES
10 for 6D.

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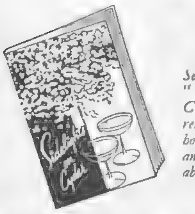

"The Burns are coming this evening—"

"I hope there is plenty of Gaymer's Cyder!"

Gaymer's Cyder sharpens the appetite, aids the digestion and increases the appreciation of a well-served meal. Made from the sparkling juice of choice English apples, Gaymer's has an enticing tang and unique ability to refresh. Drink Gaymer's—the healthiest, most delicious cyder there is! Keep a supply at home.

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Send now for your copy of "SIDELIGHTS ON CYDER," the valuable recipe booklet that tells you how to make delicious long and short drinks and all about tempting cyder cookery.

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There's a type of Gaymer's Cyder to suit your taste

In bottle :	In flagon :
POMMETTA (*like champagne*)	GAYFLAG (*medium sweet*)
POMMIE (*dry*)	GAYSEC (*dry*)
GAYMER DRY (*pale dry*)	CYDETTE (*non-alcoholic*)
★★ (*medium dry*)	
◇ (*medium sweet*)	
V.D. (*dry*)	

To William Gaymer & Sons Ltd., Dept. 3, Attleborough, Norfolk.

Please send me a FREE copy of "Sidelights on Cyder."

Name...

Address..

....

lest the friends get into trouble. I thought to use that little rat who lives next to you as our Postman. Remember I christened him the Postman? The little swine adores you and he will not give us away. No, I can't make any rendezvous. I will just pick him up now and then. It's fun using him. Will."

The girl deluged Henry with questions. She was a little delirious with joy. How did Will look? Was he alone? Did he seem worried? Where was the restaurant at which Henry had dined? If she had only been there?

"Listen," she gasped. "Will says in this note that he will meet you now and then and—and give you a letter to me. Did he tell you that?"

"Yes," answered Henry. "He said he would see me now and then. No particular appointments he said."

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "You see he can't! I told you it was something connected with politics, didn't I? But I was thinking—I was thinking if I could be with you some time—sometime when he met you?"

Henry Tingle was thrilled. He was delighted with his own perspicacity. This was exactly what he expected the girl to say. He had planned this method of attack. Miss Warren, in her effort to see Will Nelson, would voyage out with him, would sit with him, eat and drink with him, and possibly in the fullness of time might forget the big beefy brute that she loved. The dream glowed within his brain.

THERE began for Henry Tingle nights of wonder. Once a week he wandered out with Miss Warren to dinner. They changed places, because Nelson changed places. They changed days because the wily Nelson changed days. If they went out on a Thursday evening it would be Friday when Nelson handed the note to Henry enclosing the usual ten pounds. If they dined out on Friday Tingle brought the money on the Saturday. If they went to one restaurant Nelson met Henry at another. It was a great game of hide and seek entirely engineered by Henry Tingle.

A costly game but immensely thrilling to Henry. The strain on his banking account was tremendous. Ten pounds a week to the girl and at least a pound for the weekly dinners. Sometimes more. But the pleasure was immeasurable.

Henry Tingle was living. Living for the first time in his wretched life. He was treading the stars. Each night that he went out with Grace Warren brought an additional thrill because she seemed to be taking more interest in his conversation and less in the business of observing the diners in the hope of finding Nelson amongst them.

The bank balance was dropping with each week that passed. Henry Tingle, at times, was bitten by the bug of fear. When Mr. William Ackroyd, alias Will Nelson, had been resting some fourteen weeks in the quiet of Kingston Cemetery, Henry, casting up his bank book found that he was one hundred and sixty pounds poorer than on the soft summer afternoon when he had witnessed the crash near Trafalgar Square. He shivered at the discovery.

Of course he had bought excitement and pleasure with the money. Grace Warren called him now by his Christian name, sometimes she called him "Dear Henry." Several times she had permitted him to kiss her cheek when bidding her good night. There was now established a fine friendship between them, and, although that friendship was supposed to rest on the matter of the "hiding out" of Will Nelson, the conversation regarding the missing William became less and less each day.

There was one evening in the early autumn when she returned his caress. He was beside himself with joy. He told her of her resemblance to Nicolete. She playfully pinched his cheek.

WINTER was approaching. One evening when Henry and Grace had dined at a Piccadilly restaurant they met a prowling wind from the north as they left for home. The girl drew her cloak about her and gave a little "Brrh" as a greeting to the breeze.

Laughingly she addressed Henry Tingle: "If I ran into Will this evening I would ask him for a new coat," she said.

"What kind of a coat?" demanded Henry.

"Fur," she answered. "Good fur. Persian lamb, or something like that."

Of course Henry Tingle should never have done what he did do. Judges have laid it down a million times that cashiers, book-keepers, and all others through whose hands pass money that does not belong to them should not touch a single penny of that money. But what do these cold-blooded judges know about men like Henry Tingle? Henry who had lived to be forty-four years of age before Romance had come up to the third floor of the house in which he lived a lonesome life. These old judges dined with Romance each evening in their youthful days and now, grown surfeited, they sit and bark their dreadful warnings at poor devils who never had a chance to sit at the table of the Lady of Dreams.

Henry Tingle had one hundred and forty seven pounds to his credit. The price of the coat was two hundred guineas. The pity of it. . . .

The coat was sent to Miss Warren's flat one September morning, and all that day Henry Tingle was shuttling between the fear that his theft of the firm's funds might be discovered before he had time to replace the money, and the somewhat more pleasant and thrilling thoughts of the compliments he would receive on his cleverness in getting the coat out of Will Nelson.

There was a moment in the late afternoon when he stopped with uplifted pen and contemplated the weeks that had danced away to the tune of his bankroll. Did Grace Warren believe that Nelson was sending her the weekly money? Did she know in her secret heart that it was he, Henry, who was providing her with a home and food?

That night he would tell her! That night he would make a confession! Tell her that it was his money. All of it! His ten pounds that had come to her every week!

He couldn't let Nelson, the devilish Nelson who had called him "Postman" and "Hunchback," take the honour of being the giver of that coat. That glorious coat.

His mouth and throat were dry as he considered the words of his confession. He would tell her that it was done for love of her. Of sheer adoration of her beauty. He gasped as he tried to figure out her reaction. They were alone there on the third floor. Alone! "Two hermits," she had said. He grew hot and cold as he pictured their interview. He gurgled to himself. . . . Behind a frosted window the fox-faced junior member of the firm watched him with some curiosity. . . .

Henry Tingle reached the third floor at a little before six. There were bits of straw and selvage before the door of Grace Warren's flat. He knocked but there was no answer. Louder. He banged the door impatiently.

The caretaker in the basement heard him. "That you, Mister Tingle?" inquired the caretaker. "I have a letter for you. Miss Warren has gone. She left the letter with me to explain things."

Henry Tingle met the caretaker coming up. He snatched the fat envelope from the hands of the man and tore it open. A bundle of crisp notes fell upon the stairs, but Henry ignored them as he stared at the sheet of paper in which they were folded. The letter ran:

"Dear Henry: The most wonderful thing in the world happened to-day. A lawyer called and asked my name and if ever I was a dancer at the Bigjoy Theatre. That was the theatre where I was dancing when Will and I became friends. Of course I told him everything, and when I proved that I was Grace Warren and a dancer he said that a man named Mr. Ackroyd, who was a big tea merchant, had died some time ago and had left me five thousand pounds. The lawyer had

✻

SUN HEADACHES

HAY FEVER

BATHER'S EYE

Pity your poor eyes. Think of all the extra strain and work that Summer brings them—sun-glare, motoring, tennis, bathing, microbe-laden dust (and remember, microbes breed faster in hot weather)—no wonder they get sore and red and tired; no wonder you get worn and "headachey" and find it hard to concentrate. Do as Doctors and Opticians recommend—bathe your eyes with Optrex Eye Lotion. Optrex gently washes away all foreign matter, tones up the local muscles and restores circulation to the tiny veins of the eye. As a result, aches, pains, irritations and excessive watering quickly disappear (even in cases of hay fever) and your eyes regain their natural healthy sparkle. Prevention is better than cure. Don't wait for eye troubles to start. From now on have an Optrex eye-bath regularly every night and morning—see what a difference it makes!

Optrex BRAND EYE LOTION

Obtainable from all chemists at 2/- (with free eye-bath). Triple size 3/6 (without eye-bath).

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined regularly by a Qualified Practitioner.

✻

been hunting for me for months, he having only the theatre address.

"Isn't it all wonderful? *I had never heard of this Mr. Ackroyd!* He had simply seen me dance at the theatre and thought that I had genius. It shows you that genius is always appreciated in London, doesn't it?

"Now, Henry, I'm going to tell you something. I've suspected that you have been giving me all this money that you said was sent by Will Nelson. I'm sure of that. And that you paid for the coat I got to-day. I'm not a fool, Henry. So after I went down to the lawyer's office and got a thousand pounds on account I reckoned up what you had spent on me.

I made it about four hundred pounds, so I'm putting it in this envelope with my thanks and my love. I'm going right back to Kent.

"Thankfully yours,

"Grace Warren."

HENRY TINGLE sat on his high stool in the Ludgate Hill office. A soft peace was upon him. He had put back the money that he had taken from the firm and had paid the remainder of Miss Warren's four hundred pounds into his own private account.

By an extraordinary coincidence he found that his balance was within a few shillings of the sum that he possessed on that day when he had taken the wild dive into the waters of Romance. He smiled as he noted this fact.

In the inner office the fox-faced junior partner spoke to his grey-haired senior.

"I was a little worried about Tingle yesterday," said the junior. "He seemed fussed. Y'know I had a funny belief that he had got into a jam."

"Tingle?" snapped the senior. "A jam over what?"

"Well, over a woman," said the junior.

The grey-haired man smiled. "Poor Henry Tingle!" he murmured. "Why Henry hasn't had a love affair in the whole of his life. Not one. The poor beetle! He collects stamps, reads medieval history, and plays on some queer instrument called a zither. Look at him out there! I bet he's dreaming of some old stamp he wants for his collection."

As a matter of fact Henry Tingle was dreaming of Grace Warren at the moment. Dreaming of her shapely arms and her soft voice. Still he had no regrets at the sudden ending. The business had been a little worrying, and now he could give more time to his stamp collection and his zither.

END

A Big Vauxhall

(*Continued from page* 81)

luxurious, and provides real comfort for five people. There is good head-room with plenty of leg-room, besides ample accommodation at the extreme rear for luggage.

An ingenious feature is that the interior lights are automatically switched on whenever either of the rear doors is opened. If the Vauxhall owner is blessed with an intelligent set of passengers, this must be a real boon when making stops at night. On the other hand, it must put him rather at the mercy of the sort of nit-wit who can never be trusted to leave a motor-car door properly shut!

As with all recent Vauxhall coachwork, great care has been taken to provide efficient ventilation. The special "No-draught" design of the windows is most successful in achieving this—and the motorist who looks ahead will realise how valuable such a system must prove in the winter months. Altogether, there can be few 25 h.p. models on the market which will appeal so strongly to the owner-driver of moderate means.

END

She takes the weariness out of housework!
LARGE BOTTLE
3'9
CHAMPAGNE QUART SIZE
PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE

PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE
succeeded where others failed!

"Before I took **PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE,"** writes Mrs. M. Taylor, of Preston Road, Harrow, "I was thoroughly run down and couldn't sleep at night. But now, thanks to your tonic wine, I sleep much better and my home duties are no longer a burden. I cannot praise it too highly, as it has done wonders where other Tonics have failed."

✶ *Take a wine-glassful of* **Phosferine Tonic Wine** *two or three times a day. You can feel the health-restoring wine doing you good. Sold by all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists & Stores.*

PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE

THE BEST THE WORLD PRODUCES

A MOST DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE —CHEERING AND COMFORTING

Streets

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

AUGUST, 1938

A Page

A.C.-Sphinx Sparking Plug Co. Ltd. 81
Ardath Cigarettes 119
Arden, Elizabeth 83
Arrid Cream 119

B

Barnardo's Homes 113
Batchelor's Peas 115
Boots "Number 7" Beauty Preparations 89
Bread 108

C

Cerebos Salt 101
Clark's Dyeworks, Ltd. 5
Cow and Gate Milk Food 109
Craven "A" Cigarettes 91
Cuticura Soap 104

E

Eau de Cologne "4711" 85
Eccles Motor Caravans 80
Ellerman & Bucknall Steamship Co. Ltd. 5
Entrupal Hair Lotion 5
Eugene, Ltd. 103
Euthymol Tooth Paste 116
Eucryl Tooth Powder 119

F

Flavel, Sidney & Co., Ltd. 1
Flit Insecticide 4
Forhans Tooth Paste 118

G

Gaymer's Cyder 120
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co., Ltd. 92

H

Haig Whisky 97
Heinz Salad Cream 95
Horlicks 102
Hurley Machine Co. (Eng.) Ltd. 1

K

Kestos, Ltd. 4
Kia-Ora 107

L

Lagonda Motors, Ltd. 78
Larola 4
Lawrence, Helen 100
Leichner Hormone Cream 100

M

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder 113
Main, R. & A., Ltd. 74
Mansion Polish 112
McCall's Paysandu Ox-tongue 118
Meyer & Johnson, Ltd. 1
Milk of Magnesia Tablets 123

Page

Minty Bookcases 78
Minty Chairs 110
Mischief Perfume 105
Morny 113
Mothersill's Seasick Remedy 119

N

Natex Tonic Slimming Food 123
National Benzole 76
"News-Chronicle" Cover iii
New Zealand Lamb 1
Nugget Polish 5

O

Optrex Eye Lotion 121

P

Palmolive Soap 111
P.D.S.A. 108
Philippe, Louis 118
Phillips' Dental Magnesia 115
Phosferine Tonic Wine 121
Pond's Creams 6

R

Robinson's Barley Water 87
Rowland's Macassar Oil 109
Roxy Bathing Cap 106

S

Sanatogen 99
Sashena 112
Scholl, Dr. 118
School for the Blind 111
Schweppes 73
Seagers Gin 5
Shackleton, Mrs. 100
Singer Motors Ltd. 80
"The Sketch" Cover ii
Skol Sun Lotion 114

T

Tampax, Ltd. 115
Tangee Lipstick 117
Tattoo Lipstick Cover iv
Tek Toothbrushes 117
Treasure Cot 116

V

Vapex 123
Vauxhall Motors, Ltd. 2

W

Wills's Gold Flake Cigarettes 99
Wonderstoen 123
Wright's Coal Tar Soap 116

London in August

(*Continued from page* 38)

and the Lefevre are absorbingly vital and interesting, and will quickly furbish up your ideas, while you can spend many happy exploratory afternoons in the antique shops that lie hidden away off Baker Street, in Bayswater, and along King's Road, Chelsea.

For the more adventurous there are Tuesdays and Fridays in the world-famous Caledonian Market, where the risks and the rewards are both great.

Stay-out-lates can drive out to the numerous road houses that ring London, each with its swimming pool, its good restaurant, and its dance band, while early risers can enjoy grand riding on Wimbledon Common or in Richmond Park.

Finally, for women, there is always the chance of a week or a fortnight of intensive beauty culture. August is a time when you can command attention. When it is easy to fix a permanent wave, a facial, a complete course of massage, a series of hand and feet treatments, a course of wax or foam baths.

Everybody would welcome you. The time would pass pleasantly and restfully—and your real reward would come when your friends return from far afield, sun-dried and quite probably mentally exhausted, to find that your one dead month in London has knocked years off your age.

END

For Greying Hair

Grey hair is the result of exhaustion of the hair roots, which, through weakness, are unable to produce and supply to the shafts the pigment necessary for colouring the hair. Though dyes can be, and frequently are used as a temporary measure, they have the disadvantage of being very noticeable as the hair continues to grow out grey at the roots.

The restoration of natural colour can only be achieved by biological action upon the roots of the hair, and this action can now be produced by a new preparation called "Entrupal," an advertisement of which appears on page five of this issue.

This preparation, which is a lotion, and not a dye, is simply dabbed on at home and is undetectable in use. It is approved by many physicians and is obtainable price 8s. 9d. a bottle from Savory & Moore, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1, John Bell and Croyden, 50-52 Wigmore Street, London, W.1 and from the principal branches of Heppells, Boots and other reputable chemists.

END

With the Dawn Patrol

(*Continued from page* 53)

pioneers like McNamara, who for over a century has borne the Royal Mail, like Pickford, Carter Paterson, and Wordie, to mention a few. A hundred years ago the railway ousted the road and the coach. From 1830–1840 Britain witnessed the birth of the Rail Age—but time moves on, and the 1930's have truly witnessed the factual triumph of the great Road Age.

The revival of the roads really began about 1900 with the progress of the mechanically-propelled vehicle. The years between have seen the growth of a modern wonder until to-day there are as many as 1,287,000 engaged in British road transport, either in manufacture or in operation—compared with the 682,000 people employed in railway transport.

Actually, the road transport workers of 1938 represent ten per cent of all persons gainfully employed in Britain!

It is true to say, I think, that our merchant service of the roads had its beginnings, rough and ready though they were, in 1919, when at Slough, and other government clearing centres, vast numbers of ex-war department motor-lorries were put up for sale at throw-away prices. Hundreds of returned soldiers, at a loose end, craving for something different and dreaming of independence in a world that had been

END THAT *mealtime misery*

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without getting filled with flatulence and twisted up with pain? That is because acid turns your food into a sour, tough mass. Your harassed stomach has to struggle with every mouthful. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you'll have no more mealtime misery. These Tablets relieve acidity at once. They sweeten and soothe the stomach. They keep food digestible. So the stomach has an easy job. No sour repeating, not a trace of wind, not a twinge of pain. Your indigestion has vanished. And it can't torture you again if you take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They never fail. Prove it with your next meal. Take the Tablets and save yourself another attack. Buy a tin now! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'
TABLETS

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' BRAND TABLETS

NEW HANDY TIN 6D.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

CLEAR THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

A summer cold is dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter.

Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant, refreshing vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs at their source. Vapex is perfectly safe for children—guaranteed free from ephedrine or any narcotic.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V184 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

made safe for peace and prosperity, sank their war gratuities in lumbering army lorries and set out to cut each other's commercial throats by embarking on local transport wars of mad price-cutting.

In many parts of the country to-day the great transport combines, with their costly freighters criss-crossing the map of Britain day in and night out, are flourishing monuments to the enterprise and dour determination of the pioneers who trucked the goods themselves, handled and drove them, and worked sometimes the round of the clock for a weekly profit less than the wages they pay to a driver to-day.

"Yes, it's grown to be a business all right," the "skipper" of a mammoth insulated refrigerating transport told me one night under the incandescent flares of a coffee-stall on the Barnet by-pass. "Talk about goin' to sea! We're always at sea, what with 2,000 road transport regulations, and about a hundred and sixty rules of the road we drivers have got to carry in our heads if we don't want the police to shipwreck us!"

Out of the chaotic beginning of this industry, that in a year carries out 7,000,000 ton-miles of work over routes almost nine times longer than our entire railway system, there has grown a great mass of legislation which no other industry can boast of, or deplore!

Indeed, so multifarious are the laws, so rigid the control and so slow the machinery of officialdom, that even to acquire a new truck and add it to your fleet is to embark on a costly adventure that may be unavailing in the end. In a recent case a haulier, applying for an additional licence for a 50-cwt. lorry he had acquired, had to pay total costs of £262 17s. 10d. out of his pocket during the eighteen months his application was before the licensing authorities.

The similarity between our marine and highway merchant services is striking in many respects—as I found when the commander of an eight-wheeled fireproof furniture van, who was transporting a civil servant's household goods from Purley, in Surrey, to the edge of Oban Bay, in Argyllshire, showed me his official log-book. Like the sea-going skipper's log, it is a complete and official record of the trip from start to finish, including even such marine contingencies as engine trouble, steering failure, and delay due to inclement weather. Everything is marked down, except mutiny and piracy on the high roads.

The road log has sealed the success of another great industry—the commercial café and rest-house business which now gives work to several thousand men and women all over the country. Wooden shed and country cottage, converted railway carriage or woodman's hut—all these are to be found on the great trunk roads, offering food and bed, warmth and rest at reasonable rates.

Clean—for drivers and their mates are particular and their word travels a long way down Britain's congested traffic lanes—and offering a hefty meal for a shilling and supper and bed for a little more, those wayside transport inns are a new feature of the landscape. By night they are bright and friendly beacons on the horizon; by day they advertise themselves with such names as "Tim's Place," "Mack's Snacks," "Rest and Be Thankful," "The Log Cabin," "Transport and Delight," or "The Ritz."

Hand-drawn legends invite you to "Fill Up your Own Tank," advise you of a "Good Pull In For Drivers," and innocently advertise the doubtful fact that here "Drivers Are Taken In and Done For. Everybody Talks About Us!"

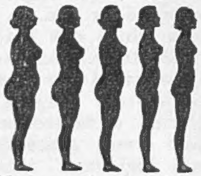
Of course, there are the undesirable haunts; and just as every port has its sirens, so you find, astoundingly enough, in some of the remotest places in the depths of the map, those ladies of charm haunting the doss-houses, and hitch-hiking from shack to shack like night-moths. The Commercial Motors Users' Association, the A.A. of the transport services, have for some time been preparing a

(*Continued on page* 124)

40 YEARS.. ....SLIM

Your face may be youthful and your complexion dazzling, but if you are burdened with superfluous flesh you will always look more than your age! Not only that, fat is unnecessary, ugly and even dangerous. Doctors warn you that extra weight puts undue strain on the heart and liver. The simple truth is this. When you get into the thirties, the thyroid gland slows down its action and fat accumulates. Ever so slightly at first, but the longer it is neglected, the more difficult it is to remove.

SEE HOW EXCESS FAT GOES WHILE YOU EAT



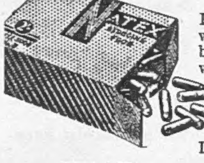
Between the first and the last figures there is 42 lbs. difference in weight. 42 lbs. of unhealthy, burdensome, figure-spoiling, unnecessary FAT! These figures show the progress of your slimming when you take Natex. It gets rid of fat, safely and surely, while you eat. We must say quite clearly that Natex is not a drug. It is a tonic slimming food that acts by re-invigorating the thyroid gland with the organic food it needs to help the absorption of fat. That is why Natex is the *sensible* and *natural* way to slim.

19 EDITRESSES OF WOMEN'S MAGAZINES RECOMMEND NATEX. THOUSANDS OF LETTERS FROM DELIGHTED USERS TESTIFY THAT NATEX:

1. Reduces fat at the safe rate of 2-4 lbs. weekly.
2. Improves your Looks. Keeps your complexion clear because it banishes poisons.
3. Increases your Vim. As you lose weight you gain vigour and health.

Why don't *you* start taking Natex now? A small capsule with your meals. That is all you need do to gain a younger, slimmer figure, improved looks, greater vitality. Go to your chemist and buy Natex right away, and no longer need you envy slimness, for you can achieve it with Natex. From Chemists and Health Food Stores, 2/-, 5/6, 9/6 and 17/6.

FREE *The Truth about How to Slim and Stay Slim*



If you want further evidence of what Natex can do, send for free booklet. It tells exactly how and why Natex slims and gives the experience of women in all walks of life. Send to Modern Health Products Ltd., 231, Natex House, 38, Langham Street, London, W.1.

Natex

TONIC SLIMMING FOOD

Indian Agents: Messrs. Issa, Sons & Co., P.O. Box 830, Bombay.
South African Agents: Messrs. L. Fatti & Co. Ltd., Johannesburg.

UNWANTED HAIR . . .

spoils charm

Bellin's WONDERSTOEN is obtainable from all Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. For chin, cheeks and upper lip, 5/6. For arms and legs, 13/6.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. to:

Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

Why feel self-conscious in a bathing suit? Bellin's dainty WONDERSTOEN disc removes unsightly hair from limbs and face swiftly, surely and with perfect safety. Merely rotate it gently over the affected part and unwanted hair disappears like magic leaving the skin petal smooth and beautifully soft. Doctors have recommended WONDERSTOEN for over 30 years because it is harmless and contains no injurious chemicals. WONDERSTOEN is absolutely free of odour and always ready for instant use.

INTERESTING BOOKLET FREE.

Bellin's Wonderstoen

DRY METHOD
for Removing Hair from Face and Limbs.

useful chart of approved road-houses for drivers and their crews. But the peripatetic "Sisters of the Road" are the *problème éternel.*

"Women's the devil on the roads, mate," a rotund Mancunian in charge of a juggernaut carrying ten tons of butter and cheese from the East Coast to Lancashire told me with a curling under-lip. "I never stop and give 'em a lift now, no matter where they seem to be stranded. Did you ever hear of t' London driver taking lorry of raw hides to the north? Gave a dame a lift west of Scotch Corner—an' he wakened up sick with chloroform and his bus *and* t' lady nowhere in sight. She was a road-pirate's moll, she was!"

Piracy on the roads is not common. Fire and total wreckage are alarmingly frequent—as a trip up one of our main trunk roads will grimly prove to you.

But these are the risks which our road merchantmen take in their stride. Science and engineering have transformed the road transports in a few years from jangling, odorous and nerve-shattering monstrosities to silent, fool-proof and even graceful, stream-lined "ships of the highways" that are the pride of their operators and the joy of their skippers.

The "Queen Marys" of the roads have 120 h.p. Diesel engines, eight-wheels—four of them double-tyred—and chassis costing up to £2,000, with precision steering and power-assisted brakes. Others, more standard, have 45 h.p. engines—and their speed is regulated by law to twenty miles. The favourite lorry is the 50 cwt. (unladen weight) which is permitted to travel at thirty miles an hour.

To-day, the driver's cabin in the most modern road-freighters is chromium-plated and gadgeted like a liner's wheelhouse. It is comfortably upholstered, with spring-seating and safety-glass, dual wipers, fog-lamps and piercing searchlights. It is fume-free and almost noiseless. Pneumatic tyres, controlled gear-changing, improved transmission and variable-load springing contribute to a minimum of fatigue and nervous strain for the driver, who has now become a knight-de-luxe of the road.

The road!

And there's the rub—or the skeleton in the transport cupboard, if you like.

Our highways have truly been described as the nation's lifelines. They have become even more significant since they are now regarded as vital factors in our plans for home defence. Yet, they have improved the least of all among the essential components that make our road transport possible, and without which our ports and market-places would overflow to confusion and our factories be brought to swift stagnation.

Since 1910 road vehicles have increased 2,000 per cent, but road construction has increased by only 1.5 per cent, until to-day Britain has the most congested highways of any country in the world, with a density of 62.9 vehicles to every mile of classified roads!

It was from the British Road Federation, where I went for proof in black-and-white, that I learned that despite our national Five Year Road Plan, now three years old, only a small portion of the sum allotted has been expended, and little or nothing has been done to give us the great high-speed motorways which Italy and Germany are rapidly constructing and which have increased the speed of transit at the same time as they have cut down the accident rate with miracle effect.

We have still with us the Great North Road, with bottle-necks and dangerous corners, capable only of taking single lines of traffic on two-thirds of its total length of 316 miles. On the Bristol Road, the width varies nineteen times in 120 miles, from a minimum width of twenty feet to a maximum of forty feet. And ask a driver, private or commercial, for his opinion after driving under all sorts of weather conditions of the twenty-three different types of surface to be found on the 110 miles of the important London–Birmingham Road.

It was a be-spectacled and anxious driver with a notebook who said to me: "Talkin' about roads. In 1935–1936 Road Fund licence holders and ratepayers contributed £105,000,000 for the roads, but only £55,000,000 was spent. Why? Where did that surplus go to, eh?"

That's certainly a leading question. But one that would require another story—and a long one.

END

Confidently Recommended

(*Continued from page* 75)

laxative, causing neither nausea nor griping.

Bottles are sold at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and its many uses are clearly described in a leaflet which is enclosed.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia is another valuable corrective of mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. Price from 6d. a tube, it cleanses and polishes the teeth and sweetens the breath. Generous sample tubes are obtainable free of charge from Proprietary Agencies Ltd., 1 Warple Way, Acton Vale, W.3.

A "five-in-one" manicure is surely irresistible to the busy woman.

Such is "Nailoid," a new beauty treatment for the fingernails, which feeds the nails, prevents brittleness, softens cuticles, removes stains and leaves the fingertips beautifully white.

This preparation contains Vitamin F, and, when applied to the nails with a brush and warm water, forms a rich creamy foam which feeds and cleanses at the same time. A little applied to the cuticles and rubbed well in, softens them so that they can be easily pressed back to reveal attractive half-moons.

"Nailoid" is sold at 6d., 1s. 6d. and 3s. 3d., and a sample can be obtained on receipt of 2d. in stamps from Allcock Manufacturing Co., 22 Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

Make-up renovations are undoubtedly bad for the skin. At the end of a morning's shopping, dusty motor drive or tiring rail journey, it is bad for the complexion to powder over the particles of dust and dirt that have settled on the skin since performing your morning toilet.

Yet it is impossible to carry around an outfit of cleansing creams, astringents and foundation lotions or creams. So what?

That is where "Quickies" come in. These anti-drying ever-moist cleansing pads, in their neat handbag-size packs, are soapless and saturated with a lotion specially prepared to prevent dryness and keep the skin smooth, supple and soft.

They are a delightful pick-me-up for cleansing at any time in any place. They remove all make-up and grime, leaving the skin refreshed and cleaned and with a powder base that does not need any special foundation.

"Quickies" are sold everywhere, price 2s. 6d. for a jar for home use containing 100 pads or 6d. for the handbag size holding fifteen pads.

Untidy hair is unforgivable in these days when we are blessed with so many aids to hairdressing which were denied to past generations.

Permanent waves have gone progressively forward during the past two decades, becoming more and more natural in effect and less and less prohibitive in price. But even the most perfectly permed curls are at times unruly, and refuse to remain in position close to the head. That is why all really soignée women are so persistent in their demand for "Kirbigrips."

These patent hairpins are made in black, bronze, silver grey and golden, so that whether you are a raven-locked siren, a baby blonde or a silver haired matron, they can be worn and yet remain practically invisible.

They keep curls and rolls securely in place and are perfect for sports wear, since they grip firmly and never slip.

"Kirbigrips" are made in England by Kirby, Beard & Co. Ltd. and are sold by all drapers, hairdressers and stores.

In writing about the Beautiform Garment there are many points which merit emphasis. This foundation, which has been awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene, uplifts abdominal muscles, supports and controls without interfering with freedom and comfort and, by eliminating pressure, reduces adipose tissue. It affords excellent support to the spine, correcting a hollow or sway back and giving wonderful relief to sufferers from curvature and backache.

Madame Maud invites personal consultations by appointment at her salons at 78 Baker Street, Portman Square, London, W.1 and her Beautiform garments may be tried on without obligation to purchase. They may be fitted in two ways, either to the personal figure line or to rectify balance and eliminate adipose tissue.

There are models for day, evening, maternity, riding and sports wear and they are available in washing cottons, satins and nets, reinforced where necessary to ensure support and control without pressure.

The Beautiform Breast Support and Reducer is another garment that has been scientifically designed to control, uplift and reduce the breasts and to give repose to the shoulder muscles. It is specially adapted for sleeping as well as for day wear, and is made in washable porous nets which can be laundered without any fear of losing their shape.

Prices, which are subject to shape, size and material chosen, are given at the first interview with Madame Maud.

"Autumn Crocus" is the attractive name which Lambelle Ltd. of 40 Station Road, Redhill, Surrey, have given to their new perfume.

This scent is no less appealing than its name, being delightfully fragrant and refreshing with no hint of pungency nor any tendency to become stale or cloying with the passing of the hours.

It is contained in distinctive black bottles encircled with bands of gold, and has a gold screw cap with an ingenious inside rubber stopper device to keep the perfume from leaking or evaporating.

"Autumn Crocus" is sold by chemists and stores at 1s. 3d., 3s. and 5s., or may be purchased direct from the manufacturers.

Rugs which slither and slide about on parquet and polished floors are not only untidy but positively dangerous.

Nobody wants to hammer nails or tacks into good floor boards, and there is no need to do so since the introduction of "Tenafirma" non-slip net underlay. This net-like fabric grips both floor and rug and keeps the rug in place. It is obtainable from most well equipped furnishers, but if you have any difficulty, the wholesale distributors, Meyer and Johnson Ltd., 10 Old Bailey, London, E.C.4 will supply names and addresses of London and provincial retailers.

END

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NEWS CHRONICLE

ALL THE BEST NAMES

There's only one . . . transparent, rapture-making, capture-making . . . Tattoo!

JOHN LaGATTA

For the woman who's looked at not once or twice but again and again and again—Tattoo's the one and only lipstick! Rapture-making, capture-making...red that stays and stays! Glad, this-is-me, made-for-love shade that give a new glamour to lips. Tattoo! For only Tattoo has that transparent dawn-dewiness. For only Tattoo has that South Sea maiden's secret of exotic stain instead of greasy coating. For only Tattoo has that *definite* indelibility... put it on, rub it off, only the colour stays! For faces in the fashion, lips made for passion . . . lovely and lovable . . . there's only one lipstick . . . Tattoo, the lipstick of lipsticks!

Five rapturous shades

CORAL EXOTIC
NATURAL · PASTEL
HAWAIIAN

4/6 (refills 3/6)

Tattoo Ltd

So lovely are lips by TATTOO!